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HISTORY
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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
POCUMTUCK VALLEY
MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION
1912-1920



VOL. VI.

DEERFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

1921.

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HISTORY

PROCEEDINGS

Pocumtuck Valley

MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

1912-1920

Gift
Mrs. George Sheldon
Apr. 21. 23

VOL. VI

PERFECTED, MASS., U. S. A.

PRINTED BY THE ASSOCIATION

1921



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REPORT.

Volume VI. of the History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association is herewith submitted. It covers the period from 1912 to 1920 inclusive. It has been edited and published under a vote of the Association at the annual meeting of 1920.

The volume is uniform in general appearance with the preceding five volumes and contains a large amount of original matter.

The edition is limited to 225 copies.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN SHELDON,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

DEERFIELD, Apr. 29, 1921.

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ANNUAL MEETING—1912.

REPORT.*

The annual meeting at Deerfield yesterday afternoon and evening of the Pocumtuck Valley memorial association was of more than usual interest by reason of the exceptionally good program prepared. John Sheldon of Greenfield, son of the president of the association, presided. The afternoon session was held as usual in the council room of Memorial hall; the evening session was in the town hall. President Sheldon, in spite of his more than ninety years and impaired eyesight, is still busily at work in his chosen field and his paper on "The Hannah Beaman Book and the Regicides" was marked by all his old-time skill and ingenuity in establishing his contentions. The paper dealt with an important period in English history and of two men prominently identified with the momentous events that took place, who were forced to seek safety in this country, and finally found a refuge in the home of Parson Russell at Hadley. Mr. Birks, in his paper on the search for the old homestead in England of the Sheldon family, spoke entertainingly of his experiences while so engaged. His paper was fully illustrated with the radiopticon by many views recently received from England. The third paper of the evening, that compiled by Judge Thompson from notes contributed by the late Jonas Wilder, a native of Wendell, was of much interest.

The business session opened at 2.30. The reports of the secretary, treasurer, curator and trustees of the Old Indian House Homestead were read, followed by the election of officers. The association makes a remarkable financial

* The "Reports" in this volume, as in Vols. I-V, are made up of extracts from contemporaneous newspapers. In this way we keep in touch with the drift of public sentiment. [Eds.]

showing. In spite of the fact that historical societies usually find hard sledding on the money side, the thrifty policy of this association enabled the treasurer, John Sheldon, to report \$7,901 on hand.

Word was brought to the meeting that an informal invitation had been received from George W. Cary of Colrain to join with the Catamount Hill Association in celebrating at Shattuckville in August, the 100th anniversary of the raising of the first school flag in this country. A resolution was passed expressing thanks, and adjourning the matter for further consideration.

The usual excellent supper was served at 5.30 in the town hall by the women of the village. The evening proceedings were enlivened by the music of the old-fashioned choir under the leadership of Charles H. Ashley. Of the two papers, that relating the recollections of Mr. Wilder was read by Francis Nims Thompson of Greenfield, and the one prepared by Mr. Sheldon was read by Mrs. Sheldon.

The report of the curator, George Sheldon, shows a very prosperous year with many valuable contributions to the museum. Five thousand nine hundred and eight visitors from nearly all over the world registered. Many rapid-transit tourists, traveling in automobiles, do not have time to register. The library has been enriched by leaps and bounds. The 63 books and 47 pamphlets from the late Miss C. Alice Baker's library contain much of rare value. The paper by President Sheldon dealt with one of the most interesting books that has been received in the year. This was given to the association by Charles K. Williams of Sioux City, Ia., a descendent of Rev. John Williams, and contains the name of Richard Baxter on the fly leaf. The largest gift to the association is the 447 volumes from the trustees of Deerfield academy and Dickinson high school, mostly the remains of the academy library of 1799 made up of contributions from the attics of old Deerfield families, and containing on the fly leaf the autographs of Deerfield notables. Autographs of a number of old-time ministers of Deerfield and other towns are found inscribed in the books. One fly-leaf bears the signature of Claudius Herrick, principal

of the academy in the first year of its existence, 1799. The total additions to the library are 650 volumes, 187 pamphlets, 33 broadsides, newspapers, maps, etc. Several rare manuscripts have come in. Two manuscript sermons by Rev. Stephen Williams have been framed and placed under glass. A package of valuable manuscripts relate to Revolutionary times in Deerfield. In the miscellaneous contributions is an iron candlestick used by Rev. John Williams. Edward W. McGlenen, city registrar of Boston, has given nearly two-score pictures of forts and historic places of Western Massachusetts, including the site of the liberty pole set up in Deerfield in 1774. Asahel W. Root of Wapping has given the association a deed of a piece of land on which stands the monument dedicated to Samuel Allen in the Stebbins meadow.

The fifth volume of the "Proceedings" of the Association is now in the hands of the printer and will soon appear.

Rev. George W. Solley was called upon for an informal speech. He talked about the difficulties encountered by those who were making historical investigations in the lack of interest in the subject. He told about a place in Connecticut where it was impossible to find more than half a dozen people who could give any historical information. The pastor of the old church could not help, and lacked interest, and it was only by chance he found people who could assist in the search. The Israel Putnam camp, where the general and his men hid from the enemy, was neglected for a long time, and it was only after a vigorous campaign by a representative of the *New York Evening Post* that the Legislature was persuaded to act, and then people would not believe the place was really a camp until they found the stones on which the huts were built. He believed that historical study had great value in creating a patriotic and helpful atmosphere for the young people to grow up in.

Some notable obituary papers were presented. Miss Mabel R. Brown read a notice of Col. Henry M. Phillips of Springfield, detailing his remarkable services in the Civil war, also as mayor of Springfield, state treasurer, and in

other offices, and she read a tribute from Oscar B. Ireland of Springfield. A paper on George Spencer Fuller by Mrs. Fuller was read by Miss Mary E. Allen. Elmer E. Putnam offered a paper on Obed S. Arms of South Deerfield, who was in business for many years and acquired a reputation for miles around as a trustworthy merchant. Many people in the neighborhood had bought shoes of him for a great many years, and always got their money's worth. Judge Thompson gave a paper on Bernard N. Farren, in which he told of Mr. Farren's rare business ability, his growth as a self-made and self-educated man, his generosity in creating the Farren hospital, and his part in the upbuilding of Turners Falls.

These officers were elected: President, George Sheldon; vice presidents, Francis M. Thompson, John A. Aiken; recording secretary, Rev. Richard E. Birks; corresponding secretary, M. Elizabeth Stebbins; treasurer, John Sheldon; members of the council, William L. Harris, Edward A. Hawks, Agnes G. Fuller, Philomena A. Williams, Julia D. Whiting, Asahel W. Root, Henry B. Barton, George E. Taylor, Herbert C. Parsons, Albert L. Wing, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, Annie C. Putnam of Boston, Willis M. Stebbins of Gothenburg, Nebraska. At the meeting of the council Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon was elected curator.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

I have to make a report of a pleasant yearly voyage by our Association with no storms or sunken rocks. Our collections have been enriched by many valuable contributions. The museum has had an unusual number of *interested* visitors from every part of the country; 5,908 have left their names on our Register. A considerable proportion of our visitors are rapid-transit people. They do the museum at an auto pitch, and appear to think that if they waste their time in writing their names they will not be able to keep their appointments in New York before sundown.

Our Library has been increased by leaps and bounds. We have received by will from Miss C. Alice Baker 63 books and 47 pamphlets, many of rare value. The American Antiquarian Society of Worcester has sent us 62 volumes of its "Proceedings," 1880-1910; and the Connecticut State Library 32 volumes of its Register and Manual, 1880-1911. One of the most interesting books that has come to us is that by Richard Baxter, the eventful history of which will be given this evening. But the largest gift to the Association is 447 volumes from the Trustees of the Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School. These are mostly the remains of the Old Deerfield Academy Library of 1799. This library was apparently made up by contributions from the garrets and upper shelves of the Old Deerfield families, and was rich in ancient lore relating to history, biography and travel. On the fly leaves of many of these volumes are found autographs of Deerfield notables. A Latin book, published 1657, has the autograph of Rev. John Taylor, third minister of Deerfield. A Latin and French work on "Sacred and Ecclesiastical History," published 1659, bears the autograph of Rev. Nehemiah Bull of Westfield, its owner in 1722. This was presented to the Academy Library by his grandson, William, son of John Partidge Bull of Deerfield. Another book contains the autographs of two sons of Parson John Williams—Warham, 1716; and Elijah, 1730. This is a Latin book published in London in 1687. There is also a book with the autograph of Parson John Williams's grandson, John Williams, and two others with autographs of two great-grandsons.

On the fly-leaf of a Latin grammar written in a good, round hand, is the autograph of Claudius Herrick, principal of the academy in the first year of its existence. Mr. Herrick became a very popular man in Deerfield. If children did not cry for him, at least two babies of my own kin were named for him.

The total additions to the library are 650 volumes, 187 pamphlets, 33 broadsides, newspapers, maps, etc. We have been the recipients of rare manuscripts, among these are a sermon of Warham Williams and two sermons of

Stephen Williams, sons of Parson John. These have been put under glass and framed. A package of valuable manuscript papers relating to Revolutionary times in Deerfield has been contributed by Mrs. G. Spencer Fuller.

The number of miscellaneous articles contributed is 64. One of the most interesting is an iron candlestick used by Rev. John Williams. It came down through his son Stephen of Longmeadow.

A unique tin stove has been presented by Ozias Miller of Leyden, the like of which has never before been seen; and a curious settle-bed from Charles H. Stebbins which came down in the family from his great-grandfather, Ebenezer Stebbins, born 1763.

Edward W. McGlenen, a gentleman in whose veins appears to flow the life blood of the Society of Colonial Wars, has sent us nearly two score photographs of old forts and historic places of Western Massachusetts. His camera has even nosed out the site of the Liberty Pole erected by the "Sons of Liberty" of Deerfield in 1774.

I shall expect to be excused if I fall into my usual custom of talking about affairs beyond the scope of the Curator.

The Field Meeting of the P. V. M. Association and the interesting events predicated in my last annual report were fully realized. The bronze tablet to Ensign John Sheldon has become a gratifying reality. So far as heard from there has not been a single discordant note in the chorus of approval by the public.

We have received a fourth safety or preservation deed. It covers the land on which stands the memorial to Samuel Allen in Stebbins Meadow. This plot is given by Asahel W. Root, and thus he has secured this memorial from caprice or accident through any change of title.

The fifth volume of the "Proceedings," covering the period from 1905 to 1911 inclusive, is now completed by the editors; is in the hands of the printers and will soon be ready for distribution.

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE SHELDON.

DEERFIELD, Feb. 27, 1912.

NECROLOGY.

GEORGE SPENCER FULLER.

BY MARY WILLIAMS FULLER.

George Spencer Fuller was born on February 25, 1863, at "The Bars," in the old house where his father was born in 1822; he was the oldest child of George Fuller and Agnes Gordon Higginson.

Blest with an uncommonly powerful physique and great strength he attained his six feet of height in early boyhood. He carried his unusual size easily, being extremely light upon his feet and skillful in all outdoor sports, swimming, skating, horse-back riding, and so forth. His love of nature and outdoor life was a predominant note of his character. He reveled in all of Nature's moods. He loved to breast the fury of a fierce gale or to battle with the most blustering winter's storm. He celebrated his twenty-second birthday by a memorable walk along the top of the East Mountain in the fullest turmoil of a heavy driving snow storm. Often on a stormy winter's night he would appear in the village covered with snow from head to foot, his enjoyment radiating through it all. A severe thunder storm seemed to find some echo in his soul, its grandeur and force suited him. The roar of the wind in the tree tops or in fierce blasts against the house on windy nights delighted him. The breaking of heavy surf along the shore and the mighty strength of the sea stirred him greatly. Gigantic cliffs and sweeping hillsides satisfied him.

Yet the gentler aspects of the earth and sky were quite as dear to him. His love of Deerfield's peaceful beauty exceeded all else, his intense love of his home was evident to all who knew him, no pleasure was as great to him as that of appreciative friends to share his fondness for the farm. The roots of his nature went very deep, his affection for his family, his old friends and his home was so perennial and so per-

sistent that outside life meant little to him, and it was often with an effort that he met new people and new scenes.

His education was chiefly that of the Deerfield schools and Academy, a few months away at Williston and a few more studying art in Boston were all. His memory was prodigious, and being a great reader he acquired a very wide knowledge, surprising to those who knew how brief had been his years at school. History especially interested him and he had a way of relating its events as though they were as real and living to him as if he had been a part of them. The history of his town and locality was a never-ending source of interest to him. His minute knowledge of the events of the Civil War was remarkable. He would talk with some of the old soldiers about the battles as if he had been there. His interest in town affairs also was great, but he had no liking for politics or public life; his was a contemplative, retiring nature, one that looked far ahead and read the trend of the times and recognized great issues.

His sense of humor was irresistible and contagious, his mimicry was delicious, but he greatly disliked sarcasm. Apathetic and idle-minded people troubled him, and his scorn for foolish ambition and snobbishness was intense.

Nothing was ever too small or insignificant for him if it was of use or pleasure to some one else, yet his views of life were so broad and all-embracing that it often required a long time for him to explain their true significance; not until he had carefully presented all sides of a subject would he throw the light of his criticism upon it.

Quite early in life, even before his father's death in 1884, much of the care of the farm came upon him, and his indomitable love for it and devotion to it never left him. After his father died the question of leaving the farm and going away to definitely devote himself to art came up; his decision was to remain in Deerfield, and I think he never regretted it.

He was married on Oct. 17, 1889, to Mary Williams Field. Four children, two boys and two girls, were born to him, and his devotion to them was as great as were all the affections of his life. Permanence was perhaps the strongest

characteristic of Spencer Fuller's nature. One of his favorite quotations from his beloved Robert Burns was,

"Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

He loved Burns and Scott, and the Scotch ballads. His fondness for music was great and he had true and unerring love for the best in music as in art.

All through the busy years of farming and the care of a growing family with the attendant anxieties and actual hard work, the desire and ambition to paint never left him. Whenever opportunity offered he was at work in his little studio at the back of the house. Happy days were those when he could give himself to this work he so deeply loved, not easy days always; often he would come in from painting more exhausted than from a day's ploughing.

Happy days for those who loved him, when they were allowed to see what he had done, and yet, only too often the beautiful scene would be ruthlessly painted out later, not satisfying his nobler conception.

Of what he attained in Art, or of what he might have attained, I shall not speak. If the number of pictures he left is limited, and may reach with its message of beauty but comparatively few people, there is another message whose influence we cannot measure, whose power he counted greater; the message of manhood.

Deeper than the deep-rooted love of art and beauty (a love inherited from many generations and exceeding strong), was the love of his fellowmen, and of taking his part among them in true and loyal friendliness; of being as he truly was, a man beloved among men.

HENRY MOSES PHILLIPS.

BY MABEL R. BROWN.

Henry Moses Phillips was born in Athol, August 11, 1845, the son of Alonzo Daniel Phillips. His early education was derived from the public schools of Fitchburg and Deerfield and Deerfield Academy. At an early age he was distinguished for his alert mind, his love for solving a knotty problem, and his clear-sighted appreciation of the relative importance of events. He entered Norwich University in Vermont, where he studied a year and a half before war was declared. Patriotism ran high in the schools and colleges at that time and Norwich University was no exception. A large number of students together with many from Dartmouth College went to Rhode Island and enlisted in the Seventh Squadron, Rhode Island Cavalry. Among them was Henry Phillips, a boy of sixteen, slender, but with the erect carriage and dignified bearing gained from military drill in the University. From that moment he assumed the responsibilities of a mature man and began to fulfill his duties to his country, from which he never shrank. His patriotism was not a mere momentary outburst of enthusiasm. It was a vital part of his life, inbred in his character, and its influence can be traced in all the actions of his life. In no office which he held did he ever allow personal pleasure and advantage to come before his duty towards his country and his fellowmen. His attitude is shown by a letter written when the army was before Petersburg, Va., in 1864, from which I have taken the following extract:—

“We lost about one thousand men in yesterday’s fight, one thousand brave, daring men, and every time I looked upon a cold form of clay, pierced by a bullet or torn by a shell, I could not help thinking of the many, very many, men who are now living luxuriously at the north—those who might very easily join us here and help in the glorious work now before us. How can any young man eighteen to thirty years of age, single and in good health, with nothing

to keep him at home save a cruelly selfish desire to be safe and enjoy (?) himself,—how can such men, and there are plenty of them, remain at home and read of the glorious work being carried out here, without their being able to say, ‘I assisted in building up this Temple.’”

The intention had been to use the Rhode Island troops to guard the national capital, but so many soldiers were needed in the field that they were sent at once into active service in the Shenandoah Valley. His term of enlistment was for only three months and after the battle of Antietam the young soldier returned home for a few months, becoming secretary to Henry Alexander, then mayor of Springfield. During this time he also had a recruiting station on Court Square in that city. But this lasted only a short time. His place was at the front, and together with his older brother Charles, he soon accepted a commission in the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry. Throughout the remainder of the war he served with distinction, serving on the staffs of Generals Gilmore, Binney, Weitzel and Terry. He was honorably discharged from the army in February, 1865, being breveted captain for gallant and meritorious service.

His letters, written in the midst of exciting affairs, show a remarkable ability for relegating events to their proper places. He seemed to have even at that time unusual keenness of judgment. The following extract from one of his letters written in 1864 from the field before Richmond is interesting in the light of what was done later with colored troops. He was nineteen years old at this time.

“A colored corps in the armies operating against Richmond is something which one year ago we never expected to see; and which at the commencement of the war was not thought of. Yet, today, one of the largest corps in the armies of the United States is the colored 25th, commanded by Major General Weitzel. In the department of the gulf the corps d’Afrique was organized some time ago, but never until now has a full corps been organized wholly of black troops in the armies of Virginia. This new organization comprises the 3rd division of the old 10th corps, the 3rd division of the old 18th corps and the colored troops of

the 9th corps consolidated into one large body of not less than 25,000 men. It has been said that black troops should not be trusted alone; they should be supported by veteran whites, but this has been proved a fallacy. Wherever the blacks have failed, it has been either because inefficient officers have been placed in command, or because, to try them, they have been pushed forward green, without drill and without discipline. Give them the same drill, the same experience, and they will meet any troops in the world. It is universally acknowledged by every officer in the army that they will attain a far better state of discipline—make far better drilled soldiers, with the same attention, than any white troops we can raise. They are more subservient, more faithful, and more obedient than the whites from their nature, and their fighting qualities, when well officered, have been established beyond a doubt. When such officers as Major General Godfrey Weitzel espouse their cause, as it were, surely we may think that they can be made soldiers, I, for one, am proud to say that I belong to the 25th army corps, highest among the corps number, and I trust that we may not be reckoned among the lowest as regards our general soldierly qualities.”

In February, 1865, just before Lee surrendered, he returned home. He was in Springfield when the news came that Richmond had been entered, his own corps being the first to enter into the city. He celebrated the event by going outdoors and discharging a Confederate pistol, which he had captured in a hand-to-hand encounter with a rebel soldier.

As soon as the war was over, troops had to be sent to the Mexican border, on account of the trouble with Maximilian. A position was offered the young captain on General Weitzel's staff, and he was soon on his way to the scene of disturbance. While they were at Brazos Santiago, Texas, en route for Brownsville, he wrote of the celebration of July 4th, 1865, as follows:—

“Once more we have been permitted to celebrate the anniversary of our independence throughout the entire extent of our beloved country, ‘from Maine to Texas,’ and

for the first time in four long memorable years. It was a novel sight to the Mexicans across the Rio Grande, and one that pleased them very little, I venture to guess, to witness the joy our soldiers expressed and evinced as the morning of the glorious 'Fourth' was ushered in with the booming of the heavy artillery and the profuse display of bunting, representing, not what they had been accustomed to behold during the past four years, but the emblem of national unity entire. They saw that not a single star had been blotted out from that galaxy, but, instead, new ones had been added, and not a few old inhabitants joined in the enthusiastic cheering which greeted the glorious star-spangled banner as it was unfurled to the gentle breeze from the Gulf of Mexico, at this extreme southeastern point in Texas, as the morning gun announced that once more the anniversary of our independence had arrived. Brig.-Gen. Slack of Iowa, commanding the 3rd division of the 13th army corps, and in charge of the post at Clarksville at the mouth of the Rio Grande, had sent a cordial invitation to Maj.-Gen. Weitzel and staff to dine with him on this memorable day, as well as to witness a review of the brigade which he formerly commanded. At ten o'clock the review was witnessed, several speeches made, the Declaration of Independence read to the troops, after which the General adjourned with invited guests to the dining room. There were present officers who had fought in every State which the army of the rebellion has visited, from Pennsylvania to Texas. A toast was proposed by General Slack: 'The 25th army corps, which had the honor of first entering the city of Richmond, the rebel capital.' This was replied to by a representative from the 25th corps 'that although the honor of first entering the key of the rebellion, he must say the door had been thrown open to them by Maj.-Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.' Other brave officers were laudably spoken of, including Maj.-Gen. Frederick Steele, commanding the 25th army corps. Every one present seemed exceedingly pleased with the entertainment afforded them by General Slack, and perfectly satisfied that he knows how to celebrate the Fourth of July."

Later in the same letter he made a prophecy about the future of Texas, which has surely been fulfilled:

“Whatever effect it may have had upon the other ‘wayward sisters,’ I think that the ‘Lone Star’ will have been improved by the rebellion, and become much more prosperous than she ever could have been under the old regime.”

Upon his return to private life he was rapidly advanced from one position of trust to another. By request Mr. Oscar B. Ireland, 2nd Vice-president of the Mass. Mutual Life Insurance Co., and one of Col. Phillips’s associates in business, has sent the following account of his business life:—

When Colonel, then Captain, Phillips came home from his service in the field with the army, he was appointed to an office in the Internal Revenue Department, and finally became deputy collector of the district. In 1871 he established himself in the business of manufacturing steam heating apparatus and organized what became The Phillips Manufacturing Company, of which he was president and treasurer. His title as Colonel came from his service in that position on the staff of Gov. Washburn and of Gov. Talbot. He was active in politics and filled at different times the offices of member of the common council and mayor of Springfield, and was also a representative in the General Court of Massachusetts. Later he was State senator, and in 1889 was made postmaster of Springfield. In 1893 he was elected State treasurer of Massachusetts and remained in that office until April, 1895, when he resigned to accept the office of secretary of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, and about this time he sold out his business to a new corporation. He had been elected a director of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company in January, 1885, and made a member of the Finance Committee in 1887. From 1895 to 1909 he was actively connected with the company, and gave his entire time to his work in that connection. He was clear headed, a man of good judgment, and industrious, and in any position that he was called upon to fill he made it his business to study and understand the work with which he

was connected so that he was an efficient officer and made his mark in whatever position he was placed. His piercing eye and handsome head were well suited to one in authority, whether as presiding officer at a convention or as commander of a company of soldiers. The secretaryship of the Massachusetts Mutual becoming vacant in March, 1895, he was elected to that position, and with his usual vigor and application he administered the affairs of the office for nine years. In 1904 he was elected vice-president of the company and retained that position until ill-health led him to resign it in 1908. He was also vice-president of the Springfield Five Cents Savings Bank.

Like other old soldiers, Col. Phillips valued his memories of the war and his connection with the army; he was an interested member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

Col. Phillips's unerring tact made him ever popular with his business associates, and the men who held subordinate positions always had a deep feeling of respect and affection for him. He was naturally of a genial disposition and throughout his life, wherever he went, he appeared to draw from those with whom he came in contact, whatever their station in life, those qualities which represented the best in themselves. Although he served the public in various offices as mayor, etc., he was not a politician. The office sought him, he did not seek the office. His keen business sense was as beneficial for public as for private enterprises. When he was State treasurer, he placed the work of the office on a strictly business basis, feeling that the affairs of the State should be as wisely managed as those of a private corporation. No work which needed to be done was too difficult for him to undertake. In fact, the harder the problem, the more eager was he to find a solution. He was ever ready to take the initiative where it was necessary. During his term as mayor there was an epidemic of cholera in New York, which was spreading about the country to some extent. On his own responsibility Col. Phillips appointed a commission of physicians to examine the hotels and bakeries and all such places about the city where the

disease might get a footing. This was before the days when one heard so much of public sanitation.

His love of nature was very great. Birds and flowers were a great delight to him. He never forgot the birds which he learned to distinguish in his boyhood by note and color, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to bring home large armfuls of wildflowers, such as mountain laurel and field lilies. He was known in Springfield as the "Park mayor," for he it was who instituted the system of parks throughout the city. He also loved his horses, every day found him driving his spirited pair through the city streets out into the country.

He was married in 1874 to Julia B. Alexander, daughter of Henry Alexander, a prominent business man of Springfield, and granddaughter of Samuel Bowles, the founder of the *Springfield Republican*. One son was born to them, Henry Alexander Phillips, now an architect in New York. Although a general favorite among his acquaintances, his happiest moments were spent with his family, either in his home or taking the long drives and walks in which he found so much pleasure. His attitude toward women, both those whom he met socially and those with whom he came in contact in business, was one of true chivalry. To him a woman was a being not only equal to but superior to man, and he was always interested in any movement which could alleviate the hard lot that many women have to face. To this end he early became interested in the cause of equal suffrage, feeling that this would help in many ways.

To show the feeling entertained for him by his comrades, I will read the resolutions passed by his Grand Army post at the time of his death.

Resolved: that the death of Past Commander Henry M. Phillips removes from Wilcox Post a pillar of strength which it has long leaned upon with confidence, and an ornament of which it has always been justly proud. From the beginning of its history the Post has owed much of its prosperity to his watchful interest, his wise counsel, and the prestige of his name. He was among the most youthful of the nation's defenders when its life was in peril, and his early

patriotism glowed with undiminished luster to the end of his earnest and fruitful life. His ways were ways of pleasantness, but the smiles of fortune never made him unmindful of those who were less favored than he. The honors which came to him thickly were borne with a modest grace which disarmed envy and turned rivals into champions. In the many and varied public stations to which he was called he acquitted himself with uniform success. A tolerant and catholic spirit made him sparing of censure and ready with praise of his fellows. Friendship was a habit with him; fidelity, integrity, and all high ideals were his by nature. A well-ordered, rounded and successful life resulted, and his memory remains a rich heritage to those who have profited by his lifetime of service.

BERNARD N. FARREN.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

Any sociologist looking for facts relating to the evolution of a self-made, self-educated man, can find no more fit or interesting subject for investigation, than the life of the late Bernard N. Farren. Born and reared in comparative poverty, with very limited opportunity for attendance at school, he early realized the truth of Daniel Webster's saying; that "Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can only grow by its own action; and by its own action and free will it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his.

"A man is not educated until he has ability to summon, in an emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger

of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts.

"Nor is it the man who can boast of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all warriors in the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because nature had given strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self discipline had taught him how to bend it."

Again. Bulwer says; "The man who succeeds above his fellows is the one who, in early life, clearly discerns his object, and towards that object habitually directs his powers. Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose. Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly grows unconsciously into a genius."

According to Chesterfield, "Good breeding is the result of much sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them."

If we may believe Horace Mann, "Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear."

I believe that Bernard N. Farren possessed more of the virtues indicated in these extracts from the sayings of wise men, than are often combined in the character of one of the human race.

He was the maker of his own fortune, and the maker of his own mind. By reading and observation he became a well educated man. Self discipline taught him how to use at best advantage the things that he had learned. His fixed purpose amounted almost to genius.

By acute observation and native talent, aided by contact with men of education and genius, he acquired the manners of a polished gentleman, and was at his ease in the company of distinguished men of this and foreign countries.

During his extensive travel in Europe his reputation as a man of great liberality and devotion to the interests of the Roman Catholic church, obtained for him audience with His Holiness the Pope at Rome.

Mr. Farren gave liberally to the several Catholic parishes in this vicinity, but liked to be consulted as to the application of his gifts, and at times if the proposed use did not meet with his approval, he withheld his bounty.

Bernard N. Farren was born at Elizabethtown, Penn., January 14, 1828. He was three times married; his first wife being Miss Rose Freitz, of Doylestown, Penn. Two sons were the fruit of this union; one of whom died in infancy, and the other, B. Frank Farren, soon after his graduation at Seaton Hall college, New Jersey.

Mr. Farren's second wife was a Quaker lady, Miss Caroline Atkinson, and to them, was born a daughter whom they named Rose, who died when sixteen years of age. Mrs. Farren's brother, John Atkinson, was a civil engineer of note, and was interested with Mr. Farren in some of his contracts, especially in the southern States.

Miss Josephine Murphy having been governess for the daughter Rose for several years, Mr. Farren made her his wife, not long after the daughter's decease. To them there daughters were born, and the widow and daughters survive.

While a young man, Mr. Farren learned the stone mason's trade. He soon began to take small contracts, with success. The knowledge gained by this experience was of great value to him in after life.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts had loaned its credit to a large amount to the Troy & Greenfield railroad in aid of its effort to pierce the Hoosac mountain and build its road to North Adams.

It had foreclosed its security and assumed the construction of the tunnel as a public work. Contractor after contractor had failed in their efforts, and the construction of the tunnel had been let to the Shanley Brothers, from Canada.

One firm of sub-contractors had brought with them from Pennsylvania, Bernard N. Farren, as the time keeper and paymaster. At the west end of the proposed tunnel the contractors met disaster because of quick-sand and disintegrated rock. Mr. Farren, being familiar with such conditions in the mines of soft coal in Pennsylvania, took a con-

tract to line twenty-six hundred feet of the west entrance of the tunnel with a very thick brick arch. He immediately went to Pennsylvania and brought on experienced men, and when his contract was finished he had cleared \$100,000.

The introduction of nitro-glycerine by the Shanley Brothers in the blasting operations in the main tunnel, while it greatly expedited the removal of the rock, by its great force so shattered the roof of the tunnel that much trouble was caused by falling rock while the work was in progress and after the tunnel was open for use.

As a remedy the state contracted with Mr. Farren to arch a large part of the tunnel with brick, at great expense. While this work was in progress Mr. Farren had full control of the transportation of traffic through the tunnel, and derived a large income from a charge of one dollar for each passenger passing through, and for each car taken through a certain sum was collected.

After the tunnel was completed, Mr. Farren and the Ryan Brothers reconstructed the road between Greenfield and the tunnel, straightening many sharp angles and building several bridges.

Col. Alvah Crocker of Fitchburg, who was much interested in the tunnel, and knew of the great success of Mr. Farren in his work in that connection, was the father of Turners Falls. He induced Mr. Farren to take contracts at that place, and for many years the latter was kept busy building parts of the canal, and many large manufacturing establishments at that place. He was a large subscriber to the capital stock of a majority of the mills, and of the hotel which for many years bore his name. He also invested largely in real estate in that place and vicinity, buying the old hotel property at Montague city, of which he made a very comfortable summer home; and he also purchased the old Philo Temple place, now owned by Mr. Kells.

Outside of Mr. Farren's work at Hoosac Tunnel and at Turners Falls, perhaps his most profitable venture was his contract with the city of Boston for the removal of Fort Hill. His bid was predicated with the expectation of performing the work with the pick and shovel; but not

long after commencing work his laborers went out upon a strike, which proved, after three repetitions, to be a blessing in disguise. Mr. Farren had heard of the use of a steam shovel by a contractor upon the Erie railroad, and stopped all work until he could procure one, which greatly reduced the expense of the work. The material removed was also made use of in the construction of Atlantic avenue along the harbor front, which was then washed by the tides. The original contract was thought by experts to have been taken at ruinous figures, but it proved in the sequel to be very profitable.

Mr. Farren was opposed to the enlargement of the canal a few years since—at least he thought that as the Turners Falls company was paying good dividends, that it was wise to let well enough alone. He sold out his holdings in that company, and gradually disposed of his stock in many of the different manufacturing plants. He had large holdings of real estate which he conveyed as purchasers met his terms and prices. The Temple farm has been conveyed to Mr. Kells, who had for many years been its able manager, and the woodland connected with it has been preserved by the Woman's Club of Greenfield and public subscription.

Upon his retirement from active business life Mr. Farren took up his residence in Philadelphia, where he spent the winter months, and until within the last few years he passed the summer months at his summer home in Montague city or abroad.

Mr. Farren's remarkable business success was not wholly in making money by his contracts; but he seemed to have a genius for using his means in judicious investments. One who knew him well and knew much of his business management asserts that he scarce ever made a poor investment.

It seems to me that the wise man who wrote of riches: "A rich man, of cultivated tastes, with every right to gratify them, knowing enough of sorrow to humble his heart toward God, and soften it toward his neighbor—gifted with not only the power but will to do good, and having lived long enough to reap the fruits of an honorable youth in

calm old age— such a man, in spite of his riches, is not unlikely to enter the kingdom of heaven,” had in mind such a man as Bernard N. Farren.

The death of his young son, just as he was approaching manhood, was to Mr. Farren a most severe affliction. He mourned his loss deeply and kept constantly in mind the erection of some memorial to his memory, which should be a solace to his grief. His tender heart had also been often stirred by the sufferings of men in his employ who had been injured while in the performance of their duties in the rough work in which they were engaged, and fully realized the want of suitable provision for their care and comfort while in the surgeon's care. He had even seen his own brother, William, go to his death on one of these sad occasions. After much thought, he decided to erect and endow as a memorial to his son, B. Frank Farren, a hospital which should be open to the public without regard to the patient's creed or religion.

This work he accomplished by giving up a portion of his fine lot at his summer home, on which he built and completely furnished a well arranged hospital, of sufficient capacity for the needs of the community, and placed it in the hands of the Sisters of Providence, who have since its dedication in 1900 administered its affairs, assisted by a board composed equally of Catholics and Protestants, with good success, doing good christian work for the relief of the sick and suffering. Mr. Farren died at his elegant home in Philadelphia, January 20, 1912, aged 84 years. He had erected a magnificent mausoleum in the Catholic cemetery in Philadelphia, and there his remains were laid after high mass in the cathedral, the service being conducted by Bishop McDonald, who was brought up in Mr. Farren's family, and dearly loved him. At Mr. Farren's request, no eulogy was offered on the occasion.

By Mr. Farren's will, which has been admitted to probate, Mrs. Farren and a Fidelity company are to administer the estate, the value of which is not yet ascertained.

There is a provision in the will that if ever the Farren Hospital property is used for any other purpose than for

what it was founded it shall revert to the County of Franklin, to be used for a public hospital forever.

A wise man has said, "It is the close observation of little things which is the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life. Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men—the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up and growing at length into a mighty pyramid." (S. Smiles.)

In 1872, our President Sheldon was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, was on the committee on the Hoosac Tunnel and Troy & Greenfield Railroad, and became well acquainted with Mr. Farren. Mr. Farren always seemed interested in the work of the Association, contributing to its necessities when called upon, and in 1884 became a life member. He was for some time a member of the Council, and at different times offered to furnish suitable stones for use in marking historic places.

Franklin County is a better place to live in for having been the home of that captain of industry—Bernard N. Farren.

OBED S. ARMS.

BY ELMER E. PUTNAM.

In the "History of Deerfield" by George Sheldon, we learn that one William Arms came to Deerfield about 1698, and built a home for his family at the south end of Deerfield Street, on what is now known as "Arms Corner," the land still remaining in possession of the Arms family. The said William Arms was born about 1654, and is first mentioned in history as a soldier under Captain Turner at Hadley in April, 1676.

Obed Squires Arms was the son of Josiah S. and Abigail Squires Arms. He was born in South Deerfield, August 13, 1830, and as a descendent of William, Mr. Arms's family can be traced back nearly two hundred and forty years. The gen-

ealogy shows members of the family to be engaged in all the varied walks and pursuits of life. Mr. Arms was educated in the schools of Bloody Brook, and spent several terms at the Franklin Academy, in Shelburne Falls, where he was considered an excellent scholar. From his boyhood he was an energetic worker; early in life he learned the shoemaker's trade and was a good workman. The knowledge of quality of leather in shoe stock gained by him was of great value to him during his business life. I remember his saying, the boys of today were better paid and had much more time to themselves than when he was young.

Mr. Arms worked for two years as a clerk in a store in Greenfield; returning to South Deerfield he began business for himself, making and selling boots and shoes. At first nearly all the work was done by hand, but gradually as business increased he put in machine-made goods. For about fifty-five years he occupied a store in the Pierce Block. His reputation for square dealing and honest goods won and kept trade not only in his own village but drew from the surrounding towns. I have heard many people say they had bought foot wear of Mr. Arms for thirty or forty years, knowing they would find it as represented.

Mr. Arms was the first telegraph operator in the village, and for several years had charge of the express business.

In 1861 he was appointed Postmaster at South Deerfield, a position he held nearly twenty-five years.

Mr. Arms was a republican, but did not engage actively in politics; for several years he served the town as Treasurer, but found the work with his other duties too hard and declined to be a candidate for re-election. In 1878 Mr. Arms was appointed a Justice of the Peace, and in 1888 was made a Notary Public, both of which offices he held at the time of his death.

Mr. Arms early associated himself with the Congregational Church and was a constant attendant until the latter years of his life when his hearing became very defective; for fourteen years he was Treasurer of the church. Mr. Arms became a Mason, joining the Republican lodge in Greenfield in 1861.

During his life he passed through two serious illnesses, in '69 or '70 a severe fever, and in 1884-'85 a nervous trouble which so affected him he was obliged to use crutches, and to go to a hospital in Buffalo for treatment.

Mr. Arms was thrice married; his first wife was Julia A. Wrisley of Northfield whom he married Nov. 25, 1852; she died Aug. 3, 1860. A son was born to this union, who died in infancy. The loss of this son was felt deeply by Mr. Arms, and several times during the years I was in his employ he spoke feelingly of his disappointment.

Oct. 7, 1863, Mr. Arms married Leeta, the daughter of William Lovejoy of Augusta, Maine, who died in 1878. To them a daughter was born, Carrie, who died in 1897, at the age of twenty-six years.

On June 14, 1881, Mr. Arms married Lizzie Babcock of South Deerfield, who survives him.

In the death of Mr. Arms, June 22, 1910, the town lost a good citizen. A man who had striven to make life worth the effort, a man respected by all who knew him. His example of business integrity, love and pride of home and community in which he lived for eighty years might well be emulated by young men of today.

THE HANNAH BEAMAN BOOK AND THE REGICIDES.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

With the fall of the Stuart dynasty beneath the blows of Cromwell at Naseby and Marston Moor the Church of England was broken into fragments. The reconstruction under the Commonwealth was slow and doubtful. As a rule the preachers did not have a classical education, nor did they all lead a strictly religious life.

Richard Baxter, writing in 1655, says the church was at a very low state. He more than intimates that many of the clergy enjoy fox hunting quite as much as preaching, and declares that there is a crying need for an essential reform.

And forthwith the pious and learned Mr. Baxter takes upon himself the task of trying to reconstruct the church on a sounder basis.

It was in pursuance of this object he published a volume called "The Reformed Pastor." His strictures on the church brought upon him a torrent of denunciation from the clergy. These abusive criticisms were gathered by Mr. Baxter, a reply made to each accusation, and the whole published in an appendix to a second edition in 1657.

It is a copy of this second edition that is now presented to our association by Charles K. Williams of Sioux City, Iowa. Mr. Williams, however, has given us vastly more than Mr. Baxter's zealous efforts to purify the church of England. Events of world-wide interest, of the deepest tragedy and the most intense pathos are closely associated with this volume.

All the world knows the startling story of the Regicides. On the accession of Charles II, General Edward Whalley and General William Goffe, two of that liberty-loving, king-defying band which wrecked the walls enclosing the doctrine of the "divine right of kings," fled to America to escape the most horrible death known by brutal man. They were pursued by the vengeful Charles, but after four years of hazardous hiding and narrow escapes they found a haven under the roof of Rev. John Russell of Hadley, a nobler man than whom never saw the light.

Richard Baxter was a bold trooper as well as a bold reformer. He served as chaplain under General Whalley in Cromwell's army. That before Whalley left the country the chaplain presented his old commander with a copy of the second edition—this very volume—appears certain from evidence to follow.

This evidence might not satisfy the requirements in all Courts of Law, but it seems as though any juryman with the smallest modicum of sentiment ought to accept it. Whether or not the story which I shall tell is susceptible of legal proof, I am thoroughly convinced of its moral verity.

Of course Baxter would wish to place his published vindication, of which I have spoken, in the hands of his com-

mander; accordingly we find that at early date he gave General Whalley a copy of the book with the appendix. This was issued, as we have said, in 1657, and Whalley sailed for America in the spring of 1660. I do not find that Richard Baxter ever came to this country; therefore, he must have presented the book to Whalley between 1657 and 1660.

Evidence of the gift is found on the first fly-leaf of the volume. The greater part of this fly-leaf has been torn off, leaving only a narrow strip that measures one and one-eighth inch at the top, tapering to five-eighths of an inch at the bottom; the rest of the leaf was torn, not cut off. Across this narrow strip about two inches from the top, in two lines a quarter of an inch apart, is written the name of Richard Baxter. It is the autograph of the author in a fine, delicate hand, proved to be his by comparison with a manuscript in the British Museum.

There can be no reasonable doubt that this is a part of the gift inscription to General Whalley. We assume it took this ancient form or its equivalent:—

	To His Honoured
	Commander
Richard	Major-General
Baxter	Edward Whalley

This arrangement of the inscription on the presentation page is now obsolete, but several instances of the same arrangement have been found in that period.

As to why the part containing the name of Baxter was left, and, being left, why it was deftly concealed, I have no theory or conjecture to offer.

The fact is, however, that this strip was neatly folded over and over until it was only about a quarter of an inch in width, and so ingeniously tucked back as to appear but a single thickness, the stub of the fly-leaf so treated being as straight and smooth as if cut off with a pair of shears. This was so skillfully done that it is only after centuries that its existence has been discovered by accident.

Examination also shows that in addition to the torn leaf

there are slight but unmistakable signs that some written matter has been erased from the inside of the front cover of the book. This written matter, whatever it was, doubtless gave some clew to the ownership of the book.

The reason for defacing the volume is obvious in both these cases. If found in the hands of any person in Hadley with the *Regicides'* name in it, or any evidence of his ownership, it would be proof that the holder was accessory to the concealment of the *Regicides*, and therefore subject to the charge of high treason, and the penalty of death.

We now come to the central fact of this whole matter. In 1664 the book was in the hands of General Whalley at Hadley. We hear nothing more of it till 1678, when it is found in the hands of Widow Hannah Westcarr of Hadley, with this inscription on the fly-leaf;—

Hanah Wescar
Ejus Liber
1678

Who wrote this inscription? Certainly some Latin scholar. Who was Hannah Westcarr and how came she to own this book?

Dr. John Westcarr came to Hadley as an Indian trader about 1665. After some years in that business he got into trouble by selling rum to the Indians illegally. In March, 1673, he was licensed to practice medicine in Hadley, and after this he could dispense liquor in the form of prescriptions with safety and profit. Dr. Westcarr married Hannah Barnard in 1667. He was the only doctor and surgeon in town, and he had a large practice. He also continued his Indian trade and his inventory at the time of his death showed a large stock of Indian goods. His dwelling was a little aside from the village, and sufficiently shady for any doubtful transactions.

Dr. Westcarr died in 1675. Hannah, his widow settled his estate. One item in his inventory is:—"In books £007, 16s, 6d."

The only other reference to his library is:—"To Bookes & tinware at £001."

One would not judge from these items that the professional library of Dr. Westcarr would be likely to contain books of literary or historical importance, much less one of purely theological controversy like that of Baxter. There is not the slightest indication that this book was ever in his library. But three years later, in 1678, we know that it was owned by Hannah Westcarr, his widow. How or why did Hannah come into possession of it? Hannah was the daughter of Francis Barnard of Hadley, and was born about 1646. We know nothing of her education personally, but we do know that girls of that time were not versed in Latin. There was nothing but a common school in Hadley, and Latin was not taught in such schools. She was light-hearted, given to gaiety and fond of dress. As the Court Records testify she was fined for wearing silk, and a second time for wearing it in a flaunting manner. We find nothing in her character to comport with the reading of Richard Baxter's, "The Reformed Pastor." It was not a book that she would buy or even read. It was not written for such as she, but for the ministers of England only, and certainly no one would think of giving it to her as a wedding or other gift.

The writings of the early fathers she knew as little about as I do. These were all in Latin, and the authors spent their strength in fighting one another over the different translations, or even over the transposition of single words. These translations did not end with the use of the pen but swords were substituted, and thousands of lives were spent in bloody battle; and all this may have been about matters of which even our most heated and bigoted theologians would now think of no sort of consequence. We do not even know that Hannah was at this period religiously inclined. There is not a particle of evidence or the smallest probability that she ever wrote or read a line of Latin. She had no use for the Latin quotations from the fathers, let alone the whole pages of Latin found in this book.

I have seen a letter written in 1674 by "Walter Goldsmith" to "Frances Goldsmith" (General William Goffe to his wife) in which he tells her that her father, General

Whalley, is in a very low estate, although "the last word is not yet spoken—the end must soon come." Certainly it is fair to assume that Goffe would not let his companion in sorrow and his wife's father pass away without medical help while there was within reach a physician of large practice, Dr. Westcarr. We may also as fairly assume that his young wife, Hannah, would in some way become acquainted with the great secret, and that her womanly heart would be moved with pity for the sufferings of the forlorn wanderers, while her sympathy would show itself in acts of loving service for the comfort of the old dying hero.

It is generally supposed that Whalley died in 1674. Dr. Westcarr died the next year, leaving all his property to his wife. In settling her husband's estate Hannah found a large account charged upon his books to his patients. There were debts to the amount of 127 pounds, 15 shillings. There is no thought that this volume of Baxter was given to Hannah in any way as compensation for her husband's services to Whalley, but rather that it was bestowed as a token of gratitude for her great kindness to the worn and weary exile.

It has been thought by some of those having the book in transit that the inscription on the second fly-leaf given above was the autograph of Hannah Westcarr, but I know absolutely this was not the case. I have obtained the autograph of Hannah, and know that this is not the work of her hand. Her handwriting is small, delicate and purely feminine. The handwriting of this inscription is bold, strong and masculine. It appears to be that of a man of action and decision, and I have evidence which convinces me that it was written by General William Goffe. This autograph seems to me to be an expression of the character of General Goffe. There is not a hair line or a graceful curve to be seen. The dashing flourish with which he finishes reminds one of the charge of a platoon of Cromwell's Ironsides on a body of Charles's Cavaliers. From the first stroke of the pen to the last I do not discover the slightest suggestion of the idea of artistic ornamentation.

Three autographs of Goffe have been compared with

this one.* We might wish they were more alike, but no one will declare after careful comparison that he who wrote the one might not well have written the others. The chief characteristics of all are similar. The sweep of the pen is the same, and many of the strokes are identical.

It has been objected that if Goffe had written the inscription, he, as an educated man would have spelled Westcarr, correctly and not omitted the t.

This objection might hold against any other scholar, but it does not hold against General Goffe. We must remember that Goffe never met the Westcarrs in social life, never, in fact, heard their names spoken, except in the secrecy of Mr. Russell's house, and his spelling fairly represented the sound of the name. Had it been written by any other scholar of Hannah's acquaintance living in that neighborhood, of course it would have been spelled correctly. This helps rather than militates against my assumption that the inscription was written by Goffe. Wide search has been made to obtain the autographs of the educated people of Hannah Westcarr's time and place. Rev. John Russell, Hon. Peter Tilton, Mr. Samuel Smith, Henry Phillips, William Lewis, Joseph Hawley, John White, Solomon Stoddard, Aaron and John Richards, but no one has been found whose handwriting in any way resembles that of the inscription in the book.

Under such circumstances as we have described it may be objected that Hannah would hardly have given the book away, but let us consider that it would be of no use to her as literature. Her brother Thomas would find it of use. He was a student at Harvard, and would be turned out in 1679 as a candidate for the ministry. This work was exactly in his line, and a sister's love and a sister's pride would tenderly yield to his plausible solicitations for the book. At any rate we know he received it as a gift from his "dearest sister, H. B." for so much appears on the second fly-leaf.

* One of these is his signature on the Death Warrant of Charles I; another the autograph of a letter photographed and given by Sir George F. Warner of the British museum through the kindness of James T. Wetherald of Boston and Deerfield, and the third is his "Walter Goldsmith" autograph, now in the Boston public library.

Widow Hannah Westcarr married Simon Beaman in 1680. Her brother Thomas was settled in the ministry at Andover in 1682, and here began another stage in the travels of this book. It would be of interest to journey with it from Andover to its final home in Deerfield. This we have done.

Rev. Thomas Barnard died in office at Andover in 1718. His son John succeeded him in the ministry the next year, and doubtless inherited the book from his father. John had a son Thomas, H. C., 1732, who was settled minister of Newbury in 1739. We find his autograph on the title page written the year he was ordained at Newbury, 1738-9. In 1755 this Thomas was settled over the First Church in Salem, in which place he died. He left a son Thomas who became pastor of the church set off from that of his father. He was the third Thomas and the great-grandson of Thomas of Andover, whose ministerial library he doubtless inherited. This son was the brave and persevering young minister who defied the English under Colonel Leslie to his humiliation in the famous drawbridge fiasco, when the Colonel with 300 Red Coats marched over the bridge, and then, like the King of France, marched back again. We easily and gladly associate this volume with this thrilling event of Feb. 26, 1775; an occasion which came within an hair's breadth of being the opening act of the Revolution, instead of that event occurring at Lexington two months later. How much of the spirit of valor the youthful Thomas imbibed from these pages of Richard Baxter, who can say?

The young minister had been a theological student in the family of Samuel Williams of Bradford. The book is next found in the possession of Mr. Williams, presumably a gift from his pupil, Thomas Barnard. Mr. Williams was the son of Rev. Warham Williams, who was the son of Parson John Williams of Deerfield. From Bradford Samuel Williams went to Cambridge, where he was the celebrated Hollis professor of mathematics. He was a distinguished scientist; a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was instrumental in settling several important disputed boundaries. He was also author of the "History of

Vermont," 1794, of which we are the fortunate possessors. From him the book passed to his son, Charles Kilborn Williams of Rutland, Vt., long time chief justice of Vermont and also governor. It was inherited by his son, Charles Langdon Williams of Rutland who passed it on to his son, the donor, Charles Kilborn Williams, for many years a lawyer of Rutland, Vt., now living in Sioux City, Iowa, to whom we are deeply indebted for this volume of rare historic interest.

Altogether it seems peculiarly fitting that this book after its many years of wandering should find its final resting place in Deerfield.

Hannah Barnard Westcarr Beaman also found her final rest in Deerfield. John Williams was her pastor; he was more than that—they were friends. Together they fell into the hands of the savages on that fateful February night. They saw their dwellings go up in flames with all their precious treasures. Together they endured the horrors of that terrible march over the snows to Canada. Both were redeemed, and in Hannah's will, made in 1723, she bequeathed a large estate for a school in Deerfield, making John Williams her executor and trustee, calling him "my loving friend."

Since this venerable relic left the hands of the Regicides it has been in the possession of only two families. In its outward wanderings from Hadley it passed through the hands of four Barnards. On its return to Deerfield it was held by four generations of the descendants of Parson John Williams.

And so the true instinct of Charles Kilborn Williams has given the last turn to the wheel of fortune by which this volume has been dropped into the lap of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, thereby bringing us in close touch with great events and great men of history.

MY SEARCH FOR THE ORIGINAL HOME OF THE SHELDONS.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

When I was a boy, living in the uplands of the High Peak of Derbyshire, England, in going from our village home to the market town of the district, Bakewell, in whose ancient church lie the remains of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," we passed through a village, occupied then by farmers and lead miners, called Sheldon.

So when I came to know Deerfield it seemed not unlikely that the ancestors of our Deerfield Sheldons came from that district.

It is stated in the Sheldon Genealogy that the first emigrant was Isaac Sheldon, who was supposed to be of the same family as that of Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, Eng., and Joseph Sheldon, Lord Mayor of London.

The descendants of these noted men have traced their ancestry and found that they came from a small town in Staffordshire—near the border of Derbyshire and the Dove Valley.

With this clue, in 1910, after I had finished my researches in Norwich and Northampton and secured pictures and relics for Memorial Hall, I decided to search for and find if possible the original home of the Sheldons.

It made the task all the pleasanter, for it took me to the home of my boyhood days and the place where my father spent the last years of his ministry, a small town lying on the hills between Sheldon and the Dove Valley, the place I was seeking.

Leaving Derby, the county town, my brother William and I started one beautiful morning in August, for the historic town of Norbury, the nearest railway station to the Sheldon district.

The first part of our journey was not so interesting, for

the scenery was tame compared with what we were familiar with in the High Peak.

It was a good farming district, with a few manufacturing towns here and there. The land was rich, the farms well tilled, the cattle of good stock and in fine condition, and the little towns solidly built of brick or stone were quaint and clean.

Once in a while a fine old country residence or manor house came in view.

At Tutbury we saw the remains of the old castle and called to mind the old saw of,

“Two Toads totally tired trying to trot to Tutbury.” As we did not see them on the way we concluded the tired toads must have arrived before us.

The Dove, one of the most charming and noted rivers of England, a favorite fishing stream of old Izaak Walton, who wrote “The Compleat Angler,” and of his friend Charles Cotton, 250 years ago, is seen in the meadows wending its way to the Trent and the ocean.

We pass Sudbury and Rocester (a Roman settlement) and Uttoxeter, half way between Derby and Etruria (where the Wedgewood Potteries are); here we change for Norbury and Ashbourne.

Arrived at Norbury, we waited some time hoping some kind of conveyance would turn up; but there was nothing for us but to walk the first part of the way.

We found the Norbury church well worth a visit. Its monuments, all well preserved, go back over 600 years. I got pictures of the church and its interior, and of the monument of Sir Hugh Fitzherbert, 6th Lord of Norbury and Knight of the Shire of Derby, with the date 1298.

The oldest part of the church must have been built soon after the Norman Conquest. Norbury is on the Derbyshire side of the Dove. We could not find the vicar, and missed perusal of the parish records.

But we learned that Ellastone, on the other side of the river, was the Sheldon parish, and arriving thither we found we were on sure ground. That was the Sheldon district, still visited by descendants of the Archbishop and Lord

Mayor and historians, and now more visited than ever before since it became known as the residence for many years of Adam Bede, for the original of Adam Bede was well known to be George Eliot's father, Robert Evans, a carpenter and land agent who lived for many years at Ellastone, and whose parents were buried in the church yard among the Sheldons.

But for 200 years people have visited Ellastone, because in the parish two very eminent men were born, Archbishop Gilbert, and Lord Mayor Joseph Sheldon.

I wish I could adequately describe our experience and talk with the villagers. Its peculiar charm to me was that the village has changed so little, and the people are all of the old stock, residing in the same houses, working at the same trades and on the same farms, and living very much in the same simple way as their ancestors lived 300 years ago.

The village industries were still going on, and we hunted up the shoemaker, who is not only the village politician, but the authority on all matters of history, tradition, trade, music, and next to the parson of religion and the schools.

I greatly admired him and felt as though I should like to import him for our museum, with his old leathern apron on, his shirt sleeves rolled up, his glasses elevated on his forehead, his bright, intelligent smiling face, and his musical skill, and have him play on Philo Munn's bass fiddle.

He was very busy, and seemed to have much work on hand, judging from the many pairs of boots and shoes of all sorts and sizes scattered over the floor. But the cobbler's bench could not hold him when I told him whence I came and what I was after.

He was a walking encyclopedia. He knew everybody and everything worth knowing in the district. He gave us a lot of information and spared no trouble. Yes, the Sheldon home was still standing—the home from which all the Sheldons of England trace their descent—but it was at the extreme end of the parish, and it was called Stanton. (It was like going from Cheapside to the Hillside or River-road hamlet through Wapping.)

In the meantime we must see the church, grave yard,

and vicarage, and get the vicar to show us the Parish record. Then after lunch we could drive over to Stanton and Ashbourne.

Rev. Mr. Birley, the vicar, was very willing to show us everything of interest. We had been told that the income of the parish was small, but the vicar, who lived plainly and economically, spent most of it in keeping the old church, and its rural burying ground, and the manse in good repair—and certainly all were in beautiful order.

Ellastone church is not so ancient as Norbury, but its records go back to the early part of the sixteenth century, and one of the first entries was of the baptism of Thomas, son of Hugh Sheldon, born April 14, 1557. How much earlier than that the Sheldons had lived in that old house we could not discover.

We did not find the name of Isaac of the date we wanted, but there was a break in the family records about that time—political and theological controversy found their way to Ellastone, some broke away from church connection and became indifferent to forms and ceremonies—especially infant baptism—and neglected to have their children baptized. And you must remember the records in the old parish books are not of births—only of baptisms, deaths and marriages.

Most of the early Sheldon names were Saxon,—Roger, Ralph, Hugh, Gilbert. But we come to Puritan and Bible names, and after Thomas come Joseph and Benjamin—from 1557 to 1621—just the place Isaac would come in.

Is it possible that his parents, like brave Capt. Turner's, became nonconformists and anabaptists? However, we may feel sure they were affected by the Puritan movement, for Isaac was among the early emigrants to New England and became connected with the church at Dorchester of which the Mathers were also members and we must remember that at the time of which we are speaking, London's population was only 100,000, and all England did not contain more than four millions of people. Sheldon was a very uncommon name, and, as was said, most of that name in England traced their descent to the Sheldons of that district.

One branch settled in the village of Sheldon, a few miles away,—another emigrated to Sweden. The father of the Lord Mayor (Ralph Sheldon, born 1595) went to London, and another branch came to New England.

While we were visiting the church and perusing its records tidings of our mission had collected quite an assembly of villagers who wanted to know of the Sheldons in America, and I told them of Deerfield's early struggles for life and liberty, of the French and Indian wars, the Deerfield massacre and the minister and his flock carried captive to Canada, 300 miles weary march over snow and ice. Of brave John Sheldon's three journeys to Canada to redeem the captives. Of John Williams and his family and their suffering and trials, and of the Deerfield Sheldons of today.

I tried to stop and cut short my story several times but they called out "Go on, go on." So I went on for over an hour, speaking to one of the most attentive and intelligent audiences I ever addressed, and I finished by showing our President's picture in Miss Coleman's guide to Deerfield.

I found out afterward that the place where I talked to the people was that which is described so clearly in Adam Bede as the place where Dinah Morris preached to the people a hundred years ago.

A pleasant spoken man who proved to be innkeeper, butcher and farmer (combined) drove us to Stanton. He pointed out many places mentioned in George Eliot's novel. The cottage where Robert Evans lived, the Hall of the squire, and his Tavern was the Donnisthorpe Arms spoken of.

It was a pleasant drive on the same road that two or three centuries ago the Sheldons travelled to the little church with their children to be baptized, with their dead to be laid to rest in the church yard and with the young men and maidens to be united in matrimony.

Soon we saw a cluster of old, but well-preserved houses and farm buildings, built of stone, with little gardens full of old-fashioned flowers, roses, daisies, wall flowers, sweet Williams, lilies and violets—with ivy and creeping vines and honeysuckles climbing over walls and buildings. The little garden was neatly walled in and there was a gate,

and pebbled paths with trimmed box borders, and an old yew tree each side of the doorway. Our driver stopped in front of the largest house and said, "that is the original Sheldon home." What a story that old house could tell us had it memory and the power of speech! It was old when John Sheldon was living in the Indian House 208 years ago, and several generations of Sheldons had been born in it, lived to a good old age, and passed away. Eight or nine generations have since occupied it, and still the old house makes a comfortable home for its tenants and probably will for centuries to come.

Inside there is a bronze tablet with Latin inscription in memory of the Archbishop who in 1598 was born there. The family were away—the room of the tablet was locked, and as there was only a small boy left in charge we could not see any but the living rooms. I have a copy of the inscription, but expect soon to have a large rubbing of it for our Hall.

I had one moment of regret as I stood in the little garden—I thought of Deerfield and our venerable Curator and the family of Sheldons so far away, who ought to have been there and seen the old home and beautiful district so familiar to and no doubt loved by their ancestors of days long passed away.

We had driven to Stanton by the road they trod when going to and from the church, now we were to drive over the road they travelled when going to the market-town, to which they probably went once a week on market days.

Ashbourne is a nice old town, with many quaint homes, a large, beautiful church containing several ancient monuments, good endowed schools and almshouses for the poor and clergymen's widows.

It has changed so little that its population, which was about 2,000 in the 13th century, has never risen much above or fallen below that figure in 700 years. It is the starting point for the most beautiful part of Dovedale. I shall show you some interesting views of Stanton and the road to Ashbourne, and of the stately church, its monuments, and some historic homes nearby.

All the district from Norbury to Hartington must have been as well known to the Sheldons three centuries ago as the district from Hatfield to Green river was known to John Sheldon 200 years ago, and is known to us today.

When Isaac Sheldon was thinking of making a home in New England, Izaak Walton was fishing, near his birth-place, in the river Dove, and writing the "Compleat Angler."

The old mansions of the Fitzherberts, Wattons, Vernons, Meverills, Cockaigues and Beresfords would be familiar to them, and the lovely scenery of the Dove Valley could not fail to win their admiration.

The old Roman road on which the Roman legions had marched more than 1,000 years before their time passed within a few miles of the old home, and in their native Dales they saw some of the most charming scenery in the world.

They had many reasons for loving their native land, but they loved freedom more, and in their day freedom was in danger.

But I can believe that when they saw the Deerfield valley—with its fine rivers, wooded hills and rich meadow lands, they would find something that reminded them of the old homeland, and where they hoped to settle down in peace and contentment.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NONAGENARIAN.

BY JONAS WILDER.

[PREFATORY NOTE BY JUDGE FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.]

[In the fall of 1904, I saw in some newspaper a reminiscient communication concerning old times in Wendell. I learned that the writer was an old gentleman living in Woodstock, Vermont, the father of the proprietor of the celebrated Woodstock Inn.

The writer seemed to be of the good old Yankee stock, a man who had on his journey of life kept his eyes wide open,

and could tell a most interesting story of the habits of the people, and the ways of life, as they existed in the country in the early days.

I wrote to him and asked that he write a paper for this Society. He sent me the material from which the following paper is transcribed, asking me to put it into proper shape for such a meeting as this.

At the close of his communication, he wrote, "This is October 1st; tomorrow is my 91st birthday." Then later he added, "P. S., I find on looking at the time I have gone 15 minutes into my birthday."

For some reason, or for no reason at all, his communication has never before been presented at our meetings. But it harks back in good common sense talk, to the old ways, and the old times, which this association is doing so much to preserve for the coming generations.]

I was born in Wendell, Franklin county, Mass., October 2nd, 1813. My memory goes back to 1818, when I was five years of age. My father was a farmer and we lived on what was called the "county road." He took the *Greenfield Gazette*, and a Philadelphia paper. We had to get our mail at Greenfield, and the county paper was then delivered by the "post rider." The man who rode our circuit was named Field—we called him "Master Field," as he was an old school master, and a man of much intelligence. His route was through Montague and one week he would go through Wendell town and the next down by our place on the "county road." When he came within about ten rods of the house, he would blow his horn, and some one of the children would rush out and get the paper, and any mail there might be.

His journey took two days, and he frequently stopped over night at my father's, which we all enjoyed, for I had three older brothers who were all studying to be teachers, and his assistance was valuable to them. No charge was ever made for his entertainment, and we were always glad to see him. It was an expensive business in those days to receive letters, as there was no prepayment of postage, and

the rates were 6 cents if carried less than thirty miles, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents for a greater distance, and $18\frac{3}{4}$ and 25 cents for longer distances. If more than one sheet was used, the rates doubled. No envelopes in those days—the letters were sealed with a wafer. Our Philadelphia paper was a weekly, and arrived about ten days after publication. It was loaned all over the neighborhood.

The old Robert B. Thomas almanac was in constant use, and was carefully preserved. The weather predictions hardly carried the weight that is now given to the announcements made from Washington, but still many persons placed a good deal of faith in them.

Books were few in those days, among the country people. We had Rollin's Ancient History, but I think it was a borrowed book. I remember also having a set of the Waverly novels. Gulliver's travels and Robinson Crusoe were also owned in the neighborhood. In the schools we used Webster's spelling book, Second Reader, and English reader. Scott's Lessons was a fine book. It was filled with the orations of great men, dialogues and poetry. John Gilpin's ride was in it. I think those who attended school in those days were much better readers than the pupils in our days.

We had evening spelling schools, chose up sides and spelled down, the champion of the side who stood the longest, spelling all the words, winning great honor. We sometimes tried a dialogue, and many declamations. All these exercises gave the partakers confidence and laid the foundation of future usefulness.

We often had neighborhood parties, all the young people gathering at a husking, or an apple paring, and ending the evening in games and play in which all joined with a will. When some bashful youth was compelled to "go to Rome" with a rosy cheeked girl, after the ice was broken, he found that the road was not hard to travel.

My school days closed when I was 13 years old. My father had got into debt trying to educate my brothers to be qualified for teaching school. They had attended the New Salem academy, and busy with their own affairs they could not assist father very much, and he could only pay

the interest on his debt. I began to think when I was 13 that I could pay that debt. Father had a kit of shoemakers' tools, and some cooper's tools, and a kind of rope-walk. When I was 10 years old I had learned to make my mother's and my own shoes. I used to spin on the little flax wheel, and made fish lines which I sold for pocket money. A man by the name of Arms had established a shoe factory at "Bloody Brook," as it was then called, now South Deerfield, and I went there intending to become an apprentice to that trade. They took no apprentices, but the foreman showed me what to do, and the first day I bottomed a pair of shoes and earned 42 cents. This paid my board and left me 25 cents besides. By the time I was 14 years old I made three pairs a day, and earned \$1.25 which gave me \$1.00 per day clear. I remained there until I was 16 years old, and paid my earnings in on the farm debt. I overworked and had to quit. I taught school the winter after I was 16 years old. It was not my fault. My brother engaged it for me before I knew of it. I made a success of it, however, and was asked to take the school again, but one term satisfied my ambition in that line. Then I began peddling with two tin trunks. I was advanced from \$10 per month to \$25, and the week I became 21 years old I paid in the last dollar of the farm debt.

While I was at work at Bloody Brook, the Williams Indians came down from Canada, and camped on the river bank. A real pretty young squaw took me out on the river in a birch bark canoe, and we had a good time. I was interested in the story of the destruction of Deerfield, and the tale of the massacre at Bloody Brook. I spent some time in clerking in country stores, and in 1840 I began business in New Ipswich, having a store, and making cigars, ink, blacking, essences, perfumery, etc., keeping eleven two-horse teams engaged in selling. I sold out in 1843 and began contracting, in constructing the Vermont Central and Ogdensburg railroad. I soon became a traveling agent for the Ogdensburg road. I introduced the first refrigerator cars, and was able to organize a transportation company, having twelve propellers and ten sailing vessels, operating through

the lakes and the Welland canal. In 1852 I became superintendent of the railroad from Rutland, Vt., to Albany, and, making arrangements with the opposition to the Boston and Albany through to Boston, I introduced the first coupon ticket ever used, over that route. I overworked, and was compelled to withdraw from the management. The directors presented me with \$400 on account of my successful management of the road. I then purchased a large tract of woodland, opened a country store, and contracted to furnish the railroad company with wood, for three years. I took two of my nephews as clerks to aid me. I regained my health, sold out my goods, rented my store, and built me a house at West Rupert, Vt.

When I was 70 years old I was persuaded to again take up rail-roading, going to Virginia, where, with Dr. Bailey, we built a road from nine miles above Jamestown, fifty-five miles into the country, and operated it for two years. Then the Doctor sold that out and we built and operated a road from Bristol, Va., running seventy miles to Big Stone Gap in Wise county. I remained here ten years, and then came north. I had at Bristol 700 acres of land on which was a good iron mine, and two houses. All this I gave to my two boys, all the children I have. My wife had died in 1874. My friend the Doctor had a run-down farm, at Billerica, Mass., and I undertook to bring this up, so as to be of value. There was a good deal of fruit and a cranberry bog on the farm. I put the buildings in good condition, improved the farm, and in 1898 Dr. Bailey died, and staying through the year, I cleared from the farm \$2,500 which I paid over to his widow. In 1899 I came to Woodstock, Vermont, to live with my sons. One is cashier of a bank, owner of the village water supply, and manager of the electric plant; the other manages a large hotel.

A New Jersey man has here his summer home, and near by, a farm of about 2000 acres, on which he keeps 100 cows and about 125 head of young stock. He persuaded me to go and manage this farm and find out why it cost him from \$500 to \$1,500 a year to run it. I remained there two years, and was taken sick, and returned to my sons. I still keep

the books of the farm, and engineer the making of 30,000 pounds of butter a year. When I took charge, they sold at 20 cents a pound, but by making use of my city acquaintance, we now sell to city families at thirty cents. In the summer, when the city people are at their summer places, I sell the butter to my son for 25 cents, sometimes amounting to \$250 per month.

It is one of the privileges which old people have, to talk of themselves. What they say may to some appear egotistic, garrulous. I will venture further to say, that nearly all my life, I have been the employer of labor, and at times have had a thousand under my control. In all this time I never had the least trouble. I have always aimed to be just to capital, just to labor, just to the public, as each contributed to pay me for my services. I never had occasion to ask for an advance in my salary, and never complained that I was not fairly paid for my services.

So much for my personal history. Now I would like to give you some idea of the way people lived in my younger days.

Until early in the nineteenth century the minister and the expenses of the meetinghouses were paid by the whole town, out of the money raised by the general tax. There were a few well organized Baptist churches, which were supported by contributions from adherents of that faith. There came a split in the Congregational churches, and after years of wrangling, in those towns in which the liberal feeling prevailed, the minority would withdraw and organize an orthodox church, the majority becoming Unitarian in faith and retaining the church property. In other towns, the majority being orthodox, the property would remain with them, and the Unitarians would withdraw and form a new society. My old home town, Wendell, remained orthodox, and New Salem became Unitarian. Soon after these church quarrels, quite a number of people, generally of the poorer class, who lived in Wendell, became Mormons. There had been no revelation then regarding polygamy; these people just believed the Bible, and that Joe Smith was inspired, in addition. The most of those that joined were pretty poor—made baskets,

picked berries, and though not bad people, were easily influenced. One large family named Cole went with others, gathering in the Genesee valley, in York State. Thirty-six left in covered wagons, at one time. These finally removed to Nauvoo, Ill., and some of them eventually to Salt Lake city. I remember that two boys by the name of West went from Wendell.

In those days, a farmer that owned his farm free from debt, and had a little money at interest, was thought to be rich. But if you went into his house, you would not see a carpet, rush curtains would shade the windows, in the square room would be a few wood-seated chairs, a rocker and a light stand, but no sofa. Some had painted floors, generally light drab in color, with lamp-black spots, put on with a turkey or goose feather. This was called "marbleing." Perhaps a braided rug or two would lie near the small fire-place.

The walls generally showed the plain plaster, although now and then a room showed the walls stencilled in various colors, with flowers and other figures. But few, however, could afford this. Some were the proud possessors of a tall clock, which was generally an heirloom. The spare room, or guest chamber, frequently contained a high post bedstead, which was covered with some white or figured drape-ry, according to the taste of the lady of the house. The room was never used, unless for state occasions.

The old kitchen was the comfortable room of the house. A great fire-place and the brick oven occupied the whole of one end of the room. The fire-place would take in four foot wood, and immense logs were used to build the front fire against. The opening was from four to four and a half feet high, the chimney above being supported by a large oak log, or strong iron bars. A great crane swung from one of the jambs and sometimes a smaller one from the opposite side. On the big crane hung numerous hooks, chains, trammels, and other ingenious contrivances, to hold the pots and kettles at the right height above the fire. When necessary, the crane was swung out from the fire for conveniently getting at the contents of the pots and kettles. On nails driven

into the jambs of the fire-place, hung the pot hook, the branding iron, and the other articles constantly needed by the good-wife in her culinary operations. Every evening the half burned wood and the hot coals were carefully covered with the ashes, both for protection from fire, and to preserve enough to kindle with in the morning. If the fire was lost, some one must hasten to a neighbor with the fire pan, for coals, or recourse must be had to the flint, tow, and steel, or the old flint lock musket, for a spark. The high backed settle when drawn up before the fire, was quite a cosy seat, and was the place of honor for the older persons and guests of the household. The furniture was scanty, and was generally the handiwork of the genius of the family. A few splint or flag bottomed chairs, a stool or two, a long crossed-legged table made of wide boards, a folding bedstead turned up against the wall over which hung green baize, and perhaps a plain chest, would constitute the outfit, in a majority of cases. If of an evening, a neighbor called, a mug of cider would be handed 'round, all drinking therefrom, and a generous dish of apples would help to entertain the guest. If young people came in, in sufficient numbers, and a fiddler could be found, a little dancing would be had, or the evening would be spent in playing games of forfeit. Such gatherings usually ended in a lunch of doughnuts and cheese, or pumpkin pie, or both.

On Saturdays, the big brick oven was heated by burning in it a large quantity of finely split hard wood, calculated to make a fine bed of coals. When heated and swept out cleanly, the great earthen milk pan of pork and beans was set in the centre, and surrounding it, upon the hot bricks, were placed the loaves of rye, and rye and Indian bread. Food was prepared so that little cooking had to be done on Sunday. For frying, coals were hauled out upon the hearth, and over them was placed the three-legged spider, and broiling was done in the same manner, on a three-legged grid-iron, which contained a receptacle for the rich gravy. Flap-jacks were cooked in a long handled frying pan, handle three feet or more in length, and were turned by a peculiar turn of the wrist, which would throw them up and catch them

as they came down, with the cooked side up. Some kinds of bread were baked in the same way. The dough was baked in the spider until the bottom of the loaf would form a crust, then set up on edge with the soft side toward the fire, and kept in position by a splinter, or by a string fastened to the ceiling for that purpose. This was generally the way "short-cake" was baked. But when bread was made at other times than in the big oven, a deep kettle with long legs, and a cover with a deep rim around it, so that it would hold coals, called a "Dutch oven" was used. The coals were hauled out and this "oven" set over them, the dough put in and the lid covered with live coals put on, and a nice bake was the result. Biscuit and cake were baked in a tin oven, which being set down on the hearth before the fire, gathered and reflected the heat so as to bake in good form.

Roasting meats were hung from the lug-pole which crossed the chimney or by means of a "smoke jack," a machine fixed up in the chimney, which was turned by the current of hot air, and the suspended meat was thus constantly presenting a new face to the glowing coals beneath it. At times a fowl or a roast of meat was cooked by being skewered in the tin oven, but in this way, constant turning at intervals was necessary. It seems to me now, that meats cooked in this old fashioned manner were far sweeter and more tender than those baked or roasted in our iron stoves.

'Tis winter:

"Then gather round the kitchen fire;
And pile on logs, higher and higher;
Get out the fiddle and partners choose;
And shave it down in cowhide shoes."

In the kitchen stood what we now call a sideboard; then called a dresser. The back was high, and there were shelves to hold plates, platters and other things needed for the table. At our house we had a set of pewter plates, about nine inches in diameter, and a pewter platter sixteen or eighteen inches broad. The platter was used to hold the "boiled dinner," pork or corned beef in the centre, and hedged in by vegetables of different kinds. Often we had a boiled Indian pudding, sometimes filled with suet, on which we ate

cream sauce, sweetened with maple sugar. I can taste it yet. Sliced cold meat and bread and butter for supper, and corned beef hash for breakfast. Salt cod picked up in cream, or salt mackerel, freshened, cooked in cream, was often the morning's meal.

Bean porridge was occasionally had, and gave rise to the old couplet, "Bean porridge hot, Bean porridge cold; Bean porridge best, when nine days old." I presume all know the old game of this name, played by slapping the hands and thighs.

Not much notice was taken of Christmas day in those old times. But "Thanksgiving" was the great feast day. The women of the household were busy for a week before, making pies, mince meat, dressing for the turkey, cranberry sauce, and the boys parched corn by heating the long-handled spider over the coals, and when the corn had swelled, holding close over it the red hot slice. Butternuts and walnuts were made ready, and a great feast was the result, and the return to the old homestead of absent loved ones made the season one of great happiness.

The last Wednesday in May was the old "Lection day." The new governor then assumed office, and the legislature met for the transaction of its duties. There was generally some military display, and the making of "Lection cake" was universal. Sometimes we had wheat bread at these times, but usually our bread was made from the coarse flour of rye, mixed with corn meal—"Rye and Indian"—while the fine rye flour was used for rye bread.

The farming tools used in those days were few and crude. Plows were made of wood, the moldboards being covered with thin iron, to make them last longer. The landside was made of tough oak, and often protected by iron plates. No side hill or reversible plows were known. Grass was all cut by hand scythes, very crude in construction, generally made by the village blacksmith. The snaths were "natural crooks," selected from the neighboring swamp. Mowing began long before breakfast, as the ripened grass cut much easier when wet with dew. In those days grass was allowed to ripen in the fields, so that the land might be seeded by

the scattering germs. When the sun came out the swaths were spread to dry, and before the dew began to fall in the afternoon, raked by hand into windrows and made into cocks. The next day the cocks were opened, and afterward the hay was made into tumbles and carted to the barn. The corn was generally topped in the field, the stover being highly valued for fodder. It was cultivated three times, weeding, half hilling, and final hilling. This was before the days of flat cultivation. Potatoes, in those days yielded abundantly. They were cultivated twice, weeding and hilling. No market existed for them, and the surplus went to the hogs and stock. Turnips were raised for feeding to the sheep. Each prosperous family generally killed a beef creature, using a large portion while fresh, and corning parts, while selected portions were slightly cured and dried for use in warm weather. During the summer months neighbors would take turns in killing a sheep or a calf, the surplus being loaned in expectation of a return in kind, later on. Flax was raised by almost every family, as all bed and table linen was of home manufacture. Also sheep were kept to supply winter clothing, the wool after being sorted and oiled, being taken to the factories to be made into rolls for use on the spinning wheel. The girls of the family were "spinsters," and if there were none, then a maid possessing the necessary qualifications was employed for housework in general and spinning in particular. A skein was seven knots, each knot containing forty threads. Five skeins were called a day's work. Sometimes the wheel was run with a crossed band, which turned it the other way, making a twilled warp. When the thread was spun it was wound on spools, ready for the loom. The arts and crafts societies having revived the art of weaving, no description is now necessary.

About Thanksgiving time came the hog killing. Some of the pork was sold, but enough was salted to last the family for the ensuing year. The hams were cured according to the particular rule used by each family, and were smoked with cobs. Spare ribs were hung in some cool place to freeze and were then packed away in clean straw to keep for the winter. The lard was tried out—real leaf lard—not the abominations

now called by that name, and the sausage meat was cut up by sharp knives and the chopping knife, and the skins prepared, the proper ingredients, including sage—not sweet Marjoram—and the skins filled and put away to season. Were they not good? Well, I think so.

Our surplus butter and eggs went to the grocer to purchase those articles which could not be raised on the farm.

Thus I have given you some recollections of the manner in which your and my forefathers lived fifty or sixty years ago. They had all the needed comforts of life, lived honest, manful lives, feared God, loved their fellows and raised good boys and girls, who now constitute the retiring generation of the land. May their successors equal them in all their virtues, and far exceed them in their knowledge and godly living.

ANNUAL MEETING—1913.

REPORT.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association held its annual meeting yesterday at Deerfield, the exercises in the afternoon and evening being attended by a large number of the members of the association and people interested in the objects of the society, the preservation of the history and the reminders of the olden times. The meeting was presided over by Albert L. Wing of Greenfield, neither the president nor the vice-presidents of the association being able to act. The afternoon exercises included the presentation of the reports of the officers of the association and the election of officers. The report of the treasurer showed \$7508 on hand.

The report of the curator, Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, noted that there were 5988 visitors to the museum during the year. Thirteen schools and colleges were represented. One October day when there was no public gathering or no special attraction, seventy visitors registered from thirteen States. During the year there were visitors from Canada, Mexico, Cuba, England, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, India, China, the Philippines and Australia. One hundred and twenty-one articles and one hundred and thirteen books were received. Mrs. G. Spencer Fuller contributed several hundred manuscripts, mostly relating to affairs in Deerfield, a century ago or more. These papers were found in the house of Dr. William Stoddard Williams, the donor's great-grandfather. Mrs. Caroline Williams Putnam of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has given a large portrait of herself. She is of Deerfield ancestry.

Reference was made to the resignation of the caretaker, Mrs. M. Elizabeth Stebbins, after twelve years' work, and it was noted that she had served the association with enthusiasm and general satisfaction. A vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Stebbins for her services.

These officers were elected: President, George Sheldon; vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson, John Sheldon; treasurer, John Sheldon; recording secretary, Richard E. Birks; corresponding secretary, Mary Elizabeth Stebbins; members of the council, William L. Harris, Edward A. Hawks, Agnes G. Fuller, Julia D. Whiting, Philomela A. Williams, Asahel W. Root, all of Deerfield, Henry B. Barton of Gill, John A. Aiken, Herbert C. Parsons, Albert L. Wing, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, all of Greenfield, George E. Taylor of Shelburne, Charles W. Hazelton of Montague.

In the portion of the afternoon devoted to necrology there were papers presented upon Ormando W. Gray, late of Bernardston, by Rev. Richard E. Birks, who was formerly minister of the Unitarian church at Bernardston; and upon the late Rev. George F. Merriam of Deerfield, by Rev. Irving H. Childs of Deerfield.

A tribute of unusual interest and charm was presented by Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, regarding her sister, Ellen Louisa Sheldon, the daughter of the late George A. Arms, and the wife of John Sheldon of Greenfield.

Ormando W. Gray, the subject of the first paper, was for many years a resident of Bernardston, who had left a permanent record of his careful work as a geographer and map-maker during the many years in which he engaged in this business. His life in Bernardston was characterized by broad public interest. He first made his home in the town as a boy of six; he obtained his education in its schools and academy and in Norwich University. His active life was spent in the making of maps and atlases, one of the most notable pieces of work accomplished being the atlas of Massachusetts, the plates for which are now in use by the State. In 1891 he retired from active work and made his home in Bernardston from that time, serving the town as a selectman and as president of the trustees of the Cushman library.

Ellen L. Sheldon was a native of Northfield, but spent the greater part of her life in Greenfield. She was educated in the Greenfield schools and in the Westfield normal school, and was for a time a teacher in the public schools of Green-

field. She was married in 1871 to John Sheldon, and her greatest interest became her home. She was a life councillor of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and was deeply interested in its work, as well as in other Deerfield institutions, including the academy. Her attention was freely given to the work of societies interested in the betterment of Greenfield, and she took a worthy part in the preservation of the Temple woods and afterward in the woman's club. She was a generous and wholehearted giver, but went about her charitable work in an unostentatious way as she did all the work which she undertook.

Rev. George F. Merriam was for a time the minister of the Congregational church at Old Deerfield, and during his life in the town he entered into the spirit of the old village, doing much work in connection with its various interests. His health was impaired during a portion of his pastorate in Deerfield, but he carried on his work even though under a severe handicap.

Much of the interest of the afternoon centered about a relic from a Spanish war vessel in Manila bay sent on from Kansas by Captain Edmund Boltwood, a descendant of a Deerfield hero.

This started John Sheldon and E. A. Newcomb on some interesting recollections of militia experiences. Rev. R. E. Birks told how he was once connected with a horse artillery company at Montreal, and later was in Indiana near the time of the Civil War. He was impressed in both experiences with the general spirit of loyalty and patriotism shown, often by people of whom it had not been expected.

Alfred S. Roe of Worcester, the leading speaker of the evening, then came in and gave the afternoon gathering a little impromptu talk. He had understood that Memorial hall was never heated, no fire, sacred or otherwise, being permitted there, but was glad to see that it was given a house warming once a year. He gave an interesting account of the three visits made by George Washington to New England.

Supper was served by the women of Deerfield, who, in accordance with their usual custom, set before the members of the society and visitors the best that could be provided by

the skilled cooks of the village. The evening session was also presided over by Albert L. Wing, and opened with the singing of old songs, led by Charles H. Ashley of Deerfield, the chorister at the Congregational church.

Mr. Roe in his paper set forth the pleasures of genealogical research, introducing some of his own experiences in endeavoring to fill the pages of the ancestral tablets as prepared by the late W. H. Whitmore, long the registrar of Boston. He prefaced his remarks by reference to certain visits of himself and friends to Deerfield and his declaration then that, so far as he knew, no ancestor of his was in any way connected with the disasters that had overtaken the dwellers in the beautiful village. Efforts to fill the spaces in the tablets resulted in his learning that he was descended, through the families of Weller, Hitchcock and Seelye, from those who had lived and suffered in the Indian depredations of the early days of this settlement.

The subject of the paper being "A page of New England Genealogy or, How I reach Deerfield," opportunity was offered to touch upon the local surroundings and the people who had made the history of this portion of the commonwealth. He did not neglect to pay a tribute to the venerable historian, George Sheldon, whose surpassing strength of body and mind have enabled him to make the story of his native town one of the best told and entertaining in the long list of volumes that have been put forth in Massachusetts to preserve the records of long ago.

It is an interesting fact that the man and woman whose American pedigree goes back to the landing of the Pilgrims, or even a generation or two this side of that event, will have from 64 to 256 ancestors unless they have intermarried. A considerable part of the hour occupied by Mr. Roe was given to the pleasant surprises that were his as he advanced up the genealogical stream and found into what scenes and incidents he was led, finding therein not only the Indian massacre of Deerfield but sturdy colonists invoking the scriptures as excuse for cursing him who withheld food from the suffering; to one who was hanged in Salem as a witch, and to another who had the reputation of being the masked

headsman who was executioner to Charles I of England. One line carried him back to Edward and Samuel Fuller, father and son, both of the first voyage to America of the *Mayflower*. In alluding to the "Connecticut river gods," once so popular in Massachusetts history, he improved the occasion to add to the list the names of Benjamin Wade, later of Ohio, formerly of Springfield, and the late Samuel Bowles, and to indicate his belief that Congressman F. H. Gillett might be included with no injury to the list. Mr. Roe exhibited an indenture on parchment of 1762, bearing the names of his ancestor, Benjamin Seelye, and others who were the patentees of a large tract of land in northern New York, whence the family moved to the western part of the State. The speaker reaches Deerfield, through his mother, a descendant of the foregoing Benjamin Wade.

Following Mr. Roe's address a paper was presented by Miss Margaret Miller on "Reminiscences of an old meeting-house," being an historical review of matters connected with the old meetinghouse at Hadley.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

Our Museum has attracted visitors every month of the past year. The number registering for each month is interesting and enlightening. In February 69 registered, March 30, April 140, May 395, June 958, July 1025, August 1692, September 805, October 633, November 169, December 40, January 32, making a total of 5988. Thus it is seen that August was the month of high tide and March of low tide. As in past years, there were many, doubtless, who did not register.

Thirteen schools and colleges have been represented. One October day—the tenth—when there was no public gathering or special attraction, 70 persons registered from 13 States.

The visitors have come not only from most of the States of the Union, but also from Canada, Mexico, Cuba, England, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, India, China, Japan, the Philippine Islands and Australia.

We have received during the year 121 miscellaneous articles and 113 books and pamphlets. By exchange or otherwise we have the "Proceedings" of many historical societies, including those of the Royal Society of Canada. Our largest addition has been to the manuscript department. Mrs. G. Spencer Fuller has contributed several hundred manuscripts, mostly relating to affairs in Deerfield a century or more ago. These papers were found in the house of Dr. William Stoddard Williams, the donor's great-grandfather. Dr. Williams was prominent in public life, a trustee of the Deerfield Academy and held other offices of trust and honor. Many of the manuscripts are of value, especially those on the Revolutionary period and the Deerfield school District, and will furnish material for future papers.

Mrs. Caroline Williams Putnam of Deerfield ancestry, who is now living in Grand Rapids, Michigan, has given a large portrait of herself which is now hanging in the Memorial Room.

A notable gift is the wedding ring of Orra Harvey Russell, which was made by John Russell, a Deerfield jeweler, and ancestor of the Greenfield and Deerfield Russells.

To the industrial department has been added a pair of ancient blacksmith's bellows, the gift of Carl P. Rollins of Montague.

A most unexpected and unlikely gift—a Spanish War relic—has been placed in the Fort, the history of which will be given by Mr. Sheldon.

For the better preservation of some of our smaller relics five glass cases have been distributed in different rooms. Many of the rare relics of the Revolutionary group are now under glass. In the Domestic Room one of the cases contains the calico print blocks with the linens and cottons dyed and printed by Miss Ellen Miller. Two of the cases in the Main Hall contain the ancient implements of the currier, cooper, carpenter, shoemaker and saddler.

The past year has been marked by a change in our staff of helpers. Our caretaker and assistant, Mrs. M. Elizabeth Stebbins, has resigned, largely on account of her health.

For twelve years Mrs. Stebbins has served the association and the public with enthusiasm and general satisfaction. The place thus made vacant has been happily filled by Miss N. Theresa Mellen, who enters upon her work with keen interest.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

DEERFIELD, FEB. 25, 1913.

NECROLOGY.

ORMANDO WYLLIS GRAY.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has done notable work during the two score years of its existence in, at least, three ways.

I. It has accumulated and saved from destruction a large quantity of very valuable records and relics of Indian and Colonial times.

II. It has attracted to its membership many men and women eminent in talents and character.

III. It has published volumes containing accounts of its proceedings, original papers, many of them of great value, and obituary notices of its members as one by one they have dropped from the ranks and passed on to the unknown land.

These obituary notices, in years to come, will be read and studied with interest by those of our successors who desire to know something of the people who lived in the valley and took an interest in our Association in the 19th century.

Among the eminent and honored members was Ormando Wyllis Gray, of Bernardston, who joined the Association in 1891, and well deserves a place on our records.

He was born in the Green Mountain State, at Townsend, and was of the best New England stock. His grandfather, a native of our neighboring town of Pelham, was a soldier

in the Revolutionary War and an upright citizen, and his grandmother was the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier who was severely wounded at the battle of Bennington. His father, Wyllis Gray, moved to Bernardston in 1835, when Orlando was four years old; he was a successful farmer and useful and respected citizen. On or near his farm on Burk Flat were the remains of the old Burk Fort.

Orlando was educated at Goodale Academy in Bernardston and afterward at the Military Academy at Norwich, Vt., graduating in the scientific and engineering department in 1849.

In 1851 he married Roxana L., daughter of Capt. Gideon Arnold, of Dexter, Michigan.

For many years Mr. Gray was a very successful business man; the construction and publication of maps and atlases being his special line.

From 1857 to 1870, in association with Prof. H. F. Walling, with offices in New York and Boston, he made county maps from special surveys throughout New England, the Middle States and Canada, issuing a number of State maps in atlas form, the plates of which are now owned by the Commonwealth.

He moved to Philadelphia in 1870, where in partnership with his son, Frank (a talented young man whose early death in 1886 was a great grief to his parents) he carried on an extensive business with operations extending nearly over the entire country.

He returned to Bernardston and bought the Carpenter and Newcomb places which he thoroughly repaired and much improved and made of the latter a model residence. This he made his summer home until 1890, when, on retiring from active business, it became his permanent residence.

Although retiring in his habits and averse to popularity, he took an active interest in whatever he thought beneficial to the town and people. He served as selectman; President of the Trustees of Cushman Library; President of the Cemetery Corporation, and held other positions of trust and responsibility. In 1881 the University conferred on him the degrees of B. S. and C. E.

He was very much interested in historical matters and helped Mrs. Kellogg in the preparation of the history of Bernardston, with many historical papers and maps.

During my ministry in Bernardston he was a regular attendant at the First Church and one of its trustees. He was a true son of New England, intelligent, well-educated, progressive and religious, honorable and trustworthy, gentlemanly in character and conduct, and interested in all good movements for the benefit of his country and humanity.

He was thoughtful and scholarly in his habits and *what he did he did well*, and Gray's Atlases will keep up his reputation for generations to come, as of the best.

He is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Pierce of Greenfield, Mrs. Beatty of Camden, N. J., and Miss Annie Newell Gray, who remained at home with her parents, a help and comfort in their declining years, and who still resides in Bernardston.

ELLEN LOUISA SHELTON.

A TRIBUTE BY J. M. ARMS SHELTON.

Amid the quiet beauty of rural scenes, in a simple home where love reigned supreme, Ellen Louisa Arms was born. Her coming brought infinite joy to the father and mother who, in sorrow, had laid three little ones to rest.

The village of Northfield, Massachusetts, on Nov. 5, 1847, the day of little Ellen's birth, was, in reality, a broad, open country road with thriving shade trees and comfortable farmhouses on either side. Across the green meadows to the west and north wound the beautiful Connecticut, and beyond rose the distant, dreamy hills. To this village Ellen's father, George Albert Arms, had come from his native town of Deerfield, and for ten years he had realized the desire of his youth to be a merchant. Here, one fortunate day, he had met Eunice Moody, the daughter of Isaiah and Phila (Alexander) Moody. She was a young woman of rare personality, and at the time, a successful teacher in Cam-

bridge. The secret of her success was revealed, long years afterward, by one of her "boys" who said with enthusiasm, "Miss Moody always had an encouraging word for every one of us, and we loved her." Eunice Moody Arms as wife, mother and homemaker was supremely happy.

In 1848 the father left Northfield, and after a trip South and West established himself in business in Bellows Falls, Vt. Here among the rocks of the Green Mountain State, and by the surging waters of the Connecticut, Ellen's only sister and her brother, George Albert, were born. Years passed, full of gladness and sweet content—years unconscious of the gathering shadows.

The old home at the south end of Deerfield Street which had sheltered five generations of Armses since William Arms built it, in 1698, was taken down in 1853, and a comfortable house built for the grandfather, Christopher Tyler Arms and his wife, Avice Stebbins.

Alas! all too soon the sky was overcast, for on July 11, 1854, the grandfather passed from his earthly home. Then it was that the son George brought his family from Bellows Falls to Deerfield. Another year, and a little mound on our beautiful hillside told of the parents' grief for their baby boy. And now it was seen by the discerning eye that the life of the mother was ebbing, and it was thought some change would be beneficial. George's brother, Richard, was then in Ohio, surveying and mining. It was decided in the autumn of 1856 that the father, mother and little "Chatterbox" should go to Ohio, while Ellen should remain at school in Deerfield till the following spring. Ellen's teacher, who is still living, Mrs. Eliza Pratt Barber, writes me as follows: "It was the morning that you and your mother were leaving the dear old home in Deerfield in quest of new health and strength—it was hoped that a change of climate would do wonderful things for her. I think she hardly shared this hope, and that when she kissed her little girl good-bye she knew it might be for the last time, but there was no hint of this as with a sweet smile, she said, 'Be brave, my child.'

"I do not especially remember little Ellen as she came into

the schoolroom that morning, but as she stood in her class just after the opening exercises, I noticed she grew suddenly pale, and seemed to be listening for something; in a moment I caught the sound of the approaching train. She had caught it first, and knew it was carrying her mother and little sister away. Such an expression I never saw on a child's face—a transfigured face in which a great light shone. There had been a conflict but it had brought victory. The dear mother's words, 'Be brave, my child,' went singing on within her soul."

At last the long winter months were ended. Ellen took the journey of three days and two nights to Moonville, Ohio, in the care of a friend of her father, and the family was again united though only for a brief season.

The climate of Ohio was powerless to do what was asked of it, and in the early morning of Oct. 26, 1857, the mother passed from human sight, saying, "Do not call the children, let them sleep, they will know it soon enough." Truly, such a brave mother could not fail of having a brave daughter!

Then followed the weary journey East, and now we find the two little girls in Deerfield, going to school, playing "hide-and-coop" among the lilac bushes and the big elm trees, slipping into Eagle brook, eating spearmint for refreshment, and, most exciting of all, sliding down the hill at the South End and almost dropping into the icy cold river, which at that time flowed close to the road that ran farther west than our present road to the mill. Ellen loved her life in Deerfield, and the memory of it gave her keen pleasure.

In 1859 the father married Mrs. Frances Stearns Childs and settled in Greenfield, which proved to be Ellen's home the rest of her life. Fond of study, she graduated from the High School and entered the Westfield Normal. This course she completed in 1868, standing among the first in her class. Now we find her, full of the bright spirit of youth, teaching the little children of Greenfield, and later she was promoted to a grammar grade. It is interesting to note that one of her "boys," grown to manhood, said of her,

"We thought Miss Arms was fine! She always encouraged us, and made us think we could *do things*."

The crowning joy of Ellen's life was her marriage to John Sheldon on Oct. 24, 1871. A natural homemaker, she was now, in her own home at her best. Here was the dearest spot on earth! Into this home came, one by one, two sons and a daughter, and for years Ellen knew that her lines had fallen in pleasant places. The life of husband and wife was peculiarly and unusually close, because he, like herself, was a homemaker, and not a club or a public man. The friends who entered that sunny home will ever remember it. In almost every room plants grew miraculously under her care and bloomed exultantly. And these plants were her loved companions—there was "father's begonia," "mother's cactus," "Jennie Belle's fern"—and some of these treasures were more than fifteen years old! For fleeting calls Ellen cared not, and I do not believe she herself ever made a fashionable call, but the "visits" of her friends were her great delight. While others were quite distracted over housekeepers and maids, she was her own housekeeper and maid, and she was because she loved the home—its work, its quiet, its comfort and its freedom.

I have crossed the threshold of this sacred precinct, not to expose it to the public gaze, but because I wish to place on record the story of this simple, satisfying home life. In a time when the very foundations of the Home are threatened by foes from within and without; when "the Club" is too greedily usurping the rights of the family circle, it is refreshing to linger in a homey home, where the fire burns brightly on the hearth, and where associations have a fadeless beauty all their own.

The crowning sorrow of Ellen's life came to her in 1899, when her daughter, Jennie Belle, and her son, John, in all the promise of youth, were taken from the home they loved. Those who saw her through these months of trial will never forget her. She was the strength of her husband and her son, George, the marvel of her sister, and the inspiration of her many friends. Did she hear the voice of that mother whose image she carried ever in her heart of hearts saying,

“Be brave, my child?” Surely the mother had reason to be proud of her daughter!

In the years that followed she was a true and loyal mourner. No one ever filled the places of her children. Their rooms remained as they left them, sacred to their memory and their spiritual presence. Indeed, it seemed to me that as the years increased her sorrow deepened and her yearning grew more intense.

While *love* and *home* were the dearest words in all our language to Ellen, there is another word her many friends will associate with her—it is *sympathy*. In ways the world dreams not of she helped the needy and the suffering. In a thousand little ways, which most of us are too much in haste to think of, she gave resolution to the struggling. It was a cheery word, a bunch of home flowers, a poem copied in her own clear hand, “a book that helped me,” a beautiful shawl of her own knitting, a baby’s thumbless mittens, a card with just the right sentiment, a jar of delicious fruit, a liberal check “for a surprise”—all speaking of constant thoughtfulness. One of her long-time helpers, now past three score and ten, said when receiving her last Christmas present, “Mrs Sheldon, you make it merry for me all the year round.”

Ellen’s sympathy for the young was strong and she watched their development with a wise, rational zeal. Certainly no one could possibly take a more vital interest in the intellectual career of a sister than she did, and the interest was as stimulating as it was unfailing. She believed with all her heart in the gospel of persistent work as a guarantee for an independent, useful and happy life. She also believed in periods of recreation for tired workers, and her charming “Camp Ellen” among the Dummerston hills brought refreshment to teachers and friends.

Although a woman of positive opinions, often tenaciously held, she never entered into discussions. In fact, she abhorred controversy and quarrels she left to other people—she would have none of them.

In 1880 Ellen Louisa Sheldon joined this Association. She served as Councillor five years, becoming Life Councillor in

1905. Through her contributions the work of the Society, in which she believed, will be advanced.

Her interest in our Academy was shown by a substantial addition to the "C. Alice Baker Memorial Fund."

In her home town her generous gift to the Franklin County Public Hospital; her timely aid in preserving the sacred Temple Woods from destruction, and her annual contributions to various societies will be gratefully remembered.

The last year of her life she erected with another, and through the tireless efforts of her husband and son, a business block which is not only an ornament to Greenfield but an honor to her. "I want to build for the future," she said, and, as a result, a thoroughly equipped, fire-proof structure arose which will stoutly defy the tests of time.

On the first day of January, after wishing her dear ones a joyous New Year, without any conscious warning, she passed beyond their vision. Greater far than any gifts or legacies is the living influence of a courageous and sympathetic soul which knows naught of death, but which lives on to strengthen and inspire human hearts for larger and nobler service.

REV. GEORGE FRANKLIN MERRIAM.

BY REV. IRVING H. CHILDS.

In 1836, October the twentieth, the subject of this sketch was born in the village of Greenville, New Hampshire. George Franklin Merriam was well born. In the early days of the Old Massachusetts Bay Colony, just after the settlement of Boston, his parents came to this country. They originated in Hudlow, County of Kent, England. The three sons of William Merriam immigrated to this country and began with other equally brave and noble men the conquest of the New World. One branch of the family later settled in Southern New Hampshire not far from the Massachusetts line. The fearless integrity of these ancestors coupled with their scholarly and Christian graces was finely reproduced in our Mr. Merriam. It was on "Merriam Hill," so

called, a tract of land cleared by his great-grandfather, Joseph Merriam in 1769, that he was born. Later when he was about eleven years of age he removed with his parents, Dea. Franklin Merriam and Mary Ann (Lane) Merriam, to Temple. Here he attended school for a time, later fitting for college in New Ipswich at the Appleton Academy.

The means for an education were not plentiful in the Merriam family but the desire for it was intense. George Merriam was determined that nothing should stand in his way. He entered Amherst College with more faith than money. And even according to his faith he went through and graduated finally in the class of 1861. Sometimes, to be sure, he had to stay out a winter's term and teach school. But as soon as he could, he returned and with redoubled efforts picked up the work again. While at Amherst he was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity and one of the editors of the college quarterly magazine. His literary tastes were early awakened and through his long life never deserted him. His achievements in this field were marked. While a student in the college he was taken into the family of Professor Julius H. Seelye, later president of Amherst, for a time as special companion.

In 1862 he entered the Theological School at Princeton, New Jersey, studying there for a year. Then he went to the Union Theological Seminary in New York City and two years later, in 1864, graduated with the highest honors. He also completed half the course in the Bellevue Medical College in New York City.

The year of his graduation, 1864, he became pastor of the Congregational Church of Greenville, New Hampshire, his native place. This was the chief and the long pastorate of his life. He remained here for about thirty-five years. It was here that he showed the wide range of his very useful and varied abilities. His main work in the Christian pastorate was always kept in the foreground. In fact so faithful were his labors here that the people of the neighboring village of New Ipswich secured his services as pastor of their church at the same time he was serving in Greenville. He also supplied for greater or shorter periods the Congregational

churches of Mason and Temple and the Methodist church of Bank Village. In State and national work he was conspicuous. He was three times a member of the National Council of Congregational Churches of America. He was moderator of the New Hampshire State Association, and for twenty years was scribe of the Hollis local association and at one time was termed the "Nestor" of that body.

In the literary field his talent was manifest. A frequent contributor to the public press, he was also the author of a published history of Greenville and of several memorial tributes and poems. His poetic genius appeared in his sermon work and in special addresses in the charming style he so often used of poetic prose.

Mr. Merriam had a well trained legal mind that added to his usefulness as an all round New England man. Not a town for miles around but some of its citizens had reason to appreciate his kindly aid. When the town of Greenville was set off from Mason as a separate township he was the first man to represent it in the State legislature and was twice re-elected. He was also a member of the constitutional convention and was a town clerk from 1875 to 1877. For a number of years he was secretary of the Mason Village Savings Bank and also a member of the financial committee and a trustee of that corporation.

The only other pastorate that Mr. Merriam had was in Deerfield, Mass., where he served for two years and a half, 1905-1907. He was at home in this historic town, for his own tastes ran largely in the line of the true antiquarian, a man who loved the best that there was in the old and who knew how to make that charm and value of the past live in the present bustling busy twentieth century. He had a choice collection of canes, each one with its distinctive story. He delighted in all the traditions and all the inspirations of the town.

Mr. Merriam was married on August 11, 1868, to Miss Elizabeth McGown of Greenville, whose lovable disposition and refined literary tastes made her partner's domestic life one of continual comfort. They were blessed with four children, three sons and a daughter. By strenuous efforts they

gave an education to each one, the sons graduating in the three professions respectively; theology, medicine, and law. The daughter also graduated as Bachelor of Arts.

Mr. Merriam's wife died during his pastorate in Deerfield in the summer of 1908. Not feeling strong enough to continue in the active work of the ministry, in the fall of the same year he went to live with his son, Joseph E. Merriam, Esq., at Mt. Kiscoe, N. Y. The last days of his life were spent there save for occasional visits elsewhere. In 1911 he attended the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation at Amherst. There he met the other members of his class who were able to be present and whom he had served as Class President.

On August 5, 1912, while at Mt. Kiscoe he was called home. Funeral services were held there and then the body was taken to Greenville for burial. Final services were held in his old church, the one he had served and loved so long. His resting place is in the Pleasant street cemetery in land that was once his own possession and which he had cared for and loved in days gone by.

It is not easy to say all that one would of such a noble and great a character as Mr. Merriam. The testimony of his old friends for miles around Greenville testify to the indelible impression his character left upon other lives. And it could not well be otherwise. His refined and cultivated nature so graced with genuine sympathy and kindly interest was such as to include every one. In fair or foul weather he was at the post of duty and no one in need ever turned away without receiving from him the real comfort that his soul needed. And he was not simply popular, he was beloved. Not only did the people of his own church respect him, but he lived in the hearts of all other denominations and beliefs. "The humblest mill hand, alike with those in higher positions, irrespective of creed or race, all regarded him as a genuine, a trusty friend. His memory will be cherished on account of his noble character and God-like face."

The people of Deerfield and the members of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association join with the citizens of Greenville in doing honor to this man of God, this servant of men.

REMARKS ON THE GIFT OF CAPTAIN EDMUND BOLTWOOD.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

I wish to say a few words upon the unique and unexpected Spanish war relic alluded to in the report of the curator, which at first sight seems to be wholly unconnected with Deerfield. I hope to show, however, the donor's claim that we should be the guardians of his gift is founded in justice.

Under a grassy mound in our old burying ground, inscribed "The Dead of 1704," there lies the dust of Sergt. Samuel Boltwood, his son, Robert, and his sister's son, Nathaniel Warner, who fell in the bloody "Meadow Fight," Feb. 29, 1704. Engaged in the same battle were another son, Samuel, Jr., and four other nephews, Daniel, Ebenezer, John and Samuel Warner. All these, save Sergt. Boltwood, had galloped from Hatfield and Hadley to aid Deerfield in her hour of direst need. These are the events we commemorate by making the last Tuesday in February the day of our annual meeting.

Another son of Sergt. Boltwood was Solomon, then nine years old. He was the ancestor of Capt. Edmund Boltwood, to whose fine filial feeling we are indebted for this Spanish war relic. The sentiment that moved Capt. Boltwood to this act must be told in his own words.

In a letter to Mrs. Stebbins, our Corresponding Secretary, Capt. Boltwood says, under date of Nov. 19, 1912:—

"I have in my possession a piece of the foremast of the *Reina Christina*, the flag ship of the Spanish Admiral, Montojo, which was sunk in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, by the fleet of Admiral Dewey.

"I volunteered in the Spanish-American war, was made Captain of Co. 'K' 20th Kansas Vol. Infy.; went into camp at San Francisco, and later went to Manila, P. I., remaining in the service $1\frac{1}{2}$ years. While there I gave a squad permission to go on board the wrecked fleet, and they brought off

among other things a part of the foremast, which, when shot away, fell across the forward deck and was covered with water, the ship's rails being out of water. From this squad I got the piece I have which is a slab $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick in the middle, and 16 inches across the sawed face. The Kansas Historical Society has a piece of the same, also the Kansas State University. I have long had it in mind to send mine to your Society. It may be thought it has no direct right in your collection, but I base my claim on the ground that I am a direct descendant of Sergt. Samuel Boltwood, who with his sons and nephews of the same blood, to the number of eight in all, volunteered to fight in Deerfield's battle against the savages that dreadful day in 1704, in which Sergt. Boltwood and one son gave their lives in Deerfield's cause.

"The full facts about the naval battle of Manila are not generally known. Lieutenant John M. Elliot, U. S. Navy, in his article to be found in 'Famous Battles of the World,' gives a thrilling account showing the mortality, per centum, to be far greater than in the famous naval battle of John Paul Jones.

"Of the 493 on board the *Reina Christina* 333 were killed, and of the 160 survivors 90 were wounded. I have seen something of war's horrors, having served $4\frac{1}{2}$ years in the Civil war, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ years in the Spanish-American war; have taken part in 38 battles and engagements, been wounded twice and my clothes perforated with bullets, but the horrors and butchery described by Lieut. Elliot, the valor and bravery displayed in face of terrible odds, where there was no possibility of escape, makes me feel like a novice, and shows that the Spaniard of today is possessed of all the courage and bravery of the Pizaros and Cortezes of the past."

In another letter of Jan. 6, 1913, Capt. Boltwood sends Lieut. Elliot's description of the battle taken from "Famous Battles by Land and by Sea." This graphic account should be here given in full.

"In the early part of the action a shell burst in the *Christina's* forecastle almost annihilating four rapid fire gun crews, a fragment striking the foremast and flinging splinters

upon the bridge which disabled the helmsman. Lieut. Don José Nunez immediately took the wheel and steered the ship until the steering gear was destroyed. The next heavy shell burst among the crews' lockers on the orlop deck, and started a fire which was with difficulty extinguished. Then an 8-inch shell pierced the shield on the port forward 16 centimeter gun, and burst in the midst of the gun's crew. This was just in front of the bridge. Under his very feet Admiral Montojo saw in a moment of time a gun disabled and twenty men torn to pieces. The Spanish Admiral seems at last to have realized that to continue the fight where he was meant certain annihilation, and with desperation he headed the *Christina* toward the American Flag Ship. She could have more easily faced a hurricane. Shells of all calibre from every American ship plunged into her fore-castle and swept her upper works. An 8-inch shell bursting forward started anew the fire on the orlop, which its companion shells prevented from being extinguished, and it was necessary to turn the ships' bow from the enemy in order to fight the flames. As she swung broadside on, a large shell plunged into her superheater and burst, scalding and killing a gunner's mate and twelve men. Next came a 6-inch shell which burst in the ward-room already turned into a bloody hospital, tearing out the after part of the ship, killing the wounded and starting a new fire. Then the mizzen topmast and spanker gaff came down, bringing the Spanish ensign and Admiral Montojo's flag to the deck; but these were quickly rehoisted on other halyards. A shell now carried away the steam steering gear on the bridge and an attempt was made to connect the hand wheel aft, but the ship swung stern to the enemy, and was exposed to a raking fire. The next large shell which hit killed nine men. Then came the coup de grace. An 8-inch shell plunged into the stern, annihilating the hand steering gear, and the men working upon it, tore its way on a long slant to the engine-room, and cut the exhaust pipe leading to the condenser. The *Christina* drifted aimlessly onward towards Cavite, followed by an undiminished hail of projectiles. Her blood-drenched decks were cumbered with redly dripping human fragments and writhing and groaning wounded. Only one

gun captain and another petty officer with a few unwounded sailors now went from gun to gun in the waist of the ship, loading and firing. Flames were licking their way from bow to stern, consuming the wounded as well as the dead. The after magazine was now flooded, orders were given to scuttle the ship, and the *Cuba* and *Luzon* were signaled to rescue the crew. The *Duero* also assisted, and boats from the Arsenal, but scores of men were imprisoned beneath a roaring furnace with only the choice of rushing to die in its devouring flames, or remaining below to drown in the rising waters. The Captain, Don Luis Cardarso, was killed by a shell while superintending the rescue of the survivors. All who could be gotten out of the doomed ship were landed at Cavite and mustered. One hundred and sixty answered to their names and of these ninety were wounded. Thus out of 493 on that ship 333 brave sailors were dead or missing and twenty more were hors de combat. At about ten o'clock the last man who could be found alive was taken out, her flag was hauled down, and she was abandoned, burning and sinking."

To make sure of the ancestry of Capt. Boltwood and the genuineness of this relic, I wrote him and received the following letter, dated Feb. 4.

"I am greatly pleased and honored in receiving your letter of Jan'y 29. I will more fully introduce myself by saying that I am descended from Solomon, son of Samuel Boltwood, and that my father was William Boltwood, born in 1802, and am therefore great-grandson of Lieut. William Boltwood who married Mary Sheldon. I was born in Amherst, Sept. 5, 1839.

"The *Reina Christina* was burned and sunk May 1, 1898. My Kansas Company reached Manila Dec. 1, 1898, and in a few weeks after, early in January, I gave 1st Lieut. John Hall of my company permission to take five men and go on board the *Christina* to obtain relics. The main deck and rails were out of water, but the fire beneath had caused the forward deck to collapse, thereby covering a part of the mast with water. The party brought back several feet of the mast, divided it up and I bought the

share of private Bolton, a member of the party, and have had it ever since up to the time I shipped the same to you. I have cared for it for fifteen years after having brought it more than 12,000 miles.

"As to my service I will say that I enlisted in Co. 'D,' 27th Mass. Vol., and was mustered into service Sept. 20th, 1861, as private. In November I was appointed Corporal and six months later promoted to Sergeant. In the fall of 1863 orders were sent to all Regimental Commanders to forward the names of deserving enlisted men who wished to be examined for Commissions in colored regiments then being raised. My name went in, and on Dec. 9, '63, I was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant in the first regiment of U. S. Colored Cavalry."

In reply to my query Capt. Boltwood then gives an official list of the battles in which he was engaged, these being inscribed on the regimental colors.

The closing words of this war-worn veteran's letter, in which there is a deal of pathos, are,—

"I have been in Kansas and this town for nearly forty years and it is a grand state with a grand people, but I must say it to you that my heart yearns for the land of my fathers. Many a night I go over, in my mind, the town of Amherst as it used to be, and my neighborhood and school district; within the latter there is scarce one head of a family alive and at home. After seeing about forty of the States, were I compelled to leave, I would go East rather than West.

"I should be proud to be a member of your Association, and if I am informed of what is necessary to become one I will at once avail myself of the opportunity."

By all odds the "Old Indian House" Door is the most interesting relic in our Memorial Hall. Doubtless, this Door often swung on its hinges at the touch of Sergt. Samuel Boltwood, the ancestor of Capt. Boltwood. As a garrison soldier Sergt. Boltwood must have called frequently at the home of his superior officer, Ensign John Sheldon, so this may be another magnet insensibly drawing Capt. Boltwood to Deerfield. Who can say that this unconscious association has not influenced Capt. Boltwood to become

a member of our organization? Again, who shall say that another recently ascertained fact has not had a still stronger influence? In poking among old genealogical records I have discovered that Capt. Edmund Boltwood and Ensign John Sheldon are blood relatives, both being descended from the original immigrant, Isaac Sheldon of Windsor. So it turns out that Capt. Boltwood is my far-away kinsman.

Curiously enough, still another fact has come to light which may—who knows—have a bearing on this subtle question. It has been found that Capt. Boltwood and our treasurer are fellow soldiers, both having served in the Second Mass. National Guards, Boltwood as Captain of Co. "C," and Sheldon as a non-commissioned officer in Co. "A".

Do we not see that this relic, long cherished by a veteran of many battles, has found, at last its proper resting place? Surely, we may feel honored while enrolling Capt. Boltwood as a member of our Association, who thus continues to be a guardian of his precious gift.

A PAGE OF NEW ENGLAND GENEALOGY, OR HOW I REACH DEERFIELD.

BY HON. ALFRED S. ROE OF WORCESTER.

In the Nineties of the last century, in company with many other Worcester people, it was my good fortune to spend a most delightful day in Deerfield, and to listen to the words of Historian George Sheldon as he described the scenes and incidents, so interwoven with every square foot of the village. When, in the course of our rambles, we had reached the northern limit of the principal street, whence the meadows spread towards the sightly spires of Greenfield, our halting place being near the site of the old Weller homestead and thus labeled, attracted by the name, so suggestive of Charles Dickens and "The Pickwick Papers," I was immediately filled with the spirit of inquiry. Approaching the carriage in which our revered director was seated, I modestly asked

if the site bearing an appellation, so fragrant with memories of earlier reading, was thus named for "Samivel" Weller or his father, Tony? With a quizzical look he replied, "Oh, Mr. Roe, you will have your little joke." Later, when Deerfield was celebrating the bi-centennial of the famous massacre, I was fortunate enough to be included among the speakers of the occasion, a representative of Worcester's Society of Antiquity; and in remarks on that occasion, I said, in effect, that so far as I knew no ancestor of mine was in any way connected with the event whose two hundredth anniversary we were observing, nor did I think that any of my forebears had ever resided in Deerfield or vicinity, yet the place was none the less interesting to me, even though it lacked the flavor of direct, personal interest. Little did I think, in either one of these cases, that ere long I should be writing our Mr. Sheldon a letter, stating that I had been looking up the matter and, as though Fate herself were laughing at me, the name from which my line descended was Weller, neither "Samivel" nor Tony, but those ancients of Deerfield, John and Richard.

Very few ventures in book-making have conferred greater pleasure on a wide circle of people than that of the late William H. Whitmore, so long the Registrar of Boston, whose Ancestral Tablets have been incentives to many a searcher after family facts. The book, itself, thus denominated by Mr. Whitmore, is really blank at first and its utility consists in affording the user the opportunity to display his knowledge, as acquired, in a manner at once both clear and concise. Combining the peculiarities of the Orient and the Occident, in the direction of reading it, nevertheless, it differs from both in that the reader opens the volume in the middle and reads to both right and left. Prepared to include eight generations it will be seen, by a simple problem in geometrical progression, that each individual, standing by himself in the separation of the two halves of his book, with mother at the right and father at the left, or in reverse, is entitled to one hundred and twenty-eight ancestors, in the spaces prepared for the first in the series of which he is the eighth.

If, as in my case, to include the first Weller in Deerfield,

it is necessary to add another generation to the list, a ninth doubling follows and our progenitors rise to two hundred and fifty-six, a number so large that were the good people widely enough distributed in those far away days, there might have been representatives in every township in New England. Is it too much then to affirm that there is a possibility of all the dwellers in this part of the country, whose ancestors were in America two hundred years ago, being more or less consanguineous? In our table of privileges and benefits, no Salic law nor that of primogeniture obtains, but all, male and female, youngest as well as oldest, inherit alike, and there are very few societies whose membership is attained through heredity to which we are not eligible. Possibly in some instances, direct descent may not be traced, but we may at least lay claim to collateral relationship, as when a distinguished Bostonian becomes a Son of the Revolution through being a grand nephew of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy.

It was at the post-prandial exercises, when the Worcester visit was made to Deerfield, that the Rev. P. V. Finch, then rector of the Episcopal church in Greenfield, aroused not a little interest in his most entertaining remarks, through his sober statement that he was at Plymouth in 1620, at Salem, ten years later; that he was among those who resisted the tyranny of Sir Edmund Andros, etc., and when his more than attentive listeners were wondering if they were listening to the Wandering Jew or a second Munchausen, he explained his words by sententiously saying, "In the loins of my ancestors." With such convenient means of bridging time and space who among us may not assert that we were all along the shore where Britons settled, from Long Island Sound to Passamaquoddy Bay; that we bore a part in all the movements that made for the permanency and prosperity of the early planters and that a form of broadened immortality for "the rustic forefathers of the hamlet" exists in us, their descendants, which we, in turn, shall pass on to coming generations?

Certain genealogies with Chinese partiality exclude from their lines of descent all representatives of the feminine gender, saving the bare naming of them in lists of children,

not even including their Christian appellations in the index, as though all inheritance worth the mention, came from the paternal stock. To be sure there are family histories that are compiled in two books, one including the male descent, the other the feminine, rather than carry both lines along, making possibly two volumes of the same story. Very few people fail to inherit in almost equal portions the characteristics of their parents, however much we may talk of the traits that accompany the name. Lady Clara Vere de Vere, though daughter of a hundred earls, did not inherit from the earls alone, nor did the haughtiness of the proud Miss McBride arise solely from her patrimony. Were some of the ancients to step forth today and to stand beside certain of their descendants, boasting the same family names, beholders would have great difficulty in discovering any resemblance.

An illustration in point is found in the case of the Fairbanks family, originally of Dedham, Norfolk County, now of every State in the Union, and of nearly if not quite all parts of the earth. With praiseworthy fealty, representatives of the clan assemble annually at the old homestead, said to have been erected in 1686, and in most cordial manner address each other as cousins, though in some cases the time of divergence in descent may have been more than two hundred years before. Occasionally when the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" follow the hours of inspection of the ancient dwelling and the exchange of loyal greetings, some zealous parties, in their love for the cause which brings them together, begin to lay especial stress upon the "Fairbanks characteristics" which they would have us believe continue to prevail over the admixture of other traits, varying from one to sixty-three or one hundred and twenty-seven parts, according to the remoteness from the original progenitor.

The fathers of New England builded better than they knew when, in town or parish, very often in both, they carefully recorded their vital statistics, therein exhibiting far greater thoughtfulness than their brothers of the Middle and Southern States where, if the family Bible disappears,

there go with it nearly all traces of family records. Another step forward of more recent date was the undertaking to print all statistics of Massachusetts towns, bearing on births, marriages and deaths, down to and including the year 1849. Begun in a systematic manner some years ago, by Franklin P. Rice of Worcester, the project became one of State-wide importance and, furthered by an annual appropriation, considerably more than one hundred towns are thus open to the searcher after ancestral facts, through the distribution of the volumes to all free public libraries and to those of colleges and historical societies. Where formerly the inquirer was subject to the delays and fees of not over zealous town-clerks, he now has only to visit the nearest free public library to have his queries satisfied. In the possession, also, of all great collections of books, dwellers throughout the illimitable West are thus quickly brought face to face with their forebears.

However much certain people of regions outside of New England may decry the present dwellers here, the fact remains that no equal portion of the surface of the Nation has begun to equal in influence that exerted by the six States in the Northeast corner of the Union. A recent writer has contributed to a New York monthly magazine an article which he denominates, "Our Gerrymandered Nation," wherein he attempts to show the alleged injustice of the present arrangement of the component parts of the Federal Union. The only fair item in his creed is the middle word in its appellation, for we do concede that "The Gerrymander" had its origin in Massachusetts and that Elbridge Gerry was the sharpest politician of his day, but may the time be far distant when mere superficial area shall be the supreme test of statehood. The writer goes to the trouble of indicating how many divisions there would be in the country were the same cut up into parcels of from 7,000 to 10,000 square miles each. With such a standard of measurement, Greece would cut a very small figure and the British Isles, with all their deeds and influence, would fare little better.

To find one's family name in Bond's "Watertown,"

Hinman's "Early Settlers of Connecticut," Paige's "Cambridge" or Sheldon's "Deerfield" is vastly better than to be able to trace descent from royalty and so called nobility. Certain localities early became veritable central exchanges whence the settlers radiated to all points of the compass. Dwellers in the Genesee country of New York State, the descendants of the followers of General Rufus Putnam into the Western Reserve of Ohio, almost without exception, trace their lineage to families whose early coming to America the foregoing historians have, with painstaking correctness, set forth at greater or less extent. The opening, after the Revolution, of the great reservations to the westward of New England, started many a forerunner of the traditional prairie-schooner on its long trek over hill and through valleys, drawn by the patient, slow, yet sure-moving oxen. Laden with the barest necessities, beneath its canvas canopy being the wife and children, possibly one or more of the aged parents, the vehicle was driven by a stalwart New Englander who steadily plodded his long journey of half a year or more towards the setting sun.

Many families through this migration effectually separated themselves from all of their old affiliations, never saw again the friends of their early lives and, owing to the difficulties of locomotion and the consequent limited postal facilities, scarcely exchanging letters with those however near and dear who were left behind. Yet they bore with them the habits, principles, adages, songs and ideas that prevailed in the former homes. The so called Military Purchase, covering certain portions of Western New York, received some of the very best of those who had borne arms during the struggle with Britain and who after long and, well spent lives, bequeathed to their children the priceless legacy of honesty, industry, uprightness, and a record of duty freely performed. Today, all along the toilsome way that the fathers trod, sons and daughters are harking back to New England for records which will permit them to become accredited sons and daughters of the American Revolution of Colonial Wars and Mayflower Descendants. Much as they decry Eastern Protected Industries, they cannot

stir many steps along their ancestral quest without asking help from so called "Bleak, rugged, inhospitable and close-fisted" New England.

Nor are the foregoing obligations confined entirely to the sections which, long ago, received a steady stream from the parent fount, since, for all sorts of reasons, many venture-some people sought homes below Mason and Dixon's Line and they, too, turn New Englandward for facts connected with their earliest lineage. "Joe" Wheeler, whose keen blade in Rebellion days was a flaming brand in his Confederate hand, yet who died wearing the blue, searched for ancestral facts through Connecticut burial-grounds and in the archives of her ancient townships. From the blood-soaked field of Shiloh, dying in his suit of gray, Albert Sidney Johnston might have sent word to Northern relatives, for his father was born and educated in Salisbury, Connecticut. The Palfreys of New Orleans contributed to the Confederate cause every man of their number capable of bearing arms, three at least rising to the rank of General, yet their progenitor was the father of John G. Palfrey, whose *History of New England* is a monument more enduring than columns of brass. A popular pastor in Worcester, born, reared and educated in Georgia, whose father was a Confederate surgeon, seeks his grandfather's birthplace in the land of "Steady Habits."

Several months since, in the City of Petersburg, Va., for three fourths of a year the target of Grant's artillery in 1864 and '65, I was sauntering about the courthouse whose sightly cupola had been the particular object sought by the cannoniers, when the caretaker of the edifice appeared and very kindly volunteered a deal of information as to our surroundings, besides stating that he had worn the gray during the "Unpleasantness"; that his father had been in the War with Mexico, his grandfather in that of 1812, and that two of his great-grandfathers were at Concord Bridge, helping fire the shot heard round the world. Among the veterans of the Confederates and others, were many who had affiliations with our northern people and one of the leading manufacturers proclaimed his kinship with William H. Seward, Lin-

coln's Secretary of State and, in the Chicago Convention of 1860, the leading candidate of Republicans for nomination to the Presidency. Nor were all of the relations between the two widely separated sections always of a friendly nature, since they were not love-taps that Butler of South Carolina rained upon the devoted head of Charles Sumner.

The family names that Mr. Sheldon includes in the Deerfield story are not all of them resplendent on the scroll of fame, yet the privations and tribulations of the earlier generations entitle them to the loving gratitude of their descendants in these far away days, which, notwithstanding the high prices of living, are the very acme of comfort, health and happiness as compared with those when gentle women defended their firesides, *vi et armis*, and even then were led away into grievous captivity by savage foemen, if they did not perish on their own thresholds. "Bloody Brook" and the massacres of Deerfield are graven deep in our annals, and admiration is never failing for those who lived, wrought, suffered and, in many cases, died, never faltering in the pathway of duty. They plentifully endowed those who came after them with their own indomitable determination and later history is not wanting in the records of men who were instant in the stations and responsibilities whereunto they were called. My own college days were not a little brightened by the apostolic words of John Williams, a Deerfield boy, whose mature manhood was devoted to the Episcopal Bishopric of Connecticut. The public generally has profited by the historical labors of Richard Hildreth and the perpetuity of the Union was sensibly furthered by the services of Major-General Rufus Saxton.

While many of the older towns of Massachusetts suffered much at the hands of the aborigines, no one passed through more than this beautifully named and situated Deerfield. Bordered by the Connecticut and crossed by the stream, named like itself, fair to look upon, there is little wonder that the natives parted from their habitations with reluctance. Not to have contested their rights and privileges would have marked them as less than men, and intervalles which gladdened the eyes of the palefaces, long before had

heightened the hue of the redskin's cheek. In the story of New England's sorrows, brought about by the depredations of the Indians, only one other is comparable with that which the Rev. John Williams tells in his "Redeemed Captive returning to Zion," and that other is the "Captivity and Removes of Mrs. Rowlandson;" herein Franklin and Worcester Counties join hands, each one desirous of doing adequate justice to the memories of early suffering and endurance, and that one whose lineage in any way touches either incident must be altogether lost to sentiment, if his pulses are not quickened at the recital.

To my mind no more eloquent passage is found in all of Bancroft's masterly recital, than when he describes the approach, the attack, the slaughter and the retreat from Deerfield. Two hundred and nine years ago this very month, and this very night the French and Indians, on snow-shoes, were walking on the crust which covered four feet of "silence deep and white," stealthily approaching the habitations of settlers which by means of stockades they had endeavored to render defensible. So vividly does the historian portray the scene, we seem to hear the yell of the savage as he mounts the drift covered palisade, and the frightened screams of women and children who are killed by the infuriated foe, or are assembled for the long journey into captivity. The fierce flames which lighted that mid-winter morning, consuming everything combustible, save the church and a few dwelling houses, even now after more than two centuries, we see shining on that hapless company of above one hundred souls, which, one hour after sunrise, with the cruel captors, set out upon the tedious, terrible march towards Canada. To residents of Deerfield and to those who have associations with its memories, the annual reading of the selection from America's standard Historian is not amiss.

While we would not care to have history written from the view point of illusions, however delightful some of them are, yet the summary wiping out of some of our most cherished pictures of fancy, occasions no little regret in the minds of those who, following historian or poet, have had visions

most wonderful as well as beautiful. How loth have we been to dismiss "Dame Barbara" climbing her attic stairs and shaking forth "with a royal will" the silken scarf whose colors bright attract the eyes of "Stonewall Jackson, riding ahead." Again and again have we heard the outringing of the rifle blast; we have seen the shivered "pane and sash" and,—

"Shoot if you must this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said,

will persist in memory along with the touch of sadness and the blush of shame which over the face of the leader came as,—

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head,
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

"Good enough to be true" exclaims one admirer. "It ought to be so, even if it isn't," says another, but the scientific historian applies his infallible test, and is compelled to decide that the story will not wash. Mr. Whittier once wrote in a letter, "I believe Mrs. Frietchie was a most patriotic woman, but it is possible that the circumstances on account of which the poem was written, were incorrectly stated to me." I hope I may not be deemed lacking in reverence or respect, when I say that it occurred to me, when the loved Poet passed on, that one of his first excursions in Paradise would be a search after the Heroine of Fredericktown and a settlement of the long vexed question, "Didst thee or didst thee not hang out the flag on that 'cool September morn'?"

Full many a reader who remembers well his delight in the stanzas of New England's most gifted songstress, recalls not alone the "Bell of the Atlantic" which so long tolled the requiem for the lost when the Steamer *Lexington* was burned, but also the melody of the "St. Regis Bell" which has been mingled in fancy with that of Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon" and the, possibly, even sweeter tones of Tom Moore's "Evening Bells." What false spirit was it that

whispered in the ear of Mrs. Sigourney, the story that drew from her the exquisite lines,—

“Then down from the burning church they tore
The bell of tuneful sound,
And on with their captive train they bore
That wonderful thing to their native shore,
The rude Canadian bound.”

Our reliable chronicler of Deerfield does not deem the legend worthy of extended statement nor explanation, but dismisses it with the brief reference,* “The ‘Bell of St. Regis’ having been relegated by the historical student to the realm of Myths, the first meetinghouse bell was purchased by the town with money loaned by individuals in 1729.” How were our bright dreams shattered and what an awakening to find that the poem was foundationless! The historian could scarcely have treated the theme more impatiently had he quoted from Betsey Prig when she exclaimed to her associate and pal, “Bother Mrs. Harris, I don’t believe there’s no sich person.”

A Worcester gentleman of intense convictions and equally earnest expression has given considerable time and study to the legend of the St. Regis Bell and from his findings evolves the story that French priests had told their Indian converts, at the Caughnawaga mission, of the advantages of a brazen bell, whose voice could be distinguished farther than any sound they had ever heard, and that the simple natives raised the money for the purchase of the same and it was sent across the sea with an order for the bell’s manufacture. The tuneful object did not reach its destination, but through the rapacity of intercepting New Englanders, on the High Seas, it was seized and carried to Boston and, thence, to its place in the tower of the Deerfield church. The story of its existence reaching the ears of the patiently waiting Christian Indians of Caughnawaga, the expedition was organized and the French and Indians “came down like the wolf on the fold” and made sorry reprisals for the rape of

* In his preface, Mr. Sheldon refers to the “romance of the St. Regis Bell,” as having been treated at length by him[§]elsewhere.

their ardently longed for summoner to divine worship; an exceedingly entertaining narrative and it seems almost too bad that it must be classified with Wordsworth's thought when he wrote,

"The light that never was, on sea or land."

In my efforts to reach Deerfield, I must perforce heed some of the legends that abound along the way and the face of Eunice Williams is sure to beam upon me in sundry places, and her story becomes like that of "The White Rose of the Miami" who was entreated to return to her white relatives but who, like Eunice, steadfastly declined, preferring to remain with her captors, marrying a native, rearing a family and entering fully into the habits and characteristics of the Indians. To the solicitations of her relatives, the poet makes her reply,—

"Let me stay at my home, in the beautiful West,
Where I played when a child,—in my age let me rest;
Where the bright prairies bloom, and the wild waters play,
In the home of my heart, dearest friends, let me stay.

O, here let me stay, where my Chief in the pride
Of a brave warrior youth, wandered forth by my side!
Where he laid at my feet the young hunter's best prey,
Where I roamed a wild huntress,—O, friends, let me stay."

Though no Mrs. Schermerhorn has told the life story of the Deerfield captive in verse, nearly a hundred and fifty years after her misfortunes began, the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" propounded in the pages of *Putnam's Monthly*, 1853, set everybody to talking about the Rev. Eleazer Williams as the possible, if not probable, Dauphin of France; the Rev. John H. Hanson, D. D., who asked the question answered the same, himself, in a long article,* championing the hypothesis that the son of unfortunate Louis XVI had not perished in the Temple, but rescued by friendly hands had been brought to these Western shores, becoming the putative grandson of a daughter of our Deer-

* Hanson also wrote in 1854, a volume entitled "The Lost Prince." [Eds.]

field Eunice, said daughter having married Ezekiel Williams, an Englishman. Their son, Thomas, was the nominal father of the resurrected royal child of France and the proposition found many adherents. Though the mother never saw Deerfield, Eleazer was here several times, his last visit being in the fifties, when he invited Mr. Sheldon to visit him in France when he should have come into his own, claiming that he would send a man-of-war for him and other favored friends. When, in the eighties, our steamer took on board an Indian pilot at Caughnawaga, near the head of the rapids in the St. Lawrence, I remember wondering if he might be a lineal descendant of that unhappy maiden, torn from her own kin, yet in time learning to love the very hands that had bereft her.

People who have traveled far, in some cases, having girdled the world, come back to New England with the feeling that, after all, the valley of the Connecticut is as fair a specimen of God's handiwork as the sun ever shines upon. Particularly is this true of that portion included within the borders of Massachusetts. Beginning with Northfield, through Greenfield, Hatfield, the Hadleys, Springfield, and terminating in Longmeadow, how significant the names applied to the several divisions, how suggestive of fertility of soil, of unrivaled arability and of facilities for earthly happiness, unsurpassed by any other portion of the footstool. The wonder is that the Indian with his appreciation of the beautiful did not discover in the mighty river, which threads the lovely valley, some attribute more worthy and distinctive than mere length. The word itself we love, but we would that some quality like "beautiful" in Ohio or "merri-ment" in Minnehaha had appealed to the Redmen to whom the region was their hunting ground. Beyond the mere physical characteristics, inherent in nature, man has added a gloss, outshining far many efforts of a similar kind elsewhere. If there be a stream in America which merits the adjective, classic, it is the Connecticut which flows by the foundations of more educational institutions, within a limited distance, than any stream on the continent.

New Hampshire's Dartmouth clasps hands with Vermont's

Norwich University across the lordly stream, and the Moody institutions of Northfield and Gill greet its waters as the Bay State is reached. Northampton exultingly points to her college which fate was wholly unable to conceal though "naming it Smith;" Amherst looks down from her halls of Science and Art with loving pride upon the river, so near and yet so far; what a Dream of Fair Women does the current have as it sweeps by Holyoke's Mount, and Springfield with Y. M. C. A. Training School and International College, well maintains the educational standard. Nor does the love for learning cease when Mounts Tom and Holyoke sink low upon the horizon, for on the banks of her Connecticut the Nutmeg State has planted Trinity at Hartford and Wesleyan at Middletown. When we consider the multitudes of men and women who have gone out from these many schools and colleges, carrying with them such measureless capabilities for good, may we not say that sacred scriptures apply here, when the Psalmist exclaims, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High."

What sort of people should we expect from such surroundings? Feet that have climbed the heights which look down into these valleys, hands that have furthered the ends of nature as we see them on every side and eyes that, for generations, have regarded the fairest of God's good gifts could hardly be otherwise than a credit to state and nation. So manifest was the ability of some of the leaders of men whom the valley developed, they early obtained the soubriquet of "Connecticut River Gods," and when we remember the intensity of the patriotism of Joseph Hawley of Northampton and Caleb Strong, also of the Meadow-town and City, United States Senator and Governor of Massachusetts, we cannot resist the thought that the name is well applied. Jonathan Edwards, too, from the same favored locality, and Dwight L. Moody of Northfield warranted the application of the term, while in later days who would overlook George Ripley of literary fame and William B. Washburn, Governor and U. S. Senator, who called Greenfield home? The Hadleys were happy in their connection with

Mary Lyon and Joseph Hooker, missionary zeal and military prowess personified; Ben Wade of Ohio was born in Springfield and Sam. Bowles long resided there; Chicopee was home to George B. Robinson, Governor, and Worcester people are certain that the Judge and General Charles Devens suffered no impairment through his early residence in Greenfield.

Apotheosis is not likely to be the fate of mortals till the end of life, but were this attainable by the quick as well as the dead, from personal acquaintance, I would nominate gentlemen who have long merited and held the good opinions of their friends and neighbors in private as well as public life, for it cannot be that the line of Connecticut River Divinities should end with those already on the other side. A Greenfield lawyer having long held the office of Attorney General of the Commonwealth, having successfully represented his town in both branches of the General Court, the Hon. Dana Malone is clearly eligible; Northampton never runs short of candidates for fame and eulogy and a host of acquaintances and friends applauded the act of Governor Foss in appointing to a seat on the Superior Court, former-Legislator and Councillor, the Hon. Richard W. Irwin of that favored city, and the Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, for more than a score of years Representative in Congress, ought to give Springfield a proud place in our Valhalla of the far famed valley.

It is said that among the Scottish clans, cousinship in the twentieth degree is considered not so very far away, hence finding myself far within the Gaelic bounds, I am privileged to claim relationship to a large part of those descending from the early settlers of the valley and all this through the ancestry of my mother, since for generations my father's people did not leave Long Island, that strip of sand, separated by a shallow passage of water from Connecticut, though politically a port of New York yet, withal, so thoroughly imbued with characteristics of the people to the north and eastward that Librarian George Hannahs of the Long Island Historical Society was wont to refer to the eastern end of the section, or Suffolk County, as being more New England than

New England herself. Of the sixth generation of those settling on the Island, my father in his tenth year accompanied his father's family in a westward flight in the early summer of 1833 to Wayne County, a portion of the famous Genesee country and there, when still a very young man he met and married the still younger woman who became my mother.

It was when tracing her line upward through the punctured pages of my Whitmore's ingenious device that I made the discoveries which warrant the heading of this paper. Through the family names of Seelye, Hitchcock and Weller, my pedigree reaches the time when this old town was new, and men and women found life a battlefield in no allegorical sense. In my efforts to fill the spaces in the Genealogic Tablets, I pretty thoroughly tested the resources of the American Antiquarian Society, whose local abode is in Worcester, but the uppermost seats in my hall of ancestry were not filled until I became the possessor of the two magnificent volumes, representing a considerable part of the life-work of our revered and venerable co-laborer, the Hon. George Sheldon, to whose devotion and accuracy all of us are so greatly indebted. When the fact was so apparent that I, too, had a claim on the antiquities of the long admired locality, I fancy there came over me just a tinge of Japanese Shintoism or, at least, a touch of that ancestral worship which is far from being the worst trait among the dwellers in Asia's Celestial Republic, late Empire.

Of course the foregoing family names were evolved, through successive generations, thus introducing many multiples of those already named, some of which will bear mentioning in the further progress of this paper. Richard Weller, bearing the obvious English patronymic, we are told, had been in the Connecticut towns of Windsor and Farmington, localities also lovely for situation, and that his wife, the mother of his children, was Ann Wilson, whereupon the impulse seizes me to go a cousining all adown the pathway of centuries and if the good wife were of Scotch family, as so many of the same name were, why may not I claim kinship with Alexander Wilson, the eminent ornithologist,

with James G. and James H. Wilson, both distinguished leaders in our Civil War and, last of all, what is to hinder my addressing the President-Elect, remembering the Scottish relish for ties of kindred, as Cousin Woodrow? However hypothetical my rambles among the Wilsons may be there can be no doubt whatever on the Weller side of the ancestral pair, and Richard's son, Eliezer, settling in Westfield, became the progenitor of those of his name who, through the long interval, have resided there, with some of whom I was well acquainted forty and more years ago, quite ignorant of the fact of a common though remote ancestry.

Thomas Weller, the youngest son, at the early age of twenty years, was among the slain on that dread day at Bloody Brook, along with the "Flower of Essex," where men did all that men could do, yet even their bravery did not avail to save the day. His older brother, John, is the Weller-link in my ancestral chain, and he chose as his wife, Mary, daughter of Alexander Alvord of Northampton, and again a wide vista opens before me, for the recent publication of the *Alford Genealogy* presents a long array of men and women whom any person might be proud to claim as kin. In writing the history of my native town, years ago, I had dwelt somewhat on the name as it appeared in said township, little thinking that it could mean anything personal to me; also that a genial college contemporary was a remote relative whose oldest son was a victim of the War in the Philippines, falling bravely at the head of his company, a blow that killed the father also, and that the late Thomas G. Alford of Syracuse, the "Old Salt" of Central New York, nearly a score of years a member of the New York Assembly, in one case ten years in succession, three times Speaker, once Lieutenant Governor of the Empire State, whose campaign speeches I had reported, held a line of ancestry that blended with my own, somewhere along the pilgrimage of life.

John and Mary (Alvord) Weller had seven children, of whom Hannah became the wife of Samuel Carter, his second marriage, and in the horrors of that February night of 1704 was carried off with her infant child, only to fall a victim to the

cruel tomahawk, a few days later; Sarah, a younger daughter married Samuel Hitchcock of Springfield, a representative of one of the oldest and most respected of the early settlers of the beautiful city. The comparatively recent issuing of the history of this family permits a prolonged interview with the many who have borne the honored name through the centuries. How would the story of Science and Religion suffer, were the names of the Hitchcocks who have furthered both to be erased from the scroll of history, and of all of them, including as they do soldiers, men of literature, capitalists, no one rose to greater heights than Edward, a native of Deerfield, and a cousin of Historian Sheldon, who impressed himself on so many Amherst men and wrote his name all over the Commonwealth as its incomparable Geologist; and not a few Amherst graduates would think their recollections of college life incomplete without the impressions made upon them by the President's son, Edward, who, as the familiarly known "Doc" of their gymnasium experience, did much to make them vigorous and thereby successful men. To have even an introduction to so remarkable a family is no small honor. Anent the Hitchcocks, it might be stated that early in his teaching, the subsequent Amherst President was six years at the head of Deerfield Academy, in the very edifice, now holding that incomparable Museum which Pres. G. Stanley Hall has characterized as the best educational institution in Western Massachusetts. Orra White, Principal Hitchcock's assistant at the Academy, through marriage, became his help-mate through life.

Deborah, a daughter of Samuel and Sarah (Weller) Hitchcock, was married to Benjamin Seelye, April 11, 1735. It is probable that the Seelyes came from that Robert who fell in the attack upon the Narragansetts in December, 1675, and from Fairfield County, Connecticut, with many others, Benjamin Seelye made his way into Northwestern New York, to that portion now known as Washington County, then Albany. He secured a considerable range of land in what eventually became the town of Kingsbury, evidently a reputable farmer of his day. Of the children

of Benjamin and Deborah, I am directly interested in their son, Nehemiah, who was born in New Milford, Connecticut. Of the family, aside from those in my direct line, mention should be made of collateral relatives in the persons of three brothers who achieved unusual repute in this very Valley of the Connecticut. Natives of Bethel, Conn., the eldest, Samuel, was the long time pastor of the Congregational church in Easthampton; Julius H. hardly needs an introduction to a Massachusetts audience, after his long and successful Presidency of Amherst College, while L. Clark, the youngest of the three, only recently retired from his long term of service at the head of Northampton's pride, indeed that of the Commonwealth, Smith College.

Nehemiah Seelye was both farmer and mechanic, a bridge builder, and the route of Burgoyne and his army led down and over the farm of the farmer-patriot, for Nehemiah was a soldier in the army of the colonies. Remains of a corduroy road are to be seen to this day on what was his farm and the home in which he was rearing his family went up in smoke, a victim of British wrath. The wife who bravely stood by her husband, as far as family duties would permit, was Mary Hopkins, another of the family names that New England loves to hear, suggesting as it does a long array of famous men, including a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Johns, the Philanthropist and Founder of Baltimore's favorite institution of learning, clergymen, soldiers and best of all that Mark Hopkins who from his chair of state in Williams College wielded an influence for good the country over, the man of whom President Garfield said, that a bark-covered log with Mark Hopkins sitting on one end and himself on the other would be college enough for him.

Mary (Hopkins) Seelye was a woman of great nerve, endurance and, withal, a readiness of repartee that made her at once a favorite in the social circle, yet one to be reckoned with if verbal lances were to be measured. Short of stature, rotund of form as described to me by her grandson, my grandfather, the late Colonel George Seelye, she made nothing of an annual drive, unattended, across the

country from Kingsbury, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies. No one knows how much longer the necessities of the way made the journey which traversed at least six counties besides Washington which she left and Wayne, her destination, and New York counties are not exactly pocket boroughs. Her conveyance was a one horse chaise, all of whose parts and attachments she was able to care for readily, including the harnessing and grooming of her steed. On arriving at the home of her son, she sat with folded hands for three days devoting herself entirely to visiting, saying that was the proper form and at their expiration called for sewing, knitting or other work, and thenceforward was the soul of industry, until her departure. She held together the younger members of the flock when the approach of Burgoyne drove the Seelyes into exile, taking refuge in Connecticut, while the husband was with his company in the Charlotte County Militia of New York State. With his following he bore a valiant part in the Battle of Saratoga; later pursuing his occupation, he was accidentally killed in 1802, his widow surviving until 1834.

Joseph, a son of the foregoing people had the good fortune to marry Elizabeth Carrier, a daughter of Timothy, born in Sharon, Connecticut, and her lineage is interesting in that it leads me back through such families as Crippen and Fuller to Samuel and Edward Fuller, the latter the father, the former his son, both of them passengers in the first voyage of the *Mayflower*, and Edward being the physician of the company. The stories of the people involved in this line of ascent more than fill the allotted eight spaces for the first of the eight generations for which the Tablets are prepared. The Carrier line includes that John Spofford of Rowley, Mass., who was arrested for cursing a Salem shipmaster because of the latter's unwillingness to sell food in the time of distress; the curser was exonerated through his apt quoting of Proverbs XI, 26: "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." The original of the Carriers in America lived to be above 100 years old and contemporaneous history points to him as having been

the executioner who, in a mask, struck off the head of Charles I. His wife, Martha Allen, "the Goodwife Carrier" of witchcraft days, was among the unfortunate women who were executed as witches in those troublous times of Salem and vicinity. Joseph Seelye, having married, migrated soon afterward to the town of Sherburne, Chenango County, N. Y., and there his children were born, but the wander-lust was upon him and by blazed trees he and his made their way into the wilderness of Western New York just after the close of the War of 1812.

George, son of Joseph and Elizabeth (Carrier) Seelye, was nine years old when the family settled in the, then, town of Wolcott; the farm, which Joseph took up from the Williamson Purchase, fell within the town of Rose when Wolcott was divided, 1826, into four parts and here he lived till called hence in his 80th year. A deacon in the Baptist church for more than fifty years, he was also prominent in the Militia, rising to the command of his regiment, and his descendants find pleasure in the fact that his commissions bear the signatures of William L. Marcy and William H. Seward, both names to conjure with in Empire State history. His first wife was Polly Catherine Shepard, born in New Hartford, Connecticut and, in her parentage, there opens almost a wilderness of genealogical data, for the Shepard line goes back to Cambridge and Watertown but touching Connecticut early enough to have had more than a hundred years of "Steady Habits." Catherine's mother was a Wade and thereby her descendants rejoice in that Dr. John Wade, her father, was at Bunker Hill, the family having lived in both Rhode Island and Massachusetts; the several lines introduced lead to names such as Alverson, Ensign, Scott, Webster and others. Surrounded by the graves of a multitude of relatives in a burial-ground where the first interment was that of a younger brother, the bodies of Colonel-Deacon Seelye and his wife await the resurrection. Near them sleeps all that was mortal of my beloved mother, their only child to survive infancy, another Polly Catherine. At the age of fifteen years she was wedded to my father, the Rev. Austin M. Roe who, in his 90th year,

in the City of Fulton, N. Y., as he is wont to express the thought, is ready for the messenger.

Thus with many deflections from the direct line, do I reach Deerfield which, like Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn," is easily the "loveliest village of the plain" though, unlike the creation of the poet's fancy, it is far from being deserted. Though it does not attract to its borders the whirl of machinery and the hum of commerce, yet like so many other New England towns it has some features distinctively its own. Leaving out of the list, for the moment, its early and varied history, its ancient burial ground, so permeated with sacred memories, we find the quiet township sought by those who, art-inclined, find the glades and meads inspiring and the view of hills and mountains soul-uplifting. Such surroundings could not fail to arouse noble promptings and how the beautiful is illustrated in the products of the Arts and Crafts which have made Deerfield their special abode, and the results of fair women's work are the admired of all lovers of skill and taste the country over. To such a community, at peace with all the world, content with what Providence so kindly dispenses, I bring my tribute of respect and as I end this somewhat rambling dissertation, with the thought that while genealogical meanderings yield many surprises, some disappointments, mine towards Deerfield have been altogether pleasant.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD MEETING HOUSE.

BY MARGARET MILLER.

The old Hatfield Meeting house of which I wish to give you a picture was the third one to be erected in the village and was by far the most interesting of the four which have done duty in the old town.

The first was a rude affair, thirty foot square, of rough hewn timbers and hard benches but nevertheless "holy unto the Lord" and a thing of dignity in the eyes of the worshippers who found the seats comfortable enough, provided

that they were duly placed with regard to "age, estate and places of trust." In less than thirty years this diminutive structure was outgrown and a slightly more pretentious one forty-five feet square, with gable windows upon each square of the roof, took its place. This served for nearly half a century. Then about 1740 the idea of a new meeting house began to be agitated. This is shown by the motions made for the repairing of the old house which were almost uniformly negatived. Even when it was voted to "underpin the Meeting House to prevent it spreading" the vote was reconsidered before it could be carried into effect. The building must have been in a pretty bad way in 1744 when "The question was put whether the town would chuse the Com.^{tee} too rite up the underpinning of the meeting house where it is fallen down or shattered, secure the galleries by putting in new joice, repair the Shingleling in the Gutters of the Roof and the Clabbords where they are off and also view the several Timbers that are drawing out and secure them." Yet this, too, "passed in the negative." At last in 1748 it was agreed to build a new meeting house fifty-eight feet in length and forty-five in breadth and of a suitable height in proportion to the breadth, with a steeple on the north end. The weighty matter of placing the new structure had to be considered by a committee from Northampton who decided that "the south end of the meeting house should square with the old one and the North end to extend as far beyond as it exceeds the old one in length and three feet further East." The exact situation (I will here explain) was the middle of the highway of Hatfield's main street, southeast of the spot where now stands the Memorial Building. With all expedition the committee proceeded to the work, not forgetting to "Provide at y^e Charge of y^e Town a Barrel of Rum and so much Sugar & Beer as may be Necessary to be given (by their Direction) to Such persons as may come from the Neighboring Towns as spectators at the Time when the New Meeting House shall be raised." In those days it was the custom to put the frame of a building together on the ground and then raise it to an upright position by the combined efforts of

all the spectators, hence the necessity of providing such an entertainment as would induce a crowd to gather.

The old bell was traded for a new one of five hundred pounds weight which was broken directly after its arrival ("some ill management on the part of the founder Apprehended") and so was sent to England to be run anew, at an additional expense of sixteen pounds to the town.

The body of the church was entered by three doors, one each on the north, east, and south sides. The one on the north opened into the tower which in turn had two outer doors, one on the north, one on the east. The high pulpit which stood on the west side of the house was surmounted by a huge sounding board. Constant changes were going on as to seating arrangements. At first there seem to have been plain seats, the men occupying one side of the house the women the other. Pews were gradually introduced. The town first built eight, four on each side, voting that no pew should be the property of any particular family.

Previously to this, however, a good deacon having made application for "a Suitable Seat in y^e Meeting House for the person to Set in with whom he proposes soon to Inter-marry," it was voted, "that the Selectmen be directed to provide him one Accordingly." The Deacons at that time sat on a bench or chairs under the pulpit. The same difficulties as to seating the meeting house continued for many years. A way of keeping the peace not hitherto known was found when it was agreed to let dissatisfied persons change places with each other provided each party to the transaction was satisfied.

The gallery ran around three sides of the room and here sat the singers in the front row and behind them the boys and girls—boys on the north, girls on the south, kept in order by the tything man.

Following an old custom several young men joined together to build a pew high up in the corner over the stairs that came up to the boys' part of the gallery. Some young women similarly had made for themselves a pew over the girls' stairway. Apparently these were well thought of at

first but when later the opprobrious title of Old Maids' Pew was applied to one it fell into disrepute and was the cause of some unhappiness. This meeting house witnessed the closing years of the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge's peaceful rule and the whole of Dr. Joseph Lyman's long and fiery pastorate. Old people who remember Dr. Lyman and the doings of the first part of the last century have told me so many tales of the meeting house and those who occupied its pews a generation ago that I can almost seem to see it with my bodily eyes.

I can see the congregation decorously gathering together, of a Sabbath morning, settling themselves in their respective pews with friendly nods to their neighbors over the railings. There at one side in one of the large square pews, capable of holding two families, is a large rocking chair and in it is seated the ample form of Aunt Miriam Billings, wearing as usual her best black silk apron, ruffled all around. There she sits and rocks and fans herself with a turkey feather fan while over beyond her toward the center of the church Aunt Lucy's round and smiling face is bobbing over the railing as she whispers, in answer to a query, "No, I ain't very well. I have so much to do." This was Aunt Lucy's uniform reply and busy heads of families found no little quiet amusement thereat. For Aunt Lucy and her brother, Uncle 'Rastus, lived in a little house of such prim neatness that a pin never by any chance got out of place and no one could imagine where the work that she talked so much about could have hidden itself. Perhaps the little children of her day could have given a clue had they chosen to do so. Often on the way home from school—so often indeed that it almost became a custom—a voice from over the fence would greet the little ones and peering thro' the gate they would see Aunt Lucy's smile between the beds of June pinks as she held out her hands, saying persuasively, "O, don't you want a cooky?"

The legend is that the cooky jar was never empty, but history telleth not how many children made their homeward route lie past Aunt Lucy's gate.

While this whispered conversation was going on other

people were arriving, every head in the congregation turning as each newcomer rustled in. If it happened to be a bride who unostentatiously tried to hide herself and her wedding finery in one of those sheltering pews, heads were turned more than once and Aunt Lucy might even venture to stand up in order to get a better view! Should it chance to be the jovial face of Dr. Daniel White, like a rosy cheeked full moon, that advanced up the aisle, there was more expectation than curiosity in the glances. For Dr. White kept the post office in the hospitable tavern almost abreast of the meeting house, where the stage coach used to sweep up with a flourish, in those good old days of stage coaches, and mail arriving on Saturday for residents of the outlying districts the kindly doctor was wont to deliver over the pew door before service began. Noticeable among the congregation would have been the members of the Smith family, whose money so wisely bestowed has been of lasting benefit to the valley. There sat Oliver Smith and "Square Ben" his brother, the money makers of the town, but not so occupied with saving a penny here and investing a penny there but that they could attend church regularly, listen carefully, and then go home to voice in private their religious and political differences with Dr. Lyman.

Then there were Uncle Oliver's nieces and nephews, children of Joseph Smith. At first there was a pew full of them, two sons and four daughters. The daughters were known as Sophy and Harr'et and Mirandy and Lowizy.

They all loved good clothes, and were perhaps in a measure compensated for their petty household economies by their fine apparel on Sundays. As the female portion of the family, arrayed in silk attire, with new Leghorn bonnets, were taking their way to meeting one sunny Sabbath morning the father looked after them and shook his head in melancholy fashion. "There go my wife and daughters" said he, "with thirty bushels of rye apiece on their heads!"

But even such wilful extravagance as this seemed to have little effect on the family fortune which continued to grow as the family decreased and when Miss Sophia at last found herself sole possessor of the accumulations of years

she was able not only to buy all the silk dresses she wanted but to found a college beside!

Sometimes Austin Smith was in the pew with his sisters, but he was not regular in attendance for he wished it understood that he hadn't any use for religion. At times he would show his disapproval of the minister's statements most audibly by explosively blowing out his lips as if he were spewing out the offensive statements. He once remarked to the minister, "The Lord never'll get any of my money." "If the Lord wants your money he'll take it," was the reply. The Lord took it in this manner. This self confident man announced that his mother lived to be sixty, his father to be seventy-seven, and for his part he was going to be eighty. So, as it was all arranged that sister Sophia was to die first, he had her make her will leaving everything to him. Then he wrote a temporary will, leaving everything to her while he was planning out some great monument to his own sagacity. What form that monument would have taken could not be imagined for he thought as poorly of education as he did of religion. However, he went down to New York, at the age of seventy for the purpose of writing that will, was taken ill as soon as he got there, and died before anything could be done about it. So it was the money of Austin Smith, the Austin who frowned on all appropriations for schools, the Austin who thought a little readin', writin' and 'rithmetic all the equipment that any man needed, and more than enough for the girls, that built temples to Minerva in Hatfield and Northampton.

Round about the Smiths were grouped the other town worthies, farmers most of them. They had gathered here from all the out-lying districts, from the Hill and Pantry, from Westbrook and the Farms, from Sodom and Clovereick and Canada Lane. In a few years no one will know where these places were for the names have all been changed. Patty and Chrisly Gerry the village tailoresses were there I am sure, in their best black silks and Paisley shawls. Theirs was the task of clothing the men folks of the town, and an arduous one they found it. To stitch all those long seams by hand they must rise early in the morning and

stitch assiduously all day long and far into the night, lighted by tallow candles when the sun's rays failed them. Nowadays we should think our fatigue after such a weeks' work a sufficient excuse for absence from worship, but not so then. They in company with all their hard-working neighbors, farmers, housewives and others were promptly in their family pews. Perhaps also in threadbare clothing, an old gray cloak and a rusty bonnet, occupying a retired pew at the rear was Aunt Patie. I do not know who Aunt Patie was, her last name, her family, if she ever had one, or anything else about her except that she was a town beggar who had raised the position to one of honor and much consideration. On week days she carried with her a large covered basket as she went her rounds. Walking into one of the prosperous households without knocking, she would be well received and after staying a proper length of time she would say when taking her leave, "and have you anything for the old beggar's basket?" There generally was something for the old beggar's basket but it did not take the form of scraps. Housekeepers knew better than that. The request was not humbly made but rather as a creditor collecting his just dues, and it was treated accordingly. On baking day certain things were set aside for Aunt Patie and the best was considered none too good. Perhaps the subtle flattery contained in the knowledge that she only begged at homes noted for good cooking may have had its effect upon the cooks. At any rate I am glad to know that Aunt Patie did not suffer for the good things of life and was able to attend church, for she was a theologian (a freethinker they thought her in those days) and was as well prepared to grasp the strong points, or detect the weak ones, in a sermon as she was to appreciate one of Aunt Miriam's pies.

Could we have looked from the pulpit across to the gallery we would have seen in the choir a goodly number of singers, both men and women. For accompaniment they had at first a bass viol, later a double bass viol as more adequate, and sometimes a violin and clarinet when the town was so fortunate as to have any skilled in these instru-

ments. They were kept in tune by a tuning fork in the hands of the leader.

Over the heads of the choir we would have seen the boys and girls and in two pews reserved for them the colored folks, descendants of slaves of colonial days.

Still higher in the pews in the corners over the stairs, we might have seen some of the unfortunates who had been relegated to the Old Bachelor's and Old Maid's pew. But not all!

When Miss Nabby Hastings was eighteen years old she was told to go up to the Old Maid's Pew but her sensitive spirit rebelled. Coming home from meeting in a great "tew" she burst into the house exclaiming, "Well, if I am a dog I'll take a dog's place" and crawled under the table where she stayed for a long time. Nor could she ever be induced to set foot in the Meeting House, altho' she lived to a good old age within a stone's throw of it. From that time on she retired into herself, becoming more morbidly shy with every passing year until old age found her living alone in her father's house, full of idiosyncrasies that caused her to be spoken of as "queer" by her neighbors. Sometimes I have wondered how far the Old Maid's Pews were responsible for the Aunt Nabbys of a hundred years ago!

On a cold winter's day the congregation was so muffled in furs and shawls as to be hardly recognizable. The minister preached his sermon wearing an overcoat and thick gloves. Even footstoves and hand warmers failed to keep one decently comfortable. But it is a comfort to us as we shiver in sympathy with these half frozen worshippers to know that in the corner of Parson Lyman's yard stood a little house known as the Noon house, and here the parishioners from a distance gathered between services to eat their lunches and warm themselves by a rousing fire. And yet when stoves began to be talked of during the first part of the last century the idea met with fierce opposition. "Heat the meeting house! What for? It never had been done, why begin now?" Yet still the new idea kept pressing to the front, gaining strength, until instead of saying, "Why be comfortable?" people began to say "Why not be comfortable?"

Finally to compromise the matter, two stoves each capable of holding four foot wood, were placed in the entry. The pipes were carried about three fourths of the length of the church and then turning at a right angle, straight up thro' the ceiling into the short chimneys, built up from the attic. This had its disadvantages, for the rain and snow falling down the chimney into the stove pipe caused it to leak at the angle, and so a tin pail was hung there to catch the drippings. Moreover the heat that was supposed to be dispersed from these miles of stove pipe had very little effect on the chill atmosphere, altho' roaring fires were kept a-going. But even this innovation was not acceptable to some, and on the Sunday in November when the first fire was built Mr. Solomon Dickinson hitched his horse into the sleigh and made his wife and daughter ride to church in it, altho' there was no snow on the ground. "Ef its time for fires its time for sleighs," he remarked fiercely, as they scraped and grated along over the frozen earth.

But this was not all. About forty of the malcontents, headed by Oliver Smith, "signed off" and left the society intending to start another church where they could freeze in content, but somehow it never came to anything and one by one they drifted back to the fold.

At some time midway in the history of the meeting house (exact date unknown) the structure was remodeled. This was probably done just before the agitation about stoves was begun, as the stoves were placed in this new entry on the south side. The tower which was on the north end was moved to the south end, the pulpit was changed from the west side to the north end and the gallery was entirely reconstructed. The Old Maid's and Old Bachelor's pews were omitted, to the distinct relief of all concerned. In their places the pew in the south-east corner was set aside for the town poor, and the one in the south-west corner for the colored folks.

When the congregation was all decorously assembled in the house of worship the bell began to toll. This was the signal for Dr. Lyman to issue from his house a few rods away (on the site of the present memorial building) and

pace with measured tread the short distance to the church door. When he arose to preach he beheld in a comprehensive glance his assembled parish, both men and women, for there were few who thought their personal difference of opinion sufficient excuse for absence from church. Indeed it required a certain amount of courage to absent one's self from divine service in those days, but there were those who differed so radically from the opinion of the old lady who said that she would as soon doubt her Bible as to doubt Dr. Lyman, that they were willing to face excommunication for the sake of their own political consciences.

In my conversations with old people about Dr. Lyman I have never heard any reference to differences of creed causing trouble to his listeners. It was almost always some political question that roused the opposition. One man who had always been opposed to him was converted rather late in life. "Now", he said, "I can sit under Dr. Lyman's preaching." And his family told of it as if a miracle had happened!

When Dr. Lyman became too old to preach an assistant was employed but the venerable doctor, wearing a black velvet skull cap, still sat in the pulpit. Some there were who welcomed this change. One woman in particular who had for some years been wanting to "get religion," but Dr. Lyman was so old he couldn't get up a revival. So when Mr. Waterbury came they had a revival and the woman succeeded in "getting religion," tho' sorely disturbed by the fact that the young minister had to go off in the midst of it to get married to a fine city lady. However, let us hope that the good work was carried to a successful conclusion in spite of the episode!

For thirty years following Dr. Lyman's death, in 1828, there was a succession of short pastorates no one of them exceeding five years and the old meeting house itself suffered a gradual senile decay. At last, when it had rounded out a century of usefulness as the center of the religious and social life of the town it was judged that its ailments were past remedy. So a new house of worship, better fitted to the needs of the rising generation, was erected, where it

now stands, at the side of the road, to the northwest of the old one. Friends of the old building witnessed with a pang, the huge framework drawn from the middle of the road where it had been the cynosure of all eyes, to a farmer's yard near by where it has done duty ever since as a good and worthy hay barn.

Meanwhile the present structure has done what it can to repudiate the name of Meeting House and would be a Church from this time forth. It has all the things that the old building would not or could not have. Stained glass windows, a fine organ, modern heating and lighting methods, church parlors and pews without doors would make the men of a hundred years ago dumb with astonishment could they but behold. But I doubt if it can have a more enduring hold upon the affection and memory than did the gaunt Old Meeting House where the wind whistled thro' the cracks around the doors and windows and Dr. Lyman's ringing voice reverberated from the huge sounding board.

ANNUAL MEETING—1914.

REPORT.

Nothing has done more to enable Old Deerfield to maintain a special distinction among Massachusetts towns than the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, which has its headquarters in that peaceful village. The annual gathering is its chief event, and the Society has done not only an interesting but a notable and useful work in the collection, preservation and interpretation of historical data affecting that region. The settlement of the valley, and of Deerfield in particular, was effected under very dramatic and tragic circumstances. The traditions concerning it carry far beyond local lines and even beyond the boundaries of the country. For well on toward half a century zealous members have been working for the association's historic enrichment, and during all that time the directing force and inspiring influence has been the now venerable George Sheldon, who was on Tuesday again re-elected president of this society. He passed his ninety-fifth milestone last November, but neither his enthusiasm nor his industry seems to be abated, for at this annual meeting he presented an historical paper entitled "Don't Give Up the Ship. Delving in the Dust of Ten Decades." Probably no other town in the State has its records and its relics so fully and faithfully preserved.

New England lays claim to a background, but only in comparatively recent time have steps been taken to preserve it in detail. The Pilgrim Society of Plymouth is less than a century old, although the occasion for it dates from nearly 300 years. It was founded in 1820, and Pilgrim hall, treasury of relics of the colony, was built in 1824. Essex Institute, at Salem, dates from 1848; the Peabody Academy from 1868; while, in Boston, the Athenæum, only ancient by comparison, was started in 1810, and the Marine Society,

which was not a general historical enterprise, was formed in 1799. The Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston's first organization of the kind, began its work in 1791 and its Athenæum followed in 1807. Between the beginning of the Massachusetts society and the following of the many societies for its same general purpose, localized, there is a gap of a large part of New England's third century.

Now, however, there is a settled policy of preserving the records of the past, holding in collections such relics as may have been or may yet be acquired, writing history in broad terms or in minute detail, encouraging its study in the schools and awakening appreciation of the instruction and romance the annals of the older days contain. One of the best examples of the organizations that speak for the wish of the New Englanders to hold their past intact and to preserve every object that links the old with the new is that at Deerfield, frontier town of colonial history, in itself a type of the old New England of the Connecticut valley.

The Deerfield society takes its name from the Indian one for the region. It is the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. It has this week held its forty-fourth annual meeting, reminder of the fact that it is one of the elders among the historical organizations and that its reports show continued accumulation of historical objects and continued interpretation of the annals of the early days. It is presided over by its founder, a historian who has high place among the antiquarians of the country, the Hon. George Sheldon, and his leadership and guidance are shown in the great collection at its hall and in the sustained interest in its work, as well as the prudence of his management, which has kept it a self-sustaining institution, with constant and substantial bank balance. If it were a joint stock affair its shares might sell at a premium, based on earnings.

In the Museum of the Pocumtucks, a severe three-story, red brick building painted still redder, in itself a survival of the academy days, there is stored a collection of memorabilia of the old times that probably has no rival in America for completeness. The Pilgrim hall collection is restricted, necessarily in view of its purpose, to the one class, the

articles associated with the Pilgrims. The Deerfield museum has no restrictions except to the early days of the colony, and even this is so light that the almost modern touch is evident, as modern as the revolution and the war of 1812. Its Indian Door, marked by the tomahawks that chopped a hole through it; the Coleman shoe, worn by little Sarah on her homeward march from captivity in Canada, its old-time kitchen with the pioneer contrivances for its fireplace, and the high settles that once caught the heat from the log fire—these are remembered items out of the thousands in this treasure house. The history of New England lives in such a house, and teaches as it can teach nowhere else.

This particular society has been peripatetic until of late. It has moved about wherever there was a distinctly historic spot to be marked in what was once the New England frontier, has held its field meetings and developed history on the ground where it was enacted. Latterly the organization has traveled less. The people are now paying the return visits. They come by the thousands every year to the memorial hall. Hardly a student completes a course at Smith, Mt. Holyoke or Amherst without at least one visit to the great collection. Few pass through the high schools of all the region without having learned history from its shelves and files. All the valley knows the road to Deerfield and travels it to find what there is to instruct and interest in the old academy, which is better patronized now than even in those halcyon days of the institution when it was relied upon for good secondary education. The annual meeting is a day's affair, business session in the council room, dinner and evening session in the town hall—museum space is too valuable for assemblies—with weighty papers, highly interesting to the people who have the antiquarian habit, and these papers later published in volumes of proceedings, to join an already long shelf of valuable treatises.

The meetings of the association were presided over by the second vice-president, John Sheldon of Greenfield.

The report of the secretary was read by Rev. R. E. Birks, who takes a keen interest in the work of this association. John Sheldon, treasurer, reported another year of financial

prosperity and growth. Receipts had been \$1186, expenses \$583, and the society now has funds of \$8111.

Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon reported as curator. There had been 6729 visitors the past year. These represented England, Scotland, Norway, Holland, France, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Natal, Alaska, Mexico, Hawaii and 46 states of the Union. Delegations from twenty-one schools and colleges had visited the hall, as well as representatives from other public bodies. Reference was made to some of the more notable gifts, particularly to 45 pieces of china, 6555 shells and curios left by the will of Miss Philomela Arms Williams. Miss Ellen Chase of Brookline had given a trundle bed that had filled a gap in the museum. One hundred and twenty-four books have been presented, and ninety miscellaneous pamphlets. The most rare contribution to the collection of the association is an autograph of Abraham Lincoln, which was written two days before his assassination. This was given by Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne.

The following officers of the association were elected for the coming year: President, George Sheldon; first vice-president, Judge Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield; second vice-president, John Sheldon; treasurer, John Sheldon; secretary, Richard E. Birks; corresponding secretary, Mary Elizabeth Stebbins; councillors, William L. Harris, Edward A. Hawks, Agnes G. Fuller, Julia D. Whiting, Helen C. Boyden and Asahel W. Root, all of Deerfield, John A. Aiken, Franklin G. Fessenden, Herbert C. Parsons, Albert L. Wing, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, all of Greenfield, Henry B. Barton of Gill and Charles W. Hazelton of Montague City.

The obituary notice of Miss Philomela A. Williams was presented by Rev. Richard E. Birks of Montague; that of Laura B. Wells by Mrs. G. Spencer Fuller, and that of Josephine E. Gould by Miss Harriet Russell Pease of Greenfield.

Mr. Solley spoke of the value of the sketches of members of the association who had died. He thought one of the great achievements of New England was the development of individualities. It had produced a race of men and wo-

men who were very picturesque and whose comment on daily life was full of keen and kindly humor; it was a treat to have some of the old timers get together and hear them review the progress of events. Brief remarks were made by Rev. W. I. Nichols, who referred to his experiences in early life in meeting the poet Longfellow, by Rev. Mr. Spooner and others.

The usual delicious supper was served in the town hall. Through the efforts of Charles H. Ashley the Second Congregational choir of Greenfield under the leadership of Ernest R. Alexander sang old-time melodies during the evening program.

The first paper of the evening was by Rear-Admiral Francis J. Higginson on the early History of Kingston, N. Y. The history of this place had some points of similarity to that of Deerfield. There was trouble between the Whites and Indians in 1659, but it started in a cold blooded murder by the Whites, and afterward the Whites refused to grant peace when the Indians asked for it. In 1663 there was more trouble, the Indians being the aggressors this time. They entered the village while the men were in the fields and seemed to be peaceful, but at a signal they began their work of killing and setting fire to the place. They took the women and children as prisoners. The sight of the fire and the noise of conflict alarmed those in the field; they came to the rescue and after a time were able to turn the Indians away. The Indians who had taken the prisoners had removed them beyond reach. The wind shifted, so a part of the village was saved from the flames. The circumstances which brought Kingston to the front in the Revolutionary war and resulted in its destruction by fire were reviewed.

The paper written by George Sheldon was not merely interesting in itself, but a remarkable achievement as the work of one of Mr. Sheldon's great age. This paper was called "Don't give up the Ship." The author considers the question of certain injustices done the memory of Capt. James Lawrence, one of the great heroes of the war of 1812.

A paper by Miss Louise N. Billings on "A Trip around the World" was interesting an account of a journey she took two years ago.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

The life of our Museum the past year has been quiet and interesting. It has been marked by a steady growth as shown by the unfailing stream of visitors every month, and the accession of numerous contributions.

There has been a largely increased number of visitors, amounting to 6729. Europe has been represented by tourists from England, Scotland, Norway, Holland, France, Germany and Italy.

Asia by travelers from Turkey, India, China and Korea.

Africa by two parties from Egypt and two persons from Natal, South Africa.

In our Western hemisphere visitors have come from Alaska, five provinces of Canada, 46 States (all save Wyoming and New Mexico,) Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands.

It is gratifying to state that 21 schools and colleges, beside other public bodies, have availed themselves of our collections, by sending classes or representatives to study the history of early New England life.

We have received through the will of Miss Philomela Arms Williams a collection of 45 pieces of china, mostly heirlooms, 6200 shells and 355 mementos and miscellany, with the case which now contains them. This collection is given as a memorial to Lucelia E. Williams, sister of the donor, and was largely gathered by the sisters. Unfortunately no catalogue giving the history of the articles has yet been found. A full inscription has been printed by the skilful hand of our Secretary, Rev. Mr. Birks, and placed over the case.

Another legacy has come to us through the will of Miss Sylvia T. Park of Bernardston. This is an ancient pewter sun dial of rare interest and beauty. It was an heirloom in the Chapin family and came down through Otis Chapin of

Bernardston, grandfather of the donor. It bears the name of "Iasiah Miller" as maker, but no date.

Besides these legacies we have received 124 books, pamphlets, etc., and 90 miscellaneous objects, including Indian relics, old linen and other household furnishings.

Many manuscripts dating from 1790 to 1825 have been given by Mrs G. Spencer Fuller. These are largely documents used in the District Court of William Stoddard Williams (1762-1829), in adjusting claims. They contain many autographs of Deerfield people.

A few of the contributions deserve especial mention. A long felt want has been supplied by Miss Ellen Chase of Brookline, an enthusiastic life member of this Association, who has sent us a quaint, old-time trundle-bed. It is well worth the climb up two long flights to the bedroom to see this cute little bed, tucked under the tall "Four-Poster," with its patchwork quilt, and its linen sheet and pillow-case, woven by the mother and great-grandmother of the President of this Association.

It would indeed be interesting if the fascinating little moccasins on the table could give us the ancestry of the one who made them. All that we know is they were bought by the donor at Montreal of "a light-complexioned Indian squaw," and that Rev. E. M. Taylor of Knowlton, P. Q., told the donor, "there are places near Montreal where some of the Indians bear the names of Stebbins and Williams, and are doubtless descendants of New England captives." It may be that "the light-complexioned squaw," whose deft fingers fashioned these baby moccasins, is a descendant of one of our own Deerfield captives carried to Canada in 1704.

Among the household furnishings contributed is a handsome old warming pan in perfect condition. This is given by Charles D. Porter of New Salem. Mrs. Caroline Williams Putnam, a native of Deerfield and a member of this Association, has sent 45 beautiful foreign photographs accompanied with the statement, "These are places I have visited and things I have seen." Among the books recently received is the "Journal of Rev. John Taylor's Missionary

Tour through the Mohawk and Black River Countries in 1802." Rev. John Taylor was minister of Deerfield from 1787 to 1806. While here he was sent on a three months' missionary tour to Western New York by the Missionary Society of Hampshire County. He traveled about 1000 miles on horseback, preached five or six times a week, described historic places and made drawings notably of the ruins of ancient parts in Ellisburg, near Lake Ontario. His "Journal" is full of interest.

We are indebted to the Library of Congress for the two large, valuable volumes, "The Records of the Virginia Company," 1619-1624. But rarest of all, we have received from Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne the official autograph of Abraham Lincoln, written Apr. 12, 1865, two days before his assassination.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, has continued the cataloguing of the manuscripts, and has devoted herself with enthusiasm to the work in hand. We feel she is the right person in the right place.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

DEERFIELD, Feb. 24, 1914.

NECROLOGY.

PHILOMELA ARMS WILLIAMS.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

There are some names that come to memory whenever we think of the past times and tragic experiences of our old town. The names, for example, of Sheldon, Stebbins, Hinsdale, Barnard, Wells, and Williams.

On almost every page of the Records of our Association you find these names, and it is gratifying to read some of them on the Council and among the members of our Society, and to know that they are of the good, heroic stock,

and descendants of those who took a prominent part in the early settlement and sufferings of Deerfield.

From early times the name of Williams has been connected with the town, and as long as people are interested in the early history of New England and read of the struggles of its frontier towns the name of the Redeemed Captive, John Williams, and his martyred wife, Eunice, will be remembered and cherished.

One of this name, and one who was much interested in our association and its work of collecting and saving relics and records of Indian and colonial times, was Miss Philomela Arms Williams, whose death occurred on the 15th of March, and at whose funeral a delegation representing our Association was present.

I was asked to write an obituary notice for this meeting, and while knowing how inadequate it must be, I gladly pay a tribute of esteem to one so good and worthy.

Miss Williams introduced herself to me soon after we settled in Deerfield. She spoke of the early history of the town and its old families, and told me of her ancestors, the Armses, and Williamses, and of the silver communion service of the First Church with the name of Elijah Arms upon one of the tankards, the gift of her grandfather. Afterward, at her request, I often visited at her home and was greatly interested in her bright conversation; in what she told me of her family history, her parents, sisters, and her brother, whose death at Knoxville, Tenn., in the Hotel fire had occurred a few years before, and whose monument she showed me in the cemetery at Springfield. I admired her remarkable skill in taxidermy, and painting china, and her beautiful home, full of things of great interest and value, which revealed something of the inner life and character, the rare attainments and cultivated mind of our friend.

She was born in South Deerfield, May 12, 1829, the daughter of Artemas and Amelia Arms Williams, one of five children.

For many years she was a successful teacher and taught school in Deerfield and in the eastern part of the State; also in the South, both before and after the war.

It was during those years that she and her sister, Lucelia (who was also a member of this Association) made the fine collection of shells and other curios, which at her desire, found a permanent home in our Memorial Hall.

It is said that she and her sister helped Gen. Armstrong to found the Hampton Institute which has since done a great amount of beneficent work.

In later life she began to take a greater interest in local and town affairs. She gave a fountain to Brookside cemetery, of which she was a trustee, and a very fine pipe organ to the Congregational Church at South Deerfield, in memory of her parents, who were active members of that society.

Miss Williams became a member of this association in 1903, and in 1904 presented two oil paintings, portraits of Capt. Elijah Arms, born 1727—died 1802,—and his second wife, Naomi Lyman, of Northampton, married in 1774,—ancestors of Miss Williams.

In 1906 she was elected a member of our Council, and held that office up to the time of her death.

Unfortunately her eye-sight was affected of late years, which prevented her from taking an active part in many things in which she was greatly interested, and from attending public meetings. The last time I saw her she spoke of our Association, of its President and some of the older members, and said, "Some of the things she had shown me would find a home in Memorial Hall, when she was gone."

Those who were privileged to know her feel that another precious link with the past is missing now she is gone. She was worthy of her name and ancestry,—of the old historic town in which she was born,—and, as friends of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, of which she was a loyal member, we express our esteem and respect for her character, our gratitude for her additions to its attractions, and our sorrow for the loss we have sustained in her death.

LAURA BAKER WELLS.

BY MARY WILLIAMS FULLER.

In the death of Laura Baker Wells on Feb. 25th, 1913, Deerfield lost more than at first we realized. Not only the fine genial friend and noble singer is gone from among us, but for the first time within the memory of any one now living, Deerfield is without that time-honored and beloved figure, a village Aunt. Was there ever a time before when some old lady, perhaps several, had not won for herself the endearing title of "Aunt" to all the village, old and young? Many of us remember such old ladies and have heard older generations tell of others. Fifty years ago these elderly women seldom appeared upon the street, you must seek them by the fire-side or in their own familiar corner. The children of the village often paid a round of visits to these old ladies. "Down the lane to see Aunt Betsey Hitchcock," "Over to the Willard house to see Aunt Tirzah Saxton." "Down street to see Aunt Esther Catlin." These were familiar phrases in my youth and it was on a visit to the latter, I think, that I first saw Mrs. Wells, then a dark haired, rosy cheeked, handsome young matron, whose gracious bearing and fine speaking voice attracted me at once.

Laura Lee Baker was married to Edward Way Wells on Dec. 12, 1860. She came from Granville as a bride to live in the old Wells house which stood where Mrs. George Wells' house now stands. It was a fine old place, not unlike in architecture the Barnard house next below it. It was burned in 1882. Later on Mr. and Mrs. Wells lived for several years in Bernardston upon the Gov. Cushman place. On their return to Deerfield, they lived for a while in the Academy building, now Memorial Hall, going from there to live with Aunt Esther Catlin in the little brown house which replaced the fine old Catlin Mansion which was destroyed by fire. Aunt Esther was a very peculiar old body, noted for a high, cracked, wheezy voice and wearisome length of speech.

If Mrs. Wells found things trying to her patience in the new arrangement, she never showed it. She and her husband were always ready to take part in village activities and were ever unfailing bulwarks of the choir. Always a great reader Laura never failed to be present at the Thursday evening library meeting, a memorable feature of village life in those days. She was interested in the P. V. M. A. and for many years a member. She took a keen and intelligent view of people and events and appreciated the best. After a number of years spent in care of Aunt Esther, the old lady at last passed away, and shortly after, Aunt Tirzah Saxton came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Wells. She was a very gloomy, forbidding person, quite a terror to young people. Her black dress, black cap, mournful voice, dark eyes and forlorn expression, made visits to be a labor of duty, not of love. We wondered how Mrs. Wells could be so brave and self contained in her presence. When Mr. Josiah Fogg, who lived just across the street, was left alone by the death of his wife, Edward and Laura and Aunt Tirzah moved over to care for him; they remained as long as he lived. All these many moves and here and added cares, seemed in no way to quench the spirit and buoyancy of Laura's nature. An atmosphere of cheerfulness and courage always surrounded her. A great fondness for animals was a marked trait in her character. Horses were to her a perpetual joy. Her husband generally kept a fine driving horse which she petted and loved like a child. Cats, too, were very dear to her and she had ever a famous sequence of them. In 1889, Mrs. Kate Hoyt died and left the house built on the site of the Old Indian House to Edward Wells, her nephew. Every body rejoiced. At last Edward and Laura would have a little home of their own. How happy Laura was! Even Aunt Tirzah's increased feebleness and need of care, did not dampen the pleasure with which she established her family in the new home. The barns were repaired, the house put in order and for a time the dark shadows that had been creeping up, seemed checked. Edward Wells had for several years shown a tendency to fits of melancholy and Laura had had to be ever anxiously on guard. But it was when every thing seemed to point to

a pleasant, peaceful old age together that the blow fell and in one moment she found her endless vigilance in vain. How wonderfully she met this terrible calamity we all know. How she surmounted the horror and loneliness of it all, and even lived on alone after Aunt Tirzah's death in her beloved home. Perhaps coming back into the choir where she and Edward had sung together so long was the hardest part, but she came courageously and she sang there till after she was seventy years old, her voice retaining much of its volume and beauty. Always generous in her criticism of the young, she was helpful and encouraging to younger singers. There is a story of a Miss Wilkins depicting an old choir singer living just beside the church and spitefully annoying a young singer who superseded her. I always wished Miss Wilkins had known Laura, who in similar circumstances was so different, graciously welcoming every new member of the choir and standing aside with friendly interest to listen to a younger quartette. Music was a life-long enthusiasm to Laura Wells. She loved particularly the old songs and to some of us her voice is ever present in these old anthems. Her voice was of rare quality and volume and might under other circumstances have made a name for her among the great singers of the day. No trait perhaps except her friendliness, was more prominent in Laura Wells than her sense of humor. She took great delight in all humorous situations and she could sum up an event in very terse expressions. Words that were never malicious, but always keen and penetrating and scornful of false things. Perhaps her sense of humor saved her from disaster in the dark moments that must have been hers. Perhaps, too, it cheered the old people under her care. It is certainly true that all these old people were as happy with her as it was possible for them to be. Their friends became Laura's devoted life long friends. Does it not renew our faith in the ways of God to know that when at length old age and illness overcame Laura's strength and courage, there was at hand an angel of mercy to keep her in her beloved home and to surround her with all that could be done to cheer those last days. Happiness shone out to the close. Old memories of pleasant things came to

her to be told and re-told to her friends. Little things of the moment had for her a childlike pleasure. The youngest generation knew her as "Aunt Laura," a friendly old lady who would appear at the door whenever the Academy bell proclaimed a victory for Deerfield in some contested game. She would come walking out ringing a small hand bell to congratulate the boys. She loved young people and they loved her. Her spirit was ever young and the young recognized it as their own. Higher praise than this I know not.

JOSEPHINE GOULD.

BY HARRIET R. PEASE.

When a beautiful life passes from us into the great Beyond, earth is sadly poorer, yet, at the same time, immeasurably richer; poorer, because we miss its presence, with the help and comfort it has been accustomed to bring; richer, because then, first, do we see it in its true worth, realize the gift it has so long been making, and the heritage it has left, and so feel to the full its inspiration. So it is with the life of Mrs. E. Josephine Gould. It is not ended, even here on earth, but will live on in those who shared it to whom her memory is a very real benediction. In her were beautifully blended the *lady* of the older generation, with her gentleness, exquisite good breeding, cordial courtesy, hospitality, and faultless performance of all the home arts, and the "new woman" of the present age, with her wider interests, love of learning, and hearty enjoyment of the innocent pleasures of life. Such character comes of noble ancestry. Mrs. Gould could trace her descent through a long line of intelligent, useful, God-fearing forefathers, including among them at least three who fought in the American Revolution: Josiah Osgood and Asa Howe on her father's side, and John Allen of the Bars, in Deerfield, to whom her mother's family was related.

We can easily picture the sweet-faced, modest little

girl, Josephine Howe, born January 12, 1846, the daughter of Asa and Almira Howe, growing up in Gill, sharing with her brothers and sisters the simple, healthful home-life, where sturdy common-sense and thorough uprightness were the standard of all actions. After attending the district school near home, she became an interested, enthusiastic student of Powers Institute, in the days when this and other academies were large factors in educational life in New England. We can imagine the keenly-felt but bravely concealed disappointment of the young woman, expectant and ready to enter Mt. Holyoke Seminary, prevented because her loyal father felt that he ought to contribute to the financial support of his country in the trying times of the Civil War that was just breaking out, since he himself was unable to fight in its cause. Her deep love for learning was not lost. She became a successful teacher, whose services were eagerly sought in the country schools far and near about her home, and she eagerly seized all opportunities for self improvement and for usefulness. To round out the beautiful life love brought her its tributes, its blessing, and its opportunities for service and for sacrifice. Nearly twenty-two years of happy wedded life were hers with Lucius H. Gould, a prosperous merchant of excellent character and repute. We can be sure that the reliable girl, the efficient teacher, proved an invaluable help-meet, as well as an ideal mother. During the six years spent in East Dover, Vt., Mrs. Gould entered heartily into the various phases of village life and made her power felt in the larger circle outside, as well as in the home. She exerted great influence over the six younger brothers and sisters of her husband, who were left motherless, and for whom she seemed almost to fill the vacant place, she was so capable and kind a sister and her home so dear to them all. In 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Gould moved to Bernardston, where she lived twenty years. In the pleasant little town that has an enviable reputation for literary interests, she joined a reading club that developed into a Chautauqua circle, of which she was chairman. Here she pursued with intense interest the course that led to a well-earned diploma.

To the Methodist church in Bernardston she gave, as always, of the best that was in her beautiful soul. She organized their missionary society and was its leading spirit. As the years passed and sorrow came, this seemed but to mellow the noble woman. Those of us who knew her only in the later years can but guess how sweetly she submitted to life's discipline, so that in her experience, "all things" did, indeed, "work together for good." Though subject at times to intense physical pain, she patiently and bravely endured it, with scarcely a murmur, and, when it was past, dismissed it saying, "It's bad enough to be sick: let's not talk about it afterward."

How unlike this was to some who brood over real or fancied trouble, and increase thus their own unhappiness and that of those around them! As one who shared for a time Mrs. Gould's delightful home, I would pay a tribute to her unceasing thoughtfulness for others; to the "little kindnesses, that most leave undone or despise," which add so much to the comfort and cheer of friends; to the immaculate care in the details of dress, which made her seem queenly even in her kitchen; to her staunch friendliness, her ready sympathy that obeyed literally and sincerely the command, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." Gracious and helpful outside, she was, nevertheless, at her best in her home.

As the home circle enlarged to include grandchildren, Mrs. Gould seemed to renew her youth, and was devoted, heart and hand, to the growing interests of the young family. Surely those little people will bear all their lives a blessed recollection of the gracious presence that served them unreservedly, and, at the same time, stimulated them to the cultivation of the ancestral virtues.

All that was noble and good in the past, Mrs. Gould prized highly. She cherished the traditions and records of her own forbears. She was genuinely interested in the work of historical societies, as was shown by her membership in the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, and the Daughters of the American Revolution, and her regular attendance at their meetings. During the last year

of her life she helped prepare especially excellent programs for the D. A. R. meetings, and to her was largely due the unqualified success of its annual banquet, May 8th.

Her social instincts and hearty good will found further expression in the Greenfield Woman's Club, and the Eastern Star.

Mrs. Gould was an earnest and devout Christian, zealously alive to the needs of missionary work, both at home and abroad. Seldom did she miss a meeting of her church. So did she illustrate the saying, "The light that shines brightest near by sheds its beams farthest." The story of the last days and hours of her life is too sacred to be told outside the inmost circle of friends. When she knew she could not recover from the fatal illness, Mrs. Gould faced the future as fearlessly, as trustfully, as she had ever faced present duty. She made definite arrangements for many matters dear to her heart, and strengthened and cheered those who had so long leaned on her. Fitting it was that it should be granted to her to fall peacefully asleep, just as a glorious day was dawning, May 26, 1913. She rested from her labors, and her works do follow her.

"Our life is but love
In act. Pure was hers, and the dear God above,
Who knows what his creatures have need of for life,
And whose love includes all love,
Led her soul into peace."

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF KINGSTON, ULSTER CO., N. Y.

BY REAR-ADMIRAL FRANCIS J. HIGGINSON OF KINGSTON, N. Y.

While visiting Deerfield last summer and reading that interesting and very exhaustive history of Deerfield by our venerable President, I was struck by the many points of resemblance with that of Kingston, and in talking it over with Mr. Sheldon he was kind enough to ask me to prepare a paper on the subject for your next annual meeting. This

I consented to do and have put down here in a general way some items of interest about Kingston, for your information.

Hendrick Hudson explored the Hudson River in September, 1609. The East India Company of Holland sent over ships to trade with the natives, establishing trade posts at Manhattan, Fort Orange, now Albany, and at Esopus, now Kingston, about half way between the other two. From this commercial venture in 1610 began the great State of New York. The business proved profitable and on October 11, 1614, the States General of Holland proceeded to organize it by giving to the United New Netherlands Company of Holland exclusive rights of visitation and trade in all the lands in America between New France and Virginia, and between the 40th and 45th degree of latitude and the sea coast thereof.

An inspection of the map shows this to have been a fine example of colonial claims of that period. This claim as "staked out" on paper in Holland covered our sea coast from the center of New Jersey north to the Bay of Fundy, and included all the New England States besides New York and Pennsylvania. (The western boundary was not mentioned and was left "in the air.") All Holland needed to maintain this claim was a powerful navy and the command of the sea, and then the foundation blood strain of New England might have been Dutch as it was in New York.

But as is well known this same New England coast had been frequently explored by English seamen beginning with Gosnold in 1602 and was well known to merchants of Bristol and Plymouth and in all probability to merchants of Holland as well. Between the years of 1607-20 one hundred ships cleared from the settlement of Pemaquid in Maine. So that any assumption of authority over this portion of the American sea coast and adjoining territory by Holland based on the discovery of the Hudson River in 1609 was absolutely unwarranted and untenable.

All that the United New Netherlands Company did under its grant was to build forts at the already established trading ports at Albany, New York and the Rondout Creek (now Kingston) and occupy generally the Hudson River

Valley and neighboring territory. The United New Netherlands Company's grant was superseded in June, 1620, by a patent from the States General of Holland incorporating the West India Company of Holland in contradiction to the East India Company established in and with similar enormous and unlimited powers. In the name of the States General it could make contracts and alliances with princes and nations, build forts, administer justice, appoint and discharge governors, soldiers and public officers and promote trade.

Under this patent of 1620 the colonization of the Hudson River territory proceeded slowly. The trade in furs with the natives was rich and profitable and the traders seem to have gotten along very peacefully with the Indians. Presently, however, in 1625 a stream of another kind of colonists began to arrive in the Company's ships, not traders but settlers, religious refugees flying from European persecutions, first to free Holland and through her territory to freer America where there was not only the religious freedom they sought, but free land to plant it in with rich harvests of religion as well as grain. Four years of sea misery instead of forty years in the wilderness brought them to their promised land.

These Huguenot refugees were a valuable asset to New Netherlands. They came not as traders to buy furs and sell rum to the Indians. They stood for pure family life, for the church and the school or for farming. The elders spoke French but the younger ones had learned Dutch at school during their stay in Holland. They brought to the communities in which they settled a solidarity and a fibre which was of great value.

The fort built at Rondout (now Kingston) in 1614 served principally as a trading post with little approach to a permanent settlement until 1653 when Thomas Chambers, an Englishman who had been a manor tenant of the Patroon Van Rensselaert at Albany, becoming dissatisfied with the serf-like conditions of a manor tenant, organized a company of friends and moved to Kingston where he could obtain land in his own right, and be his own master. Settlers be-

gan to come in rapidly and soon quite a colony gathered but each on his own allotted territory, quite scattered and entirely unprotected from the Indians. These latter, belonging to the Algonquin tribe, were at first quite friendly and gave their land freely to the settlers. But one day in May, 1658, some Indians got hold of a ten gallon keg of rum and when sufficiently maddened with it shot a settler and burned some houses. Fear ruled the Whites while rum emboldened the Indians. The Whites complained to Stuyvesant at Manhattan who arrived on May 28th with seventy soldiers. Stuyvesant did not think that the killing of one man and the burning of two houses a sufficient cause for war, particularly as there was a rich harvest in the ground and that notwithstanding the orders of the company the settlers were living so scattered that it would be impossible to protect them all. He advised them, therefore, to get together in a fortified village where they could be protected. The inhabitants demurred and said they had already built houses; that the crops were in the ground and harvest at hand; that it was only a drunken frolic and the Indians had promised to bring in the murderer and if the troops remained until this was done they guessed that would be all that was necessary. But Stuyvesant had not come eighty-six miles up the river for nothing, and he probably stamped his wooden leg while telling them that there was neither security nor common sense in the way they were living, that they must either concentrate or remove to Albany or Manhattan, and if they continued to live in the way they were doing they need not look to him for protection. The inhabitants finally consented and Stuyvesant selected a site, traced the lines of the stockade and fixed the gates. This stockade, the nucleus of the present city of Kingston, was fourteen feet high, and the streets bounding it remain to this day as originally laid out. The enclosed area was about 1,300 feet in length and about 1,200 feet wide. He named the settlement Wiltwyck, which means "wild play."

While the stockade was being built the Indians presented to the "grand sachem" of the Hollanders the land which

he had already seized "to grease his feet with" as he had taken so long and painful a journey. One cannot but hope that the grim humor of this speech was not lost upon Stuyvesant.

The site selected by Stuyvesant was about three miles from the Hudson River on the western edge of a plateau overlooking the valley of the Esopus river. The situation is not unlike that of Deerfield overlooking the valley of the Deerfield river and the elevation of the plateau over the Esopus is about the same as the highest part of Deerfield above the river.

If one can imagine the Connecticut river navigable from New Haven to Brattleboro with a wide estuary, making in at the mouth of the Deerfield river as far as Cheapside where passengers and freight for Deerfield are discharged, one can in a measure understand the physical relation between Rondout or Kingston and Deerfield.

Leaving a sergeant and twenty-four men as guard, Stuyvesant returned to New York on June 24, 1658, well pleased with his success and well pleased to receive shortly the commendation of the authorities at Amsterdam.

Certainly he left the situation in better shape physically, as was soon proved, but a spirit of mutual distrust continued between native and settler which smouldered on until the summer of 1659, when the inevitable spark exploded the magazine.

Some Indians who had been husking corn for Thomas Chambers on his farm outside the stockade where he continued to reside, were given some liquor by Chambers, after work was over, whereupon they got innocently and aboriginally drunk with much yelling and frolic, and then went to sleep in a drunken stupor. Beyond the noise of the spree no harm seems to have been done. While the Indians were thus helpless from liquor, a party of citizens sallied out from the stockade and fired a volley of musketry among them, killing some and wounding others.

Then ensued an Indian war which lasted for a year and is called the first Esopus war.

Many captures were made on both sides. The Indians

tortured and burned some men, among them Jacob Jansen Van Stoutenbergh, who was one of the party who fired on the drunken Indians, which caused the war.

On the other hand Stuyvesant and his council at Amsterdam committed the folly of sending twenty Indian prisoners to Curacao as slaves. Stuyvesant claimed that their "enlargement" (release) would encourage the enemy, that the prisoners were bold, bad, hard-hearted men, the most inconsiderate of the tribe, and that their complete effacement was necessary. But their banishment left a bitter and incurable rancor and spirit of revenge in the minds of the Indians and they awaited their time for a terrible retribution. This war, which was called in local history the first Esopus war, came to a close in July, 1660. Stuyvesant met the assembled Sachems at a spot now marked by a stone in the grounds of Kingston Academy and made with them a Treaty of Peace.

Speaking of this war the local historian Schoonmaker remarks, "Thus terminated what has been styled the first Esopus war." As has before been said we have but little information in regard to it. Much of what we do know is not complimentary to the humanity, and much less to the Christianity of the Whites. It was started by a cold-blooded, brutal and cowardly murder. Afterward, while the Indians were praying and beseeching for peace, their cries were for a long time unheeded, their villages and planting grounds were destroyed, their old men killed, their warriors in the hands of the Whites as prisoners, sent to the tropics to wear out their helpless existence in bondage and in the mines.

Would that an impenetrable veil could have been drawn over not only that but the heartless provocations by which former Indian wars were also provoked.

On the 7th day of June, 1663, another Indian war broke out, the Indians being this time the transgressors. The greater part of the men were absent in the fields, the Indians entered the village about noon in bands through all the gates, and divided and scattered themselves through the houses and dwellings in a friendly manner, having with them some

maize and a few beans to sell. After they had thus been in the place for about a quarter of an hour, some people on horseback rushed through the mill gate from the new village (Hurley), crying out, "The Indians have destroyed the new village." The instant that cry was heard, the Indians, who were scattered through Wiltwyck began a general attack upon the people, murdering them in their houses with axes and tomahawks, and firing on them with guns and pistols. They seized whatever women and children they could catch and carried them prisoners outside the gates; they plundered the houses and set the village on fire to the windward, the wind at the time blowing from the south. The remaining Indians commanded all the streets. They fired on the inhabitants wherever they could see or reach them, and killed the wounded. Providentially, when the flames were at their height and the destruction of the entire village appeared inevitable, the wind suddenly shifted to the west, staying the progress of the fire, and saving part of the village from ruin.

At the time of the attack very few men—less than a dozen—were within the stockade, and they were scattered in different parts of the place. As soon as they could concentrate and rally together they seized whatever weapons they could and fought for their lives, and attacked the Indians vigorously.

The sight of the conflagration and the noise of the conflict alarmed those in the fields and brought them to the rescue. Lieutenant Schoonmaker was one of the first to arrive and at once entered into the conflict. He was wounded twice but fought on regardless of wounds or danger. Captain Chambers also soon arrived. He received a severe gunshot wound while on his way in, but, notwithstanding, rushed into the heat of the fray. Others also arriving from the fields near by, they were enabled to turn upon the Indians and put them to flight. They chased them without the gates and found that the Indians who had charge of those taken prisoners had already moved them beyond reach. They then returned into the village and their first care was devoted to the wounded and dying.

When all the absentees had reached the village, they mustered sixty-nine efficient men. They then repaired the damages to the stockade and set and distributed a watch round the village for the night.

Dominie Blom, the first minister at Kingston, in his description of the massacre says:

“There lay the burned and slaughtered bodies, together with those wounded by bullets and axes. The last agonies and the moans and lamentations of many were dreadful to hear. I have been in their midst and have gone into the houses and along the roads to speak a word in season and that not without danger of being shot by the Indians; but I went on my mission, and considered my life not my own. I may say with Jeremiah ‘I am he who hath seen misery in the day of wrath of the Lord.’

“The burned bodies were most frightful to behold. A woman lay burned with her child at her side, as if she were just delivered, of which I was a living witness. Other women lay burned also in their houses; and one corpse with her fruit in her womb, most cruelly murdered in their dwelling with her husband and another child. The houses were converted into heaps of stones.”

In the attack upon Wiltwyck there were twelve men, including three soldiers and a negro, also four women, and two children, murdered, eight men wounded, four women and four children taken prisoners, and twelve houses burnt. At the new village there were three men killed; one man, eight women, and twenty-six children taken prisoners. The new village was entirely destroyed; every building was burned except a new unfinished barn.

This war was terminated by a treaty of peace with the Indians on May 16, 1664. The conclusion of the treaty was ratified by the delivery of a belt of wampum which is today in the County Clerk’s office at Kingston.

The same year New Netherlands surrendered to the English, on August 25, 1664. Col. Nicolls with 450 regular soldiers in four ships of war demanded from Gov. Stuyvesant the surrender of Fort Amsterdam, and the New Netherlands territory. There were 1,500 Hollanders in New Am-

sterdam at that time but only 250 were available to bear arms besides 150 regular soldiers.

The English and Dutch commissioners appointed to agree upon articles of capitulation, met on August 27th. The terms granted were liberal.

The Dutch were promised security in their property, customs of inheritance, liberty of conscience and church discipline; the municipal officers to continue for the present unchanged, and the town to be allowed to choose deputies with free voices in all public affairs. For six months they were to have free intercourse with Holland and public records were to be respected and protected.

Of course the surrender of Fort Orange and Wiltwyck followed soon after, and may, in fact, be considered as included in the capitulation. Immediately after the Dutch soldiers at New Amsterdam had left for Holland, Governor Nicolls dispatched Colonel Cartwright with his command to take possession of those places. This was on the 10th of September, 1664, and he proceeded up the river direct to Fort Orange. On his arrival the authorities made no resistance, and the English at once took possession. An English garrison, under the command of Captain Manning, was placed in charge of the fort which was named Fort Albany and the name of the settlement was also changed to Albany after the Scotch title of the Duke of York.

In the meantime at Wiltwyck the soldiers having in the latter part of August all been withdrawn to New Amsterdam on account of the English invasion the entire community was in the greatest confusion and alarm. The civil authority was abandoned and the militia under the command of Captain Chambers and Lieutenant Schoonmaker on the 1st of September assumed control of the place. On the 4th of September the court met in extraordinary session to consider what should be done on the arrival of the English. It was finally, after considerable deliberation, resolved that upon the firing of a cannon the militia should repair to the guard house to receive orders; that the municipal authorities should proceed and hold a conference with the English outside the gates; that the military should also in the inter-

val take some precautionary measures against any possible inimical action of the Indians.

Cartwright on his return from Albany landed at Esopus the latter part of September and the place was surrendered without resistance, Cartwright taking the same precaution as at Albany to conciliate the inhabitants.

The Dutch local officers were continued in power. A garrison of regular soldiers was placed in charge of the fort under Captain Brodhead. This Captain Brodhead of the English army came over with his command in the expedition and brought his family with him to remain in this country. He settled here and became a citizen of Esopus.

Governor Nicolls followed his other operations with friendly and conciliatory arrangements and treaties with the Indians and the occupation and possession by the English became complete.

Governor Nicolls instructed Captain Brodhead, chief officer of the militia in Esopus, to take care and use his utmost diligence for the defence of the place and the people against any attempts; to keep his guard and his soldiers in good order and discipline, according to the rules and methods of war.

Other instructions to Captain Brodhead showed the generosity and consideration which animated the English Governor towards his Dutch subjects.

1st. He was enjoined to keep strict order and discipline and not permit a soldier to judge or revenge his own case.

2nd. He was directed to keep constant guard in respect to the number and health of the soldiers.

3rd. To provide them weekly with their rations and ammunition.

4th. "You must avoid harshness of words and heat of passion, seeking rather to reconcile differences than to be the head of the party. Preserve yourself single and indifferent as to justice between Soldiers and Burghers. Give not too easy an ear to private whisperers and insinuations which may overrule your judgment and beget a prejudice in your mind against the Dutch. For though I am not apt to believe they have a natural affection for the English, yet with-

out ill usage I do not find them so malicious as some will seek to persuade they are."

5th. Enjoins kind treatment of Indians and that they are not to come in the town with "arms fixed."

6th and 7th. Are in regard to looking to his farm and that he and the soldiers may sow and reap for themselves.

8th. In regard to accidental matters he is to exercise his discretion.

In August, 1668, Governor Nicolls was relieved from his command by Colonel Francis Lovelace. Gov. Lovelace withdrew the troops from Kingston, leaving the military duties to be performed by the Burghers. A commission was appointed to look after and regulate affairs of the colony and the laws of the local government seemed to have moved quietly and smoothly and it soon received the reputation of being the greatest grain raising region in the then settled portion of the State.

In 1672 the land owned by Thomas Chambers, near Kingston, was erected into a manor with the usual manor privileges and named Foxhall Manor and this patent was, subsequently in 1686 confirmed more extensively by Governor Dongan. So this English carpenter, a former manor tenant who came to Kingston in 1653 became under all English government a Manor Lord himself, and was entitled by manor law to one "court leet and one baron." Now comes one of those dramatic experiences of sudden change of government so common in the seventeenth century which was the age of varying naval power.

On the 29th of July, 1673, a Dutch fleet consisting of 23 vessels carrying 1600 men sailed into New York harbor and on the next day recaptured the Island of Manhattan and all of New Netherland for Holland. Captain Manning commanding the fort at New Netherlands had a garrison of only eighty men and was in very much the same defenceless state as Stuyvesant was against the English fleet in 1664.

The Dutch Army and Navy officers formed themselves into a council of war and issued summonses to all the magistrates and constables to take oath of allegiance to Holland.

They changed the name of Kingston to Swanenburgh. Captain Colve was elected governor general and assumed entire control of the government. Soon afterward the Dutch fleet sailed for Europe. The Dutch control of New Netherland was, however, of very short duration. By a treaty between New Netherlands and Britain in February, 1674, New Netherlands was restored to Great Britain, and on the 10th of November, 1674, after holding the colony for about one year, Gov. Colve surrendered it to the new governor, Major Edmund Andros, as the representative of his Britannic Majesty. Thus at last the colony came into the hands of its perpetual owners. The life of the colony flowed on very much with the same vicissitude as the other colonies up to the Revolution.

I have said nothing particularly so far about the church, but if there was one thing that these Dutch settlers were insistent upon it was the observance of their religion, and from the organization of their first church in 1659, the Dutch Reform religion has been the principal and foremost one in Kingston.

Their ministers were ordained by the Classis of Amsterdam in Holland. The first one being Dominie Blom, who on Christmas day, the 25th of December, 1660, administered the first Lord's Supper in Kingston.

In 1661 a building was erected at the corner of what is now Main and Wall Streets. It was built of logs. The services were preached in Dutch. In regard to the customs of these Dutch Reformed churches the following items are taken from the calendar of the First Dutch Reformed church at Kingston, December 14, 1913.

"This church was organized 1659, being the fifth in order of organization on the Western Hemisphere, as follows, the church of the Jamestown Colony, church of the Plymouth Colony, the church of the Dutch Colony, Manhattan Island, now Marble Collegiate, New York, First Dutch Reformed Church, Kingston.

"This was the only church in Kingston for 150 years. The first pastor was called in 1660, whose accounts for salary, all payable in wheat, are preserved in the county

record. He preached in the log hut situated on this plot of ground to the west of the front entrance.

“The present edifice was dedicated Sept. 28, 1852, the chapel being enlarged in 1882. It is built of bluestone and on the exterior is strictly Egyptian architecture having the projecting pylon in front and sustaining sloping buttresses at each corner. The interior is after St. Paul’s Cathedral, London.”

The owner of the first carriage in Kingston sent it all about the village on Sunday mornings to bring to church the aged and infirm, the result being sometimes that she herself would arrive after the appointed hour. But this was of little consequence, as the Dominie awaited her arrival to begin the service.

The first bell used by the church was a present of Captain Anthony Rutgers of New York; and is now in the cupola of the Court House. The present bell was cast in Holland and imported from Amsterdam in 1794. It measures seven feet and six inches in circumference at its mouth and is two feet six inches in diameter at its mouth and is two feet six inches in height and is remarkable for its clear and deep-toned peals. This was the first bell that ever tolled for a funeral, the previous usage having been to ring the bell three times a day to call the villagers to breakfast, dinner and supper.

It was the custom of the sexton immediately before ringing the last bell for church service to notify the villagers by a rap on their door with his ivory-headed cane at the same time calling aloud “church time”; for which circuit he was paid by each family two shillings per annum.

The sexton also carried to the clerk all written requests for the prayers of the congregation. The clerk had a long rod, slit at the end, into which he stuck the note and handed it to the minister, who occupied a very high pulpit, raised on the top of a column.

The Dominie wore a silk mantle, a cocked hat, for which there was a knob in the pulpit and a neckband with linen cambric on his breast.

In the congregational singing it was deemed an accom-

plishment to droll long and loud on the emphasized notes and to give them an ague-like shake.

The deacons, when service was ended, rose in their places and after receiving from the Dominie a short address, bowed and then taking each a bag fixed to a long black pole with a small alarm bell fixed to the end went their rounds, rousing the sleepy heads with experienced dexterity, and returned heavy laden with farthings; or, with a copper coin called tokens, being stamped with "Kingston Church" and redeemed at stated times.

These ancient fathers never approached the communion except in black, when it was usual to stand round the sacramental board which was placed at the foot of the pulpit.

There was a canopied seat expressly set apart for the county clerk, sheriff and town magistrates; a separate bench also for the consistory; the women and men also sat on opposite sides of the house.

For a century and a half the church was independent, having no ecclesiastical connections, having received a charter for the conduct of its internal affairs from the British crown. This gave it an air of superiority which was not easily subdued by the regular judicatories of the Dutch Church of America. But in 1808 a great consistory voted to unite with the Dutch church of America.

These facts are taken mainly from a magazine published in 1826.

The approach of the Revolution found Kingston taking an active part in supporting the Declaration of Independence. 1777 was pre-eminently an eventful year in the history of Kingston. On February 19th of that year the Provincial Congress, or as they voted to call themselves the "Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York," met at Kingston and promulgated the first constitution of the State of New York.

This constitution was drafted by John Jay in his own handwriting. It was adopted on April 20, 1777, and promulgated in front of the Court House at Kingston. The circumstances which brought Kingston into the theater of war, resulting in its destruction by fire are connected

with the attempt of Sir Henry Clinton, commanding the British forces in New York, to establish communication with the army of Sir John Burgoyne approaching from Canada. For this purpose Clinton sent a combined Army and Navy expedition conveying about 2,000 soldiers up the Hudson River under command of John Vaughan. This expedition, after capturing Fort Montgomery and Clinton at the southern entrance to the Highlands, breaking the chain across the river at West Point and capturing the Fort on Constitution Island and passing some obstructions in the river further north at Pollopel Island, found itself free to take possession of all the upper Hudson River region.

While awaiting the advices from Burgoyne, the expedition resting at Peekskill, General Vaughan and Sir James Wallace, in charge of the Naval vessels, started on a marauding and pillaging expedition up the river with a portion of the force. It was this expedition which on October 16, 1777, landed and burned Kingston.

The following are the official reports of the Army and Navy officers conducting this expedition.

“On Board the *Friendship*, Off Esopus,

“Friday, October 17th, 10 o'clock, Morning.

“Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that on the evening of the fifteenth instant I arrived off Esopus; finding that the rebels had thrown up Works and had made every Disposition to annoy us, and cut off our communications, I judged it necessary to attack them, the wind at that time being so much against us that we could make no way. I accordingly landed the troops, attacked their batteries, drove them from their works, spiked and destroyed their guns. Esopus being a nursery for almost every villain in the country, I judged it necessary to proceed to that town. On our approach they were drawn up with cannon which we took and drove them out of the Place. On our entering the Town they fired from their Houses, which induced me to reduce the Place to Ashes which I accordingly did, not leaving a house. We found a considerable quantity of stores of all kinds, which shared the same fate. Sir James Wallace has destroyed all the shipping, except an iron gal-

ley which run up the creek, with everything belonging to the vessels in store. Our loss is so inconsiderable that it is not at present worth while to mention.

“I am, &c.,

“John Vaughan”

GALLEYS AND ARMED VESSELS OFF ESOPUS CREEK,
Oct. 17, 1777.

“Sir,—We proceeded up the river, Destroying a number of vessels as we sailed along, without stopping until we arrived at Esopus creek, where we found 2 batteries, one of 2 guns, the other of three guns, erected, and an armed galley at the mouth of the creek, who endeavored to prevent our passing by their cannonade. Gen. Vaughan was of the opinion such a force should not be left behind. It was determined to land and destroy them, and immediately executed without retarding our proceeding up the river. The General marched for the town and fired it. The Boats from the armed vessels went up the creek, burnt two brigs, several armed sloops, and other craft, with all their apparatus that was in Stores upon the shore. Lieutenant Clark of the *Dependence*, with two or three others in firing the stores were blown up, but we flatter ourselves not dangerously. The officers and men on this occasion behaved [with] the greatest spirit. By all our information I am afraid that Gen. Burgoyne has retreated, if not worse.

“I have, &c.,

“James Wallace.”

The inhabitants were, of course, upon the approach of the British troops thrown into the greatest excitement and commotion and strove to get themselves away, moving as much of their worldly possessions and valuables as possible, out of the reach of the approaching enemy. All who were able billeted themselves upon their friends, principally at Hurley, Marbletown, Rochester and Wawarsing.

It was while at Kingston General Vaughan heard by means of a tory who was residing there, of the reported capitulation of General Burgoyne.

When General Gates, just after the surrender of Burgoyne, received the notice of the burning of Kingston, he wrote to General Vaughan, the following letter:—

“Albany 19 October 1777.

“Sir

“With unexampled cruelty, you have reduced the fine village of Kingston to ashes, and most of the wretched inhabitants to ruin. I am also informed, you continue to ravage and burn all before you on both sides of the river. Is it thus your King’s generals think to make converts to the Royal cause? It is no less surprising than true, that the measures they adopt to serve their master, must have quite the contrary effect. Their cruelty establishes the glorious act of Independence, upon the broad basis of the general resentment of the People.

“Other Generals, and much older officers than you can pretend to be, are now by the fortune of war in my hands; their fortune may one day be yours, when, sir, it may not be in the power of anything human to save you from the just vengeance of the injured People.

“I am Sir Yr obedt hum serv’t

“Horatio Gates

“To Hon John Vaughan Majr General.”

The following poem written about an imaginary incident during the burning of Kingston describes in glowing language a not improbable incident of that memorable day.

THE HEROINE OF ESOPUS.

‘Twas a hazy day in Autumn; and the Indian Summer smiled,
Up and down the peaceful river, like a mother on her child;
And the settler’s boat was hov’ring where the fish were prone to be,
And the silver-plated waters drifted downward to the sea;
And the shore, as one who slumbers in the sunlight, softly lay,
And the thriving river village was not very far away;
From the soft air’s tinted azure to the forest’s scarlet hue,
‘Twas a scene of peace and comfort, such as Heaven is glad to view.

When behold! upon this picture, full of colors warm and sweet,
Comes the bustle and the clamor of a soldier-bearing fleet!

They upon the shore have landed, and they march with reckless tread,
Flashing like a moving fire-brand in their uniforms of red;
And they rush along the highway, burning houses as they go,
While the women and the children fly in terror from the foe.

Yes, the British had their innings, on the long remembered day,
When the husbands and their brothers were on duties far away;
Some were in the forests toiling, some were marching with the plow,
Some were in their country's service, gathering fame upon their brow;
And the few that stayed were eager to give battle; yes, but then,
What were half a hundred heroes, to three thousand armed men?

Yes, the British had their innings; but at last there came a day
When they had to do the catching with hot cannon balls in play!
When for every home that crumbled in the cinders' glowing rust,
There were half a hundred red coats that in payment bit the dust!

So a town of homes was burning; and the smoke that gathered there,
Blotted out the hazy tinting of the Indian Summer air;
And the women and the children, on that terror-burdened day,
Fled with panic toward the mountains, weeping sadly on the way.

In that cavalcade of sorrow, that no comfort came to bless,
There was still a greater anguish, more than sobs could e'er express;
For they met a feeble woman, running, panting, out of breath,
With an eye that gleamed with frenzy and a face as white as death;
And she feebly moaned, "My baby! 'twill be burned to death, I know—
For I left it in the cradle only just an hour ago!"
And she turned her eyes to Heaven, lifted up her voice to pray,
Dropped her head upon her bosom, and then fainted dead away.

But a young and blooming maiden, with a piercing eye and dark,
Such as might have gleamed, resistless, from the face of Joan of Arc,
Turned unto the startled woman, and exclaimed, "I will not rest,
'Till this poor and widowed mother clasps the baby to her breast!"

"On! keep on!—you must not brave it! for the house already burns,
And whoe'er shall cross its threshold never more alive returns!
On! keep on! You must not brave it!" still they shouted in one breath;
"You will meet the brutal soldiers—you will suffer worse than death!"

But the maiden still turned bravely toward the scene of woe and strife,
Saying, "God has been a refuge ever thus far through my life;
If He names me for a martyr, to His gracious will I bow;
He has been my helper always—I will not distrust Him now!"
Then before they could prevent her, she was flying down the road,
Where the flames were madly waving from full many a doomed abode.

As she hurried past a soldier caught her rudely by the hand,
But she fixed him with a gesture full of feminine command;
And through foemen and through blinding smoke her hurried way she
 cleft
To the fire invaded building where the infant had been left.

Now an officer in scarlet strove to stop her at the door,
But she passed him like a panthress, and sprung lightly on before,
While he followed her, as nearly as his smothered senses knew;
For the stifling smoke would settle, and oft hide her from his view.

Then a flash of fire revealed her, as she hurried up the stair,
And its gleams of life would glisten in her streaming golden hair;
'Mid the crash of falling buildings—and the conflagration's blaze,
She looked like a rescuing angel to his quick, admiring gaze.

All at once the vapor thickened, and she vanished in its gloom,
She was groping—creeping—searching for the little nursery room
Where she knew the baby nestled—maybe shrieking in alarm—
Maybe strangled, choked and gasping—maybe yet untouched by harm;

All at once the flames uplifted with a wierd, unearthly flash—
And the yielding stairway trembled, and then falling with a crash;
And the sturdy man who'd followed sank in stupor to the floor—
Where he lay, a fallen soldier, worse than on a field of gore!

Still she struggled, crept and strangled—and her shapely head did bow;
"God, in Whom I've ever trusted, O thou wilt not fail me now!"
And at last her taper fingers, white and delicate, but strong,
Struck the rocker of the cradle she had hunted for so long.

Close she clasped the sleeping infant
Then her strength came back anew,
Eager hope and expectation thrilled her being through and through.
"It is living! O, my Father, how my heart doth bless Thee now,
That within the fiery furnace with Thy children still art Thou!"

Clouds of smoke are rolling upward
Fiercest flames are at the door,
"If I can but reach the window!" As she creeps along the floor,
Shielding carefully her treasure—lo in answer to her prayer,
Comes a crash, a scarlet figure—and a sudden rush of air.

Not a word the soldier utters; but uplifts her, stooping low,
Ah, for once a rebel maiden sees with joy a British foe!
Through the ancient dormer window, out upon the moss-grown roof,
He has drawn her, almost fainting, of his fealty giving proof.

"Careful—lean upon my shoulder—let me take the baby—so, Now one foot upon the oven. Here the roof slopes down so low, You can spring." And then—in safety—midst the din of war's alarms—Stood the maiden, all uninjured, with the infant in her arms!

"Hasten, maiden," said the soldier, as she breathed a shuddering sigh, "Quick—across the fence for shelter—there are darker dangers nigh! "If the baby should but whimper you are lost—your risk is vain, "Softly.—Here we're under cover; and your way henceforth is plain.

"Hark, the bugle sounds the summons—they are forming, I must go, "But say first—is this your sister, you have saved?" She answered "No; "Tis the child of a poor neighbor who had fainted on her way." "For no closer claim you ventured life and honor? Wherefore, pray!"

"Life is given to us for others. Honor rests within His hands "Who will guard His weakest servant when fulfilling His commands. "He has sent you to my rescue. May He bless you! Now farewell." "Yet a moment," urged the soldier—"ere we part forever, tell

"Why you rebels dare the vengeance of the English crown defy. "To submit were surely better than to suffer but to die!" "We can die," the maiden answered, "for in the lands beyond the sea "Our brave ancestors have taught us how to die for liberty!

"There they pierced the dykes at Leyden. "There they heard the signal bell "On the eve of St. Bartholomew their martyrdom foretell. "Not a man will blench nor falter—Not a woman's heart will quail. "Since our God is fighting with us, never can your arms prevail!"

Down he knelt upon the greensward, and his lips just touched her hand. "From henceforth, most noble maiden, will I pray 'God bless this land.' "I must go—farewell!" He bounded, as with Mercury's winged feet, Through the awful desolation of the quaint old village street.

Years had passed. With autumn's glory was the village now aflame, When again with eager footsteps through the streets the soldier came. Massive dwellings had arisen, Phoenix-like, from ashes. Still Here and there, a blackened ruin let the wind sweep through at will.

But the church stood strong and stately with its graceful belfry crowned, With the baptistry before it, and the graveyard all around. At the porch he looked and lingered; then his heart leaped, throbbing high, For he saw his rescued maiden, in her loveliness draw nigh.

"I have come—do you not know me?—I—have come your face to see,
 "From afar you drew me, drew me. Have you ever thought of me?"
 Rosy red her face suffuses; but her gaze is full and clear.
 Heart to heart is plainly speaking. Each has held the other dear.

"Come—come with me where we parted—in the meadow, by the brook.
 "Through these years I have remembered every word and every look.
 "It is you, dear love, who taught me what true womanhood could be.—
 "And have won full allegiance to the land where men are free!"

They were wedded soon. And never was a fairer, happier bride.
 Through the years their love but deepened
 Once they crossed the ocean wide
 To the grim, ancestral castle, whence the hero-lover came,
 But returned to brave old Kingston, where they left an honored name.

There each sixteenth of October, still the sire will tell the son
 How the patriot maid was rescued, and her love forever won.

On the 16th of November, 1782, Kingston was honored by a visit from General Washington, on his way, by a circuitous route, from New Jersey to West Point. After passing the night of the 15th with his companion in arms, Colonel Cornelious Wynkoop, at his homestead at Stone Ridge, which is still standing unaltered, and was for many years the residence of John Lounsbury, he proceeded on his way to Kingston. At Hurley he was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd and the following address of welcome was delivered to him by President TenEyck:

"The humble address of the Trustees of the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the town of Hurley.

"To his Excellency George Washington General and Commander of the American Army etc.

"Sir We, the trustees of the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the Town of Hurley, beg leave to approach your Excellency with hearts deeply sensible of the signal services you have rendered our common country, by a conduct, resolution, and courage so happily combined, and so dignified by the noblest virtues, that the latest posterity shall revere you as the protector of the country. Silence must muse our gratitude (for the power of language cannot display it) to the Supreme Being who has been graciously pleased to

appoint a person of your Excellency's virtue and ability, to be his happy instrument of rescuing these United States from the many dangers with which they have been threatened by a cruel and powerful enemy. We cannot refrain from joining in the universal applause that awaits such distinguished merit.

"May your Excellency enjoy the greatest possible blessings that heaven can bestow; may you always be crowned with success; may your illustrious exploits and undertakings for the public good be productive of a speedy, permanent and honorable peace; and after living a blessing to mankind, be rewarded with endless happiness in the mansions of the righteous.

"By order of the Trustees

"Matthew TenEyck Speaker

"Hurley, Nov. 1782."

His Excellency General Washington replied as follows:
"Gentlemen—

"I return you my thanks for this very flattering mark of your esteem, and exceedingly regret that the duties of my station will permit me to make but so short a stay among a people, from whom I have received the warmest proofs of regard, and for whose character I entertain the highest respect.

"It is peculiarly pleasing to me to find that my conduct has merited the approbation of my fellow citizens. If my endeavors shall have contributed to the freedom and independence of my country, that consolation will more than amply repay all my labor.

"Geo Washington.

"Hurley Nov. 1782

"To the Trustees of the Freeholders and Inhabitants of the town of Hurley."

The general with his staff then proceeded to Kingston. On his arrival there he was met by the trustees of Kingston and a large body of citizens, preceded by Henry J. Sleight, the speaker or presiding officer of the Trustees, who in behalf of the trustees presented to him the following address;

"We the Trustees of the Freeholders and Commonalty of the town of Kingston, for ourselves and in behalf of those we represent, beg leave, with the most unfeigned love and esteem, to congratulate your Excellency on your arrival in this place.

"To a People, whose principles of Liberty were early decided, and whose actions have been correspondent, the appearance of a character among them, who by his wisdom has directed, and by his fortitude has led the armies of America to victory and success, affords a joy more sensibly felt than is in the power of language to express. While Sir we take a retrospect of the past campaigns, in every vicissitude of the war we observe your Excellency exhibits the most steady patriotism, the most undaunted courage; and while as a consequence of this the ministry are sunk into negotiation and their armies into inaction, we trust, it is our prayer, that the same benign Providence which has hitherto guided will enable you speedily to terminate the present contest in the unmolested Glory and Freedom of this extended Empire. When that day shall arrive, and the welfare of your country prevail, may you then exchange the fatigues of the camp for the sweets of domestic retirement, may your well earned fame run parallel with time and your felicity last through eternity."

To which his Excellency made the following reply: "Your polite and friendly reception of me proves your sincerity.

"While I view with indignation the marks of a wanton and cruel enemy, I perceive with the highest satisfaction that the heavy calamity which befell this flourishing settlement, seems but to have added to the patriotic spirit of its inhabitants; and that a new town is fast rising out of the ashes of the old.

"That you and your worthy constituents may long enjoy that freedom for which you have so nobly contended is the sincere wish of

"Gentlemen—Your most obedient humble servant

"Geo Washington"

The Consistory of the church in Kingston also united

with their fellow-citizens in bidding the great hero welcome, and delivered to him the following address:

"Sir; Amidst the general joy which instantly pervaded all ranks of People here on hearing of your Excellency's arrival to this place.

"We the Ministers Elders and Deacons of the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church in Kingston participated in it, and now beg leave with the greatest respect and esteem to hail your arrival.

"The experience of a number of years has convinced us, that your wisdom, integrity and fortitude have been adequate to the arduous task your country has imposed upon you; never have we in the most perilous of times known your Excellency to despond, nor in the most prosperous to slacken in activity, but with the utmost resolution persevere until by the aid of the Almighty you have brought us this year, To Independence Freedom and Peace.

"Permit us to add, that the loss of our religious rights was partly involved in that of our civil, and your being instrumental in restoring the one, affords us a happy presage that the Divine Being will prosper your endeavors to promote the other.

"When the sword shall be sheathed and Peace re-established, and whenever it is the Will of Heaven, that your Excellency has lived long enough for the purposes of nature, then may you enter triumphantly thro' The Blood of the Lamb into the regions of bliss, there to take possession of that Crown of Glory, the reward of the virtuous which fadest not away."

To which address his Excellency replied, as follows:

"Gentlemen—I am happy in receiving this public mark of the esteem of the Ministers, Elders, and Deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in Kingston.

"Convinced that our religious liberties were as essential as our civil, my endeavors have never been wanting to encourage and promote the one, while I have been contending for the other, and I am highly flattered by finding that my efforts have met the approbation of so respectable a body.

“In return for your kind concern for my temporal and eternal happiness permit me to assure you that my wishes are reciprocal; and that you may be enabled to hand down your Religion pure and undefiled to a posterity worthy of their ancestors is the prayer of

“Gentlemen

“Your most obedient servant

“George Washington”

The arrival of the General and his suite was greeted with great rejoicing on the part of the citizens. He put up at the Public of Evert Bogardus, but accompanied by his staff he dined with Judge Dirck Wynkoop, in Green St. In the evening there was a gathering of ladies in the Bogardus ballroom, which was honored for a short time by the attendance of the General, when the ladies were severally introduced to him. The next morning at an early hour he left the village and continued his journey.

Hostilities ceased in 1782. Soon after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis with his army of 7000 men, the British ministry entered into negotiations for peace, and a preliminary treaty was signed on the 30th day of November, 1782. But the definitive treaty acknowledging the independence of the United States was not signed until nearly a year afterward, September 3, 1783, and New York was not evacuated until the 25th of November following.

Thus terminated the British rule in this country and the triumph of liberty over tyranny and despotism became complete.

The final conclusion of the long and bloody war, during which much suffering had been endured, and sacrifices made, followed by a full and absolute recognition of the independence of the United States as a nation, gave rise to rejoicings and jubilations in every section of the country. Kingston was not behind other places in the character and extent of her rejoicings. Its inhabitants had always stood among the firmest and foremost friends of liberty and advocates of the contest for independence. Their ardor had never been cooled or dampened, even by the tremendous sacrifices

they had endured; now it rather enhanced their joy at the glorious termination of the conflict, and they looked upon the result as a compensating reward for all their sufferings.

“DON’T GIVE UP THE SHIP.”

DELVING IN THE DUST OF TEN DECADES.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

There has been a wide notice the past year of the events of the War of 1812-’14. Centennial anniversaries have been celebrated, and the newspapers have been filled with reports. My field of investigation has been somewhat limited, but every article I have seen, and nearly every person I have talked with on the subject, has been imbued with a mistaken idea regarding the origin of the famous words, “Don’t Give up the Ship.”

Throughout my small area of information it has been almost uniformly asserted that these words were originally spoken by Oliver Hazard Perry, on the occasion of his great victory on Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813. This is an error. This apparent condition of the public mind has moved me to write this paper. I wish to do justice to an honored name.

The words were uttered by Capt. James Lawrence on the first of June, 1813.

Lawrence was a man with a career. As a youth of twenty-three, while serving as lieutenant under Stephen Decatur, he was one of the party who earned lasting fame in the capture and destruction of the ship *Philadelphia*, in that nest of pirates, the harbor of Tripoli, Feb. 15, 1804.

Why the licensed piracy of the Algerines had been allowed to dominate the naval world for 300 years, and dictate terms of tribute to every naval power, is utterly past comprehension, but such was the fact. I have never met a single line in which any one has ever attempted to give an explanation of this condition of affairs. Even our own

country had so far degraded itself as to build and present a warship, the *Crescent*, to the Dey of Algiers, on demand.

But be it stated to the credit of our young country—only thirty-two years acknowledged to be a nation—that she made the first move in the world wide rebellion against this infamous practice, as will soon appear.

War with Great Britain was declared June 18, 1812. Lawrence had been continued in active service, and was now in command of the sloop-of-war, *Hornet*. February 24, 1813, the *Hornet* fell in with the British sloop-of-war, *Peacock*, and after a short but fierce contest the British bird sank, carrying down thirteen of her own crew, and also three of the *Hornet's* men who were engaged in a mission of rescue.

This was one of those splendid victories that set the world agape and threw Great Britain into a terrible panic which was intensified as the months sped on.

To the brilliant achievement of the *Hornet* and *Peacock* may be added the capture of the *Guerriere* by the *Constitution*, Capt. Isaac Hull. This was peculiarly humbling to Great Britain for the *Guerriere* was a particularly fine ship which she had captured from the French, as its name would indicate, and exhibited as a token of her prowess. In less than half an hour after the first gun, the British colors lay at the feet of Capt. Hull. The *Guerriere* had been dismasted, and was in a sinking condition. She was, in fact, such a wreck that Capt. Hull thought she was not worth the attempt of taking her into port, and therefore she was blown up; her crew was carried into Boston, where Hull received "such an ovation as few men have ever earned in so short a time."

The capture, soon after, of the British war-ship, *Frolic*, by Capt. Jones of the *Wasp*, was another of those brilliant exploits so widely celebrated in story and song.

The consternation in England was still further increased by another victory, when Capt. Stephen Decatur of the *United States* captured the British war-ship, *Macedonian*. In his official report to the Secretary of the Navy, Decatur says, the *Macedonian*, mounting 49 guns "is a frigate of

the largest class, two years old, four months out of dock, and reputed one of the best sailors in the British service.” Decatur continues, speaking of his own crew, “the enthusiasm of every officer, seaman and marine on board this ship, on discovering the enemy—their steady conduct in battle and precision of their fire, could not be surpassed.”

Had the wireless existed in the closing days of the year the nerves of Great Britain must have been again shocked by the news on Dec. 29, 1812, of the fate of another favorite frigate, the *Java*, which was captured and destroyed by Capt. Bainbridge of our *Constitution*; and once more when Bainbridge, in the *Enterprise* repeated this exploit by capturing the brig *Boxer*.

My allotted time will not allow of the specific mention of other remarkable victories by our invincible tars.

It will no doubt be a cause of general surprise to learn the real condition of public opinion on naval matters in England at this period.

To reveal this condition a few extracts from reliable authorities will be given. It will appear that England was undergoing a genuine scare on the question of naval supremacy. The following is from a French newspaper:—

“The British who had triumphed in so many naval combats, previously to the prevailing American War, have long relinquished the practice of rejoicing for victories obtained over a single frigate. If an achievement of that sort took place against any of the European powers, the detail of the action was merely inserted in the *London Gazette*, the papers of the metropolis echoed the narrative, paid a passing compliment to the officer, and the affair went off being recorded, *pro memoria*, in the *Naval Chronicle*, as a thing of course. * * * In the Americans the British have found an enemy that has obstructed the agreeable train of their maritime ideas. The citizens of the United States are the best seamen in the world. Their officers are men of nautical science, of great experience, and generally in the prime of life. The first naval combat of the war, marked, not a single equality of skill and courage in the men of the two countries, but a decided superiority in

favour of the Americans. If the English pride was mortified in the sudden reverse by the capture of the *Guerriere*, the whole British government was thrown into consternation at the capture of the *Macedonian*, the *Java*, the *Frolic* and the *Peacock*. Such rapid and successive defeats made the cabinet of St. James bristle again; it seemed as if all the English captains were doomed to pass, one after the other, under the Yankee yoke, or to the regions of the dead!"

O'Connor in his "History of the War," published in 1817, endorses the above statement.

An English newspaper of this period says, "It will not do for our vessels to fight theirs single handed."

John Quincy Adams, then Minister at St. Petersburg, writes under date of Jan. 31, 1813,—"I have been reading a multitude of speculations in the English Newspapers, about the capture of their two Frigates, *Guerriere* and *Macedonian*. They have settled it that the American forty fours are line of battleships in disguise, and that henceforth all the frigates in the British Navy are to have the privilege of running away from them. This of itself is no despicable result of the first half year of War. Let it be once understood as a matter of course that every single frigate in the British Navy is to shrink from a contest with the American frigates, and even this will have its effect upon the Spirits of the Tars on both sides.

"It differs a little from the time when the *Guerriere* went out with her name painted in Capitals on her fore top-sail, in search of our disguised line of battleship *President*.

"But the English Admiralty have further ordered the immediate construction of seventeen new frigates, to be disguised line of Battleships too. Their particular destination is to be to fight the Americans. Their numbers will be six to one against us, unless we too taking hint from our success can build frigate for frigate and meet them on their own terms." The following taken from the "Crocker Papers" will give us a clear idea of the condition of the naval mind in view of the recent American triumphs:—

"My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty having

received intelligence that several of the American ships of war are now at sea I have their Lordships’ commands to acquaint you therewith, and that they do not conceive that any of his Majesty’s frigates should attempt to engage, single-handed, the larger class of American ships, which, though they may be called frigates, are of a size, complement and weight of metal much beyond that class, and more resembling line of battleships.” [Much of this palaver about the size of our ships was mere fable, and used only as a balm to heal British humiliating sores.]

“In the event of one of his Majesty’s frigates under your orders falling in with one of these ships, his Captain should endeavor in the first instance to secure the retreat of his Majesty’s ships, but if he finds that he has an advantage in sailing he shall endeavor to manoeuvre, and keep company with her, without coming to action, in the hope of falling in with some other of his Majesty’s ships with whose assistance the enemy might be attacked with a reasonable hope of success.

“It is their Lordships’ further directions that you make this known as soon as possible to the several captains commanding his Majesty’s ships.”

John Quincy Adams again writes:—“The *Times* abuses the Ministry for not having blown the American Navy to atoms, and Canning abuses them in Parliament for not having ravaged our coast with fire and sword. They say in answer to the first that they gave orders to their admirals on the American Station to burn, sink and destroy all American vessels . . . and that they have constantly had on those American Stations a force, equal to seven times the whole American Navy.”

In a letter written Feb. 25, 1813, Mrs. Abigail Adams gives a lively account of the state of affairs at this time:—

“First in the triumph was Captain Hull in the frigate *Constitution*, who engaged and captured the British frigate *Guerriere* making her a wreck . . . Capt. Jones in the *Wasp* sloop of war fought, dismasted and took the British sloop of war the *Frolic* . . . Commodore Decatur in the frigate *U. S.* captured the British frigate *Macedonian*,

and brought her safely into New York . . . Commodore Bainbridge . . . engaged, fought and conquered the British Frigate *Java* . . . I have been concise for time would fail me to detail to you how these conquerors have been received, and the honors which have been conferred upon them by Legislatures and public bodies in the various States."

Had Mrs. Adams been in connection with the electric telegraph she would have related also the fate of the British war-ship *Peacock* which was stung to death by the *Hornet*, under Capt. James Lawrence, the very day before her letter was written.

We now come to the story of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. The name of the *Chesapeake* had been for years as familiar as a household word. It had appeared in every newspaper in England and America.

The wanton attack upon the *Chesapeake* by the British ship, *Leopard*, in 1807, was one of the prime causes that led to the War of 1812. The incident had been doctored by the diplomats, and the insult was supposed to have been atoned for; the wound, however, never healed, but continued to rankle in the American bosom.

The *Chesapeake* will now appear in a new rôle. In the spring of 1813 she was stationed in Boston Harbor. About the middle of May, Capt. James Lawrence, whose startling record in the conquest of the *Peacock* had astonished Great Britain, and aroused the admiration of the world, was put in command. Capt. Lawrence accepted the position with reluctance. Things were not as they should have been on board the *Chesapeake*. Capt. Evans, the previous commander, had recently returned from a long cruise, and there was some undetermined complaint among the sailors in regard to prize money. Some writers have said that a faction was in an almost mutinous condition. Capt. Evans had resigned. The *Chesapeake* was being refitted and the crew reorganized. Capt. Lawrence did the best he could in regard to the officers and crew, and made efforts to satisfy the disaffected sailors. Evidently, however, the discontent among the men was not wholly allayed.

In the meantime things were happening. Great Britain, as we have seen, had been in great distress of mind over the victories achieved by the “upstart” American captains. She had offered attractive and valuable prizes for the capture of a Yankee war-ship.

Perhaps Capt. Philip Broke of the *Shannon* had some of these prizes in view when he made arrangements for a cruise to the New England coast. Directions had been issued, as we have seen, by the British Admiralty to the different captains of the vessels not to go to sea alone for fear of meeting one of these formidable Yankees. Accordingly the *Tenedos*, a vessel of about equal size to the *Shannon*, was taken along with her as mate. Broke cruised about the New England coast, and without doubt was in communication with some of the anti-administration Federalists on shore; through them he probably received exaggerated reports of the disorganized condition of the *Chesapeake*. At any rate he took upon himself the responsibility of disobeying instructions of his Government not to fight an American ship alone. He soon appeared off Boston Harbor, flaunting his flag in the face of our small fleet.

Meanwhile Capt. Lawrence was bending all his energies in preparing for a cruise.

Capt. Broke had sent a challenge for Capt. Lawrence to meet him in a duel. In seeming chivalry, but as a clear matter of necessity, he had sent his mate to Halifax, knowing, of course, that Lawrence would never consent to meet two ships of equal size. With his challenge Broke sent a description of the strength of his vessel, naming the number of men, guns, etc.

The meanness and duplicity of Capt. Broke appear in the fact, to which all agree, that there were men fighting on board the *Shannon* wearing hats of two other crews, the *Tenedos* and the *Belle Poule*. The number of men given as smuggled on board differs according to various writers, from scores to hundreds; statements also differ in regard to the underating of his guns.

It has been clearly established that Lawrence never received this challenge, as it did not arrive on the morning of

June 1, until after he had sailed, but this makes no difference in the fact of Capt. Broke's duplicity.

From a lengthy account of the battle between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* in M'Carty's "History of the American War of 1812," published in 1817, we make two brief extracts:—

"A second and a third broadside was exchanged with evident advantage on the part of the *Chesapeake*."

It thus appears that at first fortune favored Lawrence, but the fortunes of war, always uncertain, soon turned against the Americans.

"The Captain, the first [acting] lieutenant, the sailing master, the boat's swain, the lieutenant of marines, the only acting lieutenant on the spar deck, were all killed or disabled." The first lieutenant, Octavius Augustus Page, was then sick on shore, and died three days later.

But the great and final cause of the disaster was the persistent ill luck in the devastation amongst the rigging of the *Chesapeake*. The main stays were shot away, as were the most vital parts of the steering gear. Masts were tottering, spars were shattered, halyards and sails were hanging loosely in every direction. The *Chesapeake* had passed beyond human control and it drifted a helpless wreck at the mercy of the winds and waves. The luckless current of the sea set her drifting diagonally stern foremost directly into the open mouths of the *Shannon's* guns, without her being able to bring a single gun to bear upon the enemy's ship. The decks of the *Chesapeake* were swept with a hail storm of iron from stern to stem; three helmsmen were killed, and scarcely a living thing could there exist.

Meanwhile Capt Lawrence, who had received a painful wound, was still giving his orders from his post on the quarter deck. Here he received his mortal wound. While being carried below he gave his last command in the immortal words, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

After the second broadside the accidents of fortune seem to have predetermined that every missile of the *Shannon* should do its maximum of mischief.

Accounts of what followed vary in some minor particulars but the essentials are here given.

The instant the *Chesapeake* in its helpless drift came in contact with the *Shannon*, Capt. Broke with a party of boarders leaped on deck without resistance.

In some sequestered nook of the fore castle, protected from the *Shannon's* fire, part of the crew had collected, and were well supplied with small arms. These now, under the command of First Lieutenant Ludlow made a desperate dash, and in a few minutes the larger part of the boarders lay upon the decks killed or wounded, including Capt Broke, but Lieut. Ludlow had received his mortal wound. The constant stream of recruits from the abundant store surreptitiously provided by Capt. Broke soon overpowered the leaderless crew of the *Chesapeake*.

As quickly as possible the *Shannon* with her victim got away for Halifax; Capt. Lawrence was delirious so that we may hope he never knew that his last command had not been obeyed. The career of our distinguished hero ended June 5. He was buried at Halifax, June 8, with all the military honors which could be given a British officer. The funeral arrangements were in charge of the local government at Halifax, Capt. Broke being disabled by his wound.

The body of Capt. Lawrence in a rich mahogany coffin was borne from the *Chesapeake* to King's Wharf in a 12-oared barge with measured strokes, and minute guns, followed by a procession of boats, two and two, all filled with British naval officers, arranged in order of rank according to directions issued the day before by the senior naval officer at Halifax. Six British sea-captains officiated as pall-bearers, and, as an added mark of respect, one of his own flags from the *Chesapeake* was used for a pall.

The body was received at King's Wharf by the 64th regiment pursuant to an order issued to the land forces, with minute guns, muffled drums, colors draped in mourning, crepe on the left arm, and all known insignia of military mourning.

After most solemn obsequies conducted by the Rector of St. Paul the body was followed to the grave by a long

procession of sailors, soldiers and citizens, including the wounded officers of both ships, and the captured officers and crew of the *Chesapeake*.

Three volleys were fired over the grave of the hero, and he was left to be,—

“ By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.”

About this time there was living in Salem a patriot by the name of George Crowninshield. He had plenty of money and plenty of leisure, but he could not rest content so long as the ashes of Capt. Lawrence were mingling with British soil. He procured the brig, *Henry*, enlisted an honorary crew of twelve Salem sea-captains; himself a captain, he took command and sailed away for Halifax. Obtaining permission from the authorities, he took the body of Capt. Lawrence on board the *Henry*, and conveyed it to Salem, where it was placed temporarily in a tomb while arrangements were being made for a public funeral.

August 17, 1813, Salem was thronged. An eye-witness says, “it was an occasion of great public mourning, and the sidewalks and housetops were black with spectators.” The people were moved by contending emotions: grief at the loss of their naval hero, and satisfaction over the return of his precious remains.

But these remains were not long to rest in Salem. Under the management of the family of Capt. Lawrence plans were made to convey the body to New York in the *Henry*, the same brig in which they had been brought from Halifax. At this time New York was closely blockaded by the British. Application was made to Capt. Oliver, the leader, for permission to pass the *Henry*, with the body of Capt. Lawrence, under a flag of truce, into New York harbor.

According to the best available authorities this application was refused with shameful insolence. Other means, however, were found for conveying the remains to the city.

At New York, on Sept. 16, the funeral obsequies of Capt. Lawrence were observed in the most solemn and elaborate manner. It is estimated that 50,000 people assembled to

do honor to our national hero. The ceremonies were under the direction of the city Council, and the city furnished the tomb for his final resting place.

I have dwelt at some length upon the condition of public opinion concerning Capt. Lawrence by his contemporaries a century ago, for the purpose of contrasting it with a lower estimate which appears in a late publication.

My attention has been called recently to an article contained in Volume 46 of the *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, in which it appears to me gross injustice is done to the memory of the gallant Capt. Lawrence. It is there stated by Rear-Admiral French Ensor Chadwick of the United States Navy that,—“Our real disaster, the loss of the *Chesapeake*, was simply the result of a bad judgment, probably better described as fatuity. Officers and crew were entirely new to the ship. *Not a gun's crew had been exercised, not a sail had been bent before the day of action.* To go out in such a state of unpreparedness to meet a ship of like force, which had been three years and a half in commission, was folly. We fight to win for the country, not to satisfy personal pride, and I can see nothing but unwisdom, amounting to folly, though it was coupled with great gallantry, in the conduct of the Captain of the *Chesapeake* in accepting a challenge under such almost hopeless circumstances.”

In passing let me say that here the Admiral has made one mistake. We have seen that Capt. Lawrence never received a challenge from Capt. Broke, for the challenge did not reach Boston until after he had sailed.

In regard to the Admiral's insinuations concerning the character and motives of Capt. Lawrence I will say nothing, but in regard to the more serious charge of stupidity and inaction I have some evidence, fortunately, which proves that the Admiral is in error. I have notes made by my great uncle, Elihu Hoyt, of Deerfield, known to me personally the last dozen years of his life, which throw light on the subject. Uncle Elihu's word was equal to the very best. He was a magistrate, and a prominent civilian in the politics of his State. He was for 30 years in its service as

Councillor, Senator or Representative. In the year 1813 he was a member of the House. He was also at this time Captain of the militia in his native town; himself and company subject to be called into active service at the front at any moment, and was, of course, deeply interested in all the events of the war. On the 29th of May he went down the harbor to visit Capt. Lawrence on board the *Chesapeake*, for the purpose of witnessing his practice in preparation for meeting British cruisers.

Uncle Elihu was a man of slender means with habits of strict economy. It is inconceivable that he should have gone to the extravagance of hiring a boat and a crew, and of spending a day for a ceremonious call on Capt. Lawrence. The inference is irresistible that he had heard there was something doing down there, and that the same news had reached the ears of other Boston people, so that a party of friends clubbed together and went down to see the show and to satisfy their curiosity. They certainly would not have gone without a reasonable prospect of seeing something worth their while.

I copy the following verbatim from uncle Elihu's note book:— "May 29th went on board the Frigate *Chesapeake*, stayed 3 or 4 hours, saw them exercise their great guns, & go through all the movements for attack & defence of a Ship in time of battle."

What does Admiral Chadwick suppose this boat load of Boston people were doing for three or four hours on board the *Chesapeake* that day? What were they there for?

Probably exaggerated rumors had reached the Boston sightseers of the practice performance of Capt. Lawrence, for uncle Elihu was not satisfied. He says:— "was disappointed, did not find so good discipline as expected, they were not so expert at the great guns as I expected—Capt. Lawrence is a fine looking fellow."

On that day uncle Elihu made the acquaintance of Lieut. Augustus Ludlow, and probably saw a good deal of him, for we may assume that the Lieutenant would be in the exercise of his office—drilling the crew for active service. The visitor speaks of Ludlow as "a rough fellow." Perhaps

a rough fellow was needed to mould the raw material into shape for efficient action, and this may have been one of the qualifications for which he had been selected by Capt. Lawrence.

Three days after this visit occurred the battle of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* off Boston Harbor. The guns were heard in Boston and another party was organized. Uncle Elihu writes:—

“June 1st *Chesapeake* went to sea was taken same day by the British Frigate *Shannon*, went down to see the action, was too late, saw the Frigates & the smoke of the guns but the distance was too great to distinguish the movements, saw 4 or 5 gunboats at anchor below the light house, saw them fire their great guns, got back to Boston about 12 o’clock at night.”

This excursion seems to be a little out of the ordinary for the air of that region was shivered by hurtling iron and charged with foul smoke, so that uncle Elihu should have considered himself fortunate, instead of baffled, in not being able to reach this cyclone of destruction.

There is another piece of evidence bearing on the question of Capt. Lawrence’s practice, showing that the charge of Admiral Chadwick is erroneous.

In the official report of the Court of Investigation on the loss of the *Chesapeake*, the members of which were such men as Hull and Bainbridge, the following statement occurs:—

“It appears to the Court, that as the ships were getting foul, Capt. Lawrence ordered the boarders to be called; but the bugle man, Wm. Brown, stationed to call the boarders by sounding a bugle, had deserted his quarters, and when discovered and ordered to call, was unable, from fright, to sound his horn; that midshipmen went below immediately to pass the word for the boarders; *but not being called in the way they had been usually exercised* few came upon the upper deck.”

Here is evidence which cannot be disputed, that Capt. Lawrence, instead of being idle, was in active practice in preparation to meet the enemy. He was, certainly, systematically drilling an organized company of boarders.

There is no doubt the Board of Examiners believed the work of Capt. Lawrence had been so efficiently done, that even with every officer above the midshipman either dead or disabled in the cock pit, even then the Board believed that had the cowardly Scotch bugler remained at his post, and given the customary "Boarders Call," the boarders would have responded, and Capt. Broke would never have found a foothold on the deck of the *Chesapeake*.

What Admiral Chadwick calls "our real disaster" was not so considered by the country, and it had no discouraging effects on the people. The Spirit of Freedom had been awakened, and was stirred to more and more vigorous action by the brilliant successes of Lawrence, Hull, Decatur and others.

In all my extensive reading of contemporaneous or other writers on the subject, I have never before met with a single syllable which would impute the loss of the *Chesapeake* to the inefficiency, stupidity, or "fatuity" as Admiral Chadwick puts it, of the commander. It has been generally considered that the loss was due to a fateful combination of unfortunate accidents.

The fame of our hero was not in the slightest degree tarnished. Witness: he was given what perhaps no other man had ever before received, three grand and imposing funeral ovations by contemporaries who knew his every act. The flagship of the fleet then building on Lake Erie was named, by the Secretary of the Navy, in his honor, the *Lawrence*, and on her banner was fittingly inscribed his dying words, "Don't Give up the Ship."

About three months after the battle of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* an event occurred which was the most notable in the naval history of the two nations. An entire British fleet was captured by an American fleet.

Oliver Hazard Perry was commander of the American fleet on Lake Erie and the British fleet was commanded by Capt. Robert H. Barclay.

Perry's flagship was the *Lawrence*. The patriotic women of Erie had presented him with a fighting flag, on which they had sewed in white block letters, twelve inches high,

the last command of Capt. Lawrence, "Don't Give up the Ship." Under this flag the famous battle of Lake Erie was fought and won.

In this fierce struggle, by some trick of the wind or other cause, the vessels expected to support Perry did not appear, so that he was surprised and overwhelmed by a greatly superior force. Under his inspiring motto he could not give up the ship. Ordering a boat with four oarsmen he took down his flag and rowed to the *Niagara*. When his flag was taken down the British considered the *Lawrence* had surrendered; their firing ceased, and loud cheers ran through the British fleet. But Perry's departure was soon observed, and the air around him was at once darkened by showers of round shot, grape, canister and bullets from the enemy.

In a few minutes his flag was flying at the mast head of the *Niagara*.

When Perry left the *Lawrence* his last charge to Lieut. Yarnall was "Don't Give up the Ship." Yarnall accepted the charge and ran up his ship's flag at once, but when Perry's escape was observed the attack on the *Lawrence* was renewed with redoubled fury. Yarnall, with the crew reduced from 103 to 14, could no longer resist, and in a short time his ship's colors were lowered. Perry from the deck of the *Niagara* observed this action. In his official report he says:—

"It was with unspeakable pain that I saw, soon after I got on board the *Niagara*, the flag of the *Lawrence* come down, although I was perfectly sensible that she had been defended to the last, and that to have continued to make a show of resistance would have been a wanton sacrifice of the remains of her brave crew."

But the British could not take possession of the *Lawrence*; all were occupied in self defense, for in a trice, the *Niagara* was amongst them pouring torrents of shot and shell from starboard and larboard with such terrible effect that in a few moments not a British flag was flying on the waters of Lake Erie.*

* At this point a piece of the original hull of the *Niagara* was shown to the audience by the reader. It was a gift to our Museum from Mr. William H. Stebbins of Buffalo, N. Y., a native of Deerfield.

Shortly after the close of the battle Perry returned to his old flagship, and transferred his flag to its original place. Not a British foot had fallen upon the deck of the *Lawrence*, nor did one, until Perry had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the six officials who had surrendered their vessels (the wounded Barclay by a representative) come on board, and, one by one, deliver up their swords in token of submission. The conclusion of each ceremony was the same—the handing back of the weapon to its owner.

Perry treated Capt. Barclay with the greatest kindness; later he gave him the use of his own cabin, the best surgical treatment and the tenderest care. By these acts of high courtesy, and others of a similar nature, Perry made personal friends of his official enemies.

It has been said that Perry's motto flag was left flying on the *Lawrence* when her hero left her for the *Niagara*. Our distinguished historian, Bancroft, accepts this story, but in this he is contradicted by every other writer I have met, and goes, a hundred to one, against the probabilities of the case.

The main facts of our subject have here been given in simple prose. The brilliant victories of our Navy, however gave opportunity to the bards to send abroad on the wings of song each his own version of our splendid exploits. I have seen, at least, a half dozen versions of "Perry's Victory." These songs may not, in all cases, be good literature, but there must needs have been some vent for the swelling pride of our minstrels over our national triumphs.

The country was flooded with these songs. They floated across the Atlantic, and doubtless every British sailor had heard their ringing notes in the mess-room; and they could not have been unknown even on the quarter deck.

The effect must have been depressing, and the Admiralty's orders to the captains not to go out on the water alone must have intensified the feeling. John Quincy Adams writes, "the effect of these songs in England was exasperating, but on our side of the water it was exhilarating."

The English writer who complains "we have no longer any national song" had no doubt become surfeited by their

exultant notes. Without question he had heard of Chancellor Kilty's variation of "Rule Britannia."

"For see, *Columbia's* sons arise,
Firm, independent, bold and free;
They too shall seize the glorious prize,
And share the empire of the sea;
Hence then, let *freemen* rule the wave
And those who yield them still be slaves."

One of these songs, called "Perry's Victory," I remember hearing over eighty years ago. It was sung by the broom-makers in the shop on the homestead of my grandfather Stebbins where I now reside. It describes the battle of Lake Erie. The first stanza which I recall runs thus:—

"The tenth of September let us remember,
So long as the globe on its axis rolls round
Our tars and marines on Lake Erie were seen,
To make the proud flag of Great Britain come down."

For reasons which will appear I would like to comment upon another stanza:—

"There is one gallant act of our noble Commander
While writing my song I must notice with pride,
While launched in the boat that carried the standard,
A ball whistled through her just close by his side.
Says Perry, 'The rascals intend for to drown us;
But push on, my brave boys, you never need fear,'
And with his own coat he plugged up the boat,
And through fire and sulphur away he did steer."

This stanza contains the only record I have found of Perry's boat being struck by a single missile from the enemy while on its perilous passage from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*. But I think we may safely consider it as history. Could it by any possibility have been an invention!

It is indeed a miracle that this little boat and its crew escaped total destruction, but such is the established fact.

A third stanza that I recall relates to Perry taking possession of the *Niagara* where he hoisted his motto flag:—

"The famed *Niagara* now proud of her Perry
Displayed all her banners in gallant array,
And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,
Which soon put an end to this bloody affray."

In all other accounts of this conflict the *Niagara* is rated as a 20-gun vessel, and there can be no doubt about the truth of this statement. For fear, however, that the writer of my song may be accused of telling a wrong story, I will dwell a little upon this point.

It appears that the habit of adding extra guns to the regularly rated number had become at this period an almost universal custom. There is sufficient evidence to prove this fact beyond the shadow of a doubt.

In trustworthy records we read, here and there, that the *Constitution* rated at 44 guns, carried 54; the *Pelican* rated at 18, carried 21; the *Argus* 16, carried 20; the *Essex* 32, carried 46; the *Java* 38, carried 49 and so on.

My old song was written very soon after the event occurred. The writer should have known what he was writing about. Evidently he took some little liberty as a poetical license in the pronunciation of the word *Niagara*, but he could have no possible object in misstating the facts. Extra guns were placed in all available positions. I find one long-nine projecting from a cabin window. There were guns on the main deck, the bulwarks being cut away for their operation; guns on the poop and even on the quarter deck, and two thrust through the bridle ports, etc.

I have not the slightest doubt that we are justified, on the strength of our old song, and the above facts, in adding to our list, the *Niagara*, rated 20 guns, carrying 25. She would be doing only as most of her sisters did when she augmented her force by the addition of five guns.

WAR OF 1815.

I wish to close this paper with a few brief remarks concerning the War of 1815.

Within the circle of my acquaintance I have yet to meet a single individual who knows that we had a War in 1815.

The Barbary states—Algiers, Morocco, Tunis and Tripoli—had dominated the naval world for three hundred years, as we have already said, and during the late war with England these states had been aggressive and insolent. Peace having been declared with Great Britain, Dec. 1814, America

was now at liberty to settle old scores with the Barbary states, and March 2, 1815, formally declared war against this piratical crew.

Commodore Stephen Decatur was sent with a squadron to the Mediterranean with directions to enforce a treaty of peace, to claim payment for certain damages, and to set all American captives free from Algerine slavery without ransom.

This treaty, as it was uniformly called, with its twenty-two distinct articles, had been formulated in all its details by President Madison, and prepared for the Dey's signature, as the head of the Barbary Confederacy. This was rather an unique proceeding—the diplomacy being all on one side, but Madison had reached that point where patience ceased to be a virtue, and he had no scruples in dealing with these sea-robbers with a mailed hand.

Decatur had this great advantage. The Algerines had imbibed the late popular estimate of the American sailors. Our reputation as fighters had been established across the seas. This is shown by the following extract from a contemporaneous letter:—

"You have no idea of the respect which the American character has gained by our late wars. The Spaniards, especially, think we are devils incarnate, as we beat the English, who beat the French, who beat them, whom nobody have beat before—and the Algerines whom the devil himself could not beat."

Decatur was held to be the representative of this power with means to back his demands. On his arrival in the harbor of Algiers he hoisted the Swedish flag. The Swedish Consul in Algiers responded and came off in his own boat; all the early communications with the Dey were carried on under the Swedish flag.

Decatur bearded the lion in his very den by sending to the Dey a copy of the treaty of peace, demanding his signature; in default of which, direful things would happen, giving notice at the same time that two of his own war vessels had already been captured. The Dey was not unacquainted with Decatur and his methods. He could not

have forgotten the part played by this hero in the fate of the *Philadelphia*, and all the world recognized the Commodore as one of that brilliant galaxy which created such a commotion in England during the War of 1812. The name of Decatur's flagship, the *Guerriere*, could not have suggested pleasant recollections, and the Dey plainly read his doom in the stars and stripes spangling the bay. He lost no time in sending word by his agents that if Commodore Decatur would come ashore all matters would be discussed and arranged.

Decatur's prompt response was,

"All discussions must be on board my flagship."

At this time the Dey was expecting the return of several ships which might appear at any moment, and he immediately made arrangements, and authorized agents were hurriedly sent on board the flagship; the agents begged that a flag of truce be hoisted and hostilities suspended for three hours pending negotiations.

Decatur replied, "Not a minute. If your squadron appears in sight before the treaty is actually signed by the Dey, and the prisoners sent on board, ours would capture them."

As the examination of the articles of the treaty proceeded, the agents suggested certain alterations in the text. Decatur finally told them that not a single word in any of the articles would be changed; perforce the demands of each article were agreed to, one by one, and the treaty was sent by Decatur to the Dey for his official signature.

Meanwhile the Dey, clearly foreseeing the result of Decatur's visit, made himself busy in preparing for the return of the agents, by counting out the needful wherewith to settle all claims, by releasing the bewildered captives from slavish bonds, and gathering them together on the wharf. Once here the captives saw, in place of the baleful flag of their captors, the beloved stars and stripes brightly dotting the bay, and spelling out their own freedom. As they realized the new conditions the welkin must have rung with their shouts of ecstatic joy.

Although the distance to the Dey from the ship was fully five miles, the agents hurried back within three hours with

the treaty signed and with the overjoyed captives. But before they arrived, Decatur's flag of truce had already gone up on observing a given signal, pursuant to an agreement with the Swedish Consul that the captives were in his hands, and all requirements fulfilled.

From that moment on June 21, the War of 1815 practically ended. In due time the treaty was ratified by Congress.

After Decatur had been on a little collecting tour to Tunis and Tripoli, picking up captives and settling claims, which were always promptly met, he turned his prow toward home with the signed treaty of peace in one hand, and in the other the released captives, and a fat pocket book containing, at least, \$81,000.

This treaty, we repeat, was unique in one respect. The party of the second part was never consulted as to any one of its twenty-two articles, and the Dey was forced to sign at the cannon's mouth. The treaty was drawn up by a skilled diplomat who had twenty years of political responsibility at his back, and its terms were so just and equitable that it settled for all time the political relations between the two countries.

Decatur had accomplished the work for which he was sent. President Madison had surely selected a fit man for his purpose.

The concessions of the trembling Dey to the invincible Decatur ended forever the reign of terror of the piratical Algerines. Great Britain, which had paid an annual humiliating tribute for unnumbered years, took courage, and the next summer, joined by the Dutch fleet, followed the example of the United States in demanding similar treatment, and the same was done by all of the other naval powers.

But this great achievement was the work of the American Navy, under President Madison, and the whole Naval world should pay due honor to our heroes.

This Navy from the first battle of the War of 1812, to the close of the War of 1815 was inspired by the same spirit which found fitting expression in the undying words of Capt. James Lawrence,

"Don't Give up the Ship."

AROUND THE WORLD.

BY LOUISE N. BILLINGS.

It was indeed a merry party that set sail on the steamship *Cleveland* on Feb. 5, 1910, for a tour around the world. The sailing of a great liner is always interesting. And so it was on this day. With flags and pennants flying from bow to stern, amid the salutes of passing ships, proudly we sailed across San Francisco bay, out through the Golden Gate, into the crimson path of the setting sun, a path that with varying hues, we were to follow around the world. All told, our good ship carried 1207 souls, of whom 650 were passengers.

Ship life was one diversified round of recreation. No one lacked entertainment, as nearly every day was filled with amusements for all.

The most delightful feature of the voyage was the sea itself. Never twice the same but always refreshing and invigorating. With its varying lights and shades, and shifting movements it was responsive to or expressive of, all one's moods. By sunlight, moonlight or starlight, in calm or storm, it always fascinated,

After a day or two we realized that we were nearing the tropics. Gradually heavy wraps, steamer rugs and winter garments gave way to summer clothing and after seven days sailing with the air growing warmer and more balmy every day, we reached Honolulu, truly the Paradise of the Pacific, and a gem of purest ray serene.

The harbor is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world.

Honolulu is situated picturesquely on the southern side of the island of Oahu with the bay in front and volcanic mountains in the rear. As we entered the harbor the wall of hills seen through the mist, the green circle of vegetation between the hills and the shore, the lighter green of what we afterward learned were sugar-cane fields, with the red and yellow of the soil, the deep green of the water and the

lighter color in the shallower places, all growing clearer and plainer as we drew closer, made a picture of surpassing beauty.

Mark Twain, in a tribute to Hawaii says, "It is the loveliest fleet of islands that lie anchored in any ocean."

We were greeted with music and flowers. An Hawaiian orchestra and singers came out in launches to meet us, bringing bushels of beautiful garlands, called leis, with which we were decorated. This flower welcome is an old native custom maintained in Honolulu.

The native dish is Poi. Poi is made from the taro root which resembles a sweet potato. It is cooked on hot stones covered with leaves and earth and is then pounded into a mealy substance called Poi.

The Hawaiian pineapples are the most delicious in the world, having no hard core, and so sweet they can be eaten without sugar.

Honolulu has an aquarium in which is a wonderfully interesting collection of queerly shaped, brightly colored fish, the most beautiful I have ever seen.

Surely flowers, music, climate and cordiality were the never to be forgotten characteristics of Honolulu.

We were kept busy, interested and delighted while there. As we sailed out of the harbor late Sunday afternoon, we heard the strains of Aloha played by the Royal Hawaiian band, wafted across the water to us. It was the same welcome song with which we were greeted but there seemed a special fitness in it even as a farewell.

From Honolulu to Yokohama was a voyage of twelve days with a smooth sea and a blue sky the entire distance.

It was during this part of our voyage a day was taken out of our lives. The story was told of a Scotchman on a ship which reached this meridian on Sunday. He became very angry when the captain on Saturday night announced that he would drop Sunday and pass to Monday. The Scotchman protested that God made Sunday and no mere ship captain had the right to abolish the holy day.

Here the Occident dissolves into the Orient and the Far West becomes the Far East.

Japan received us royally. Even nature greeted us with

smiles. At sunrise as we entered Yokohama harbor, Fuji-yama, Japan's sacred mountain, lifted its snowy head above the mists and clouds for a few hours, and pink with the rays of the early sun, beamed down upon us a most cordial welcome. Soon the Mayor of the city and the President of the Chamber of Commerce came on board and conferred upon us the freedom of the city and presented us with solid silver badges bearing words of welcome. From this "Welcome to our city" at Yokohama to the farewell Feast of Lanterns at Nagasaki, our trip across the Island Empire was like a triumphal progress. Ours was the largest civilian party that had ever visited Japan. Our visit was considered an international event of importance.

So enthusiastic were our receptions that sometimes we almost wearied of our greatness.

There were more American flags in Japan than I had seen in my own land and usually the Stars and Stripes and the Rising Sun were crossed and waved together.

Yokohama is one of the most interesting and attractive cities in the world. A good idea of the city can be obtained by taking several jinrikisha rides. The jinrikisha, you know, was invented by an American, a Baptist missionary, and the word is compounded of three Japanese words, meaning man-pull-car or the Pullman car of the East. When I first rode in one my heart was in my mouth, as the saying is, as the purpose of these men seems to be to come as near to every object as possible without hitting it. But this fear gradually wore away as there seemed to be no accidents.

Yokohama is a most fascinating shopping city, partly on account of the delicate artistic beauty and cheapness of the goods and partly on account of the ceremonial politeness of the shop keepers.

In truly Japanese shops shoes were removed at the door and tea served. In one department store we were first taken to a most artistically fitted up tea room where delicious tea and Japanese cakes were served, after which we were conducted around the shop and of course we were ready to buy anything at any price.

It is said that the first customer in the morning can buy practically at his own price, for the Oriental dealer has a superstition that if he fails to make a sale to his first caller he will have bad luck all day. As a rule, everyone felt that he had received his money's worth, and only regretted that more had not been bought. So much money was spent in Yokohama that we were called "The Great American Around the World Shopping Expedition."

The Japanese children are well worth observing, in fact, they are so numerous and so omnipresent that one cannot help noticing them.

One lady made the following contribution to the Travelers' Club—

"Babies homely and babies pretty,
Babies galore in every city;
I am sure there is no limit at all
To children large or babies small.
Babies dark and babies fair,
Babies with heads shaved close and bare,
Babies with hair as black as jet,
Babies whose hair and eyebrows met.
Babies thin and babies fat,
Babies asleep as sound as a bat.
Babies awake with a happy smile,
Babies whose eyes were stretched a mile:
Babies short and babies tall,
I really think I saw them all."

The theatres in Japan are interesting. The performances begin at five in the afternoon and last till midnight. The main floor is divided by partitions about a foot high, into compartments that hold from four to six people. The stage is quite broad and deep. In some of the theatres the central part revolves on a pivot so the scenes can be changed quickly. From the stage to the rear of the theatre runs a platform about six feet wide, up and down which the actors make their entrances and exits. No women appear on the stage.

The stage setting and stage tricks were sometimes realistic and novel. As a murderer struck his sword upon his enemy's neck, the victim threw his robe over his head and rolled out an artificial head as he fell to the floor. While

the murderer was swinging this head around in the air, two stage assistants dressed in black with black masks, stepped in front of the supposedly beheaded man with a little screen that did not extend below the knees and the dead man arose and all three walked off the stage.

The assistants are not supposed to be seen by the audience and so wear black.

We visited Nikko, a popular summer resort in the mountains. There is a Japanese proverb "Do not use the word magnificent till you have seen Nikko." There is much truth in this. For with the long avenues of cryptomaria, its mountains and beautiful cascades and all this forming a setting for the temples and tombs, it was a scene long to be remembered. Here we saw the red lacquer bridge over which no one but royalty can pass. Here were tombs of the shoguns and many temples, some with magnificent lacquer work, gold and color and elaborate carvings. Here was the original carving of the three wise monkeys. But after a time temples and tombs began to be wearisome and we were glad to interest ourselves in the people and scenery.

Some of the signs over the shops were quite peculiar, among them were seen the following: Kobe meat Club; Corns, Feet, Nail Cutters; Milk man with Cow House; New Beef fresh to your order; Flowers new to Wedding and Funeral; Goods sole regardless of cost.

I would like to give you the menu of a real Japanese two hours' course dinner—a cup of tea, a little bowl of fish soup, two kinds of raw fish sliced like bacon with red sauce, bowl of broiled chicken and bamboo root, broiled fish and ginger root, boiled fish with something on top that looked like excelsior but proved to be dried fish, stewed eel and omelet made of fish in batter, rice, more fish soup containing lily roots and spice, apples and oranges.

The sail from Kobe to Nagasaki was through the picturesque Inland Sea which some people call the most beautiful sea in the world. It is a dangerous passage among many islands and through narrow channels. It was necessary to take on board a Japanese pilot at Kobe to conduct us through these devious ways.

The following extract from an exercise in English gives us an idea of what the Japanese thought of us and also of their difficulty in mastering English. "The great party of American tourists has already left this country behind, but the deeply inspiration which were given are still remains in our heart. I trust that although unfortunately it was very cold during their staying and their earnest wants to see our prouddable national flower Cherry are not yet in season, our hearty welcome was quite enough to satisfy them. I thought that there is no evil as to harm our dearest relations which are existing between two countries. I hope that their pleasant long journey will be in happy and returned their dear home safely." The night we sailed from Japan a feast of lanterns was given in our honor. At least 20,000 men and boys, each carrying a lighted Japanese lantern marched along the streets! As our ship lifted anchor and sailed away, this army with their colored lights wound up around the mountain roads like a serpent of fire. It was a beautiful exhibition and a most appropriate Sayonara from delightful Japan.

From Hong Kong to Manila we followed the route of Dewey's fleet. As we entered Manila Bay we passed the island of Corregidor which guards the narrow entrance, then on past Cavite, the naval station.

We were greeted by so many of our countrymen that it seemed almost like getting home again.

The old walled city or Intramuros is by far the most picturesque section of Manila.

The walls have been cut in several places since American occupation as the old gates were very narrow. Wide avenues, airy hospitals, fine government buildings and pleasant homes have been built outside the walls. The city is divided into two sections by the Pasig river, on one side the old walled city and the new American residence district, on the other the business district and the older native residence district.

The principal drive is the Luneta with the park adjoining. Here comes all Manila in the cool of the evening to promenade or drive and to listen to the large and very fine constabulary band.

We were royally entertained while here and everything done for our comfort and pleasure by the Americans of the city.

From Manila to Borneo, across the equator to Java where the North Star and Big Dipper are no longer visible but where the Southern Cross is plainly seen, then on to Singapore and Rangoon. Here I will stop to tell you briefly of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, a marvelous structure.

This Pagoda or collection of pagodas, stands on a high mound partly natural and partly artificial, just outside the city. On four sides steps lead up to the broad platform where the center column rises 370 ft. It is surmounted by a "ptee" or umbrella which is made of concentric belts of iron hung with bells and mirrors. This pagoda was being re-gilded, not with gold leaf but with sheets of gold of considerable thickness and about 8 by 12 inches in size. Surrounding the center column are a multitude of pagodas each containing its Buddha, image houses filled with gifts, altars with niches for candles, flowers and other offerings, tall pillars from which hang long cylindrical streamers of bamboo frame work pasted over with paper depicting scenes from sacred history.

But strange as it all is, it would not be complete without the throng of worshipers and the priests with shaven crowns and yellow robes.

This pagoda is sacred to all Buddhists because it is said to contain relics of four Buddhas. However that may be the great Antiquity of the Pagoda is unquestioned and it is a holy place to millions of people. Gazing upon it one can not help but think of the religion of which it is the expression and of the innumerable people who follow it.

I would like to take you through Ceylon, up to Kandy in the mountains thro' varied tropical scenery, its rice fields flooded with water, its tea plantations and its groves of rubber trees, its cinnamon groves and the graceful cocoanut palms everywhere.

Many travelers say that Java is the most beautiful and interesting island in the world, others place Ceylon first. They are both so beautiful there can be no comparison.

We reluctantly left them both thinking each time we could never find another island so charming. The Buddhists say that Ceylon is a pearl drop on the brow of India.

I must hurry on to Bombay and from there to Agra where stands the marvelous Taj Mahal, the tomb built by the Emperor Shah Jehan for his much beloved wife. I saw it by sunlight and by moonlight and certainly no one with a spark of appreciation of beauty in his soul could by any possibility be disappointed in the Taj. Its charm depends upon qualities that can not be painted nor described, upon simplicity and symmetry, upon exquisite proportion and delicacy, upon its setting in a beautiful garden, and upon the blending of all these into one harmonious whole. Its domes and arches, its marble carving, which at a little distance looks like exquisite lace, and inlaid work are all wonderfully beautiful. I was fortunate to hear a priest repeat a prayer in the Taj. There was a marvelous echo which lasted for several minutes and toward the end sounded like the dying notes of a sweet toned bell.

Agra has numerous tombs and mosques of beautiful marble many of which have most delicate carving, and flowers inlaid in all colors of semi-precious stones.

We saw much in India of intense interest but also much that was disagreeable and repulsive.

Our journey of three days thro' the Red sea was very comfortable. We were told to prepare to be very uncomfortable but were most agreeably disappointed. At Suez we took trains for Cairo. The ride thro' the desert was very hot and dusty. We were much excited when we caught sight of our first camels as they wandered thro' the desert grazing, where to our eyes, there was nothing to graze on. Of course on reaching Cairo our one point of interest was the Pyramids and the Sphinx. They are wonderful and it would be useless for me to try to describe them for, unless you have actually seen them, you can have no conception of the magnitude of the Pyramids or the mysterious charm of the Sphinx, standing as they do, on the edge of the great desert facing the east. They are now rough in appearance

as the granite covering has been torn away and built into the splendid palaces and mosques of Cairo.

Some one says of the Sphinx, "That wonderful face which has gazed across the fiery sands of the desert for unknown thousands of years, marking the coming and going of every historical Empire, although worn by time, scarred by the wind driven sand that has beaten upon it, and mutilated by both the Moslem fanatic and the modern relic hunter, still impresses the beholder with its singular expression of thoughtfulness and dignity, of solemnity and majesty."

After seeing the sights of Cairo we again took trains for Port Said where our ship was waiting for us.

We now felt as if we were really on our homeward journey.

I had enjoyed every minute of my trip but a sight of the Stars and Stripes seemed good and I agreed with Dr. Van Dyke in his lines:—

"So its home again, and home again, America for me;
My heart is turning home again to God's countrie
To the blessed land of Room
Enough, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine
And the flag is full of stars."

FIELD MEETING—1914.

DEDICATION OF THE GODFREY NIMS MEMORIAL,
REUNION OF THE NIMS FAMILY ASSOCIATION,

FIELD DAY OF THE
POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

ON THE GROUNDS OF MEMORIAL HALL, DEERFIELD,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13TH, 1914, AT 10 A. M.

VICE-PRESIDENT RICHARD E. BIRKS WILL PRESIDE AT
THE MORNING EXERCISES.

PROGRAM.

MUSIC, "Home Again," Hutchin's Orchestra
PRAYER, Rev. George W. Solley
ADDRESS, "Wayside Memorials," Rev. Frank Wright Pratt
NOTE OF WELCOME, Hon. George Sheldon,
President P. V. M. A.
MUSIC, "A Mighty Fortress is our God," Orchestra
Museum open to all with special attendants.
11.45, basket lunch. Coffee provided for all bringing cups.

The exercises of the afternoon will begin at one o'clock,
and be in charge of the Nims Family Association, con-
ducted by their President, Marshall W. Nims, Concord, N. H.

PROGRAM.

MUSIC, "Auld Lang Syne," Orchestra
DEDICATORY PRAYER, Rev. Granville W. Nims,
Troy, N. H.

- STORY OF GODFREY NIMS, Judge Francis Nims Thompson,
Greenfield, Mass.
- ECHOES FROM CANADA, Frederick C. Nims,
Painesville, Ohio
- MUSIC, "Canadian Boat Song," Orchestra
- STRAY LEAVES FROM THE ANCESTRAL TREE,
Medella S. Nims, Keene, N. H., Historian
- UNVEILING OF BOULDER,
Norris G. Nims, Keene, N. H.
Charlotte S. Nims, Keene, N.H.
- PRESENTATION OF BOULDER TO NIMS ASSOCIATION,
Henry W. Nims, Keene, N. H.
- ACCEPTANCE, Marshall W. Nims, President
- PRESENTATION OF BOULDER TO POCUMTUCK VALLEY
MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
Norman G. Nims, Yonkers, N.Y.
- ACCEPTANCE OF BOULDER,
Mrs. George Sheldon, Deerfield
- ODE TO BOULDER, Mrs. Eunice K. Nims Brown,
Springfield, Mass.
- BENEDICTION.

The Misses Miller, who occupy the Godfrey Nims Homestead will open their house for the day as a Rest Room for the Nims Family.

REPORT.

A notable event at Deerfield last Thursday was the field day meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in connection with the Nims Family Association gathering, to dedicate a boulder to Godfrey Nims, ancestor of all the Nims name in America.

The forenoon exercises were in charge of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and the afternoon, beginning at 1 o'clock, in the hands of the Nims Association. The attendance both at the morning and afternoon exercises was large, there being present some from Bowling Green, Ohio, Painesville, Ohio, Concord, Keene, Troy, N. H., New York, Boston, Springfield, Winchendon, and other places.

Under the canopy of the beautiful old trees on the his-

toric P. V. M. Association's grounds, once the home lot of Godfrey Nims, a large platform was erected and decorated with evergreen and flags of the United States and France, (for Godfrey Nims was probably of French ancestry). This was occupied by the speakers and the venerable George Sheldon, president of the Association, now in his 96th year, who was present throughout the exercises of the day.

A large number of people availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing the marvelous collection in Memorial hall, which was free to all after the exercises, and special attendants were in charge of different rooms. The museum contains many relics from the old Nims house, which Mr. Sheldon had appropriately marked so that the Nims family could see at a glance the memorials of their ancestors.

The residence of the Misses Miller stands on the street of Old Deerfield village, and on the home lot of Godfrey Nims, which until recently has been in the Nims family. The house, over 200 years old, was visited with great interest by many who came to Deerfield to witness the dedication of the monument.

The memorial boulder was brought from Roxbury, N. H., where it stood on the home farm of the head of the Nims family in that state. It is a natural three-sided pyramid, is nearly six feet in height, and weighs seven tons. On the side toward Academy lane it bears a bronze tablet. The land upon which it stands as already stated, is a part of the original Godfrey Nims homestead.

A note of welcome by George Sheldon was full of interest to all who have followed the remarkable career of the president of the association in his historical work at Deerfield. In it he told of hearing from the lips of his grandmother the story of the escape of John Nims (Son of Godfrey) from Canada in 1705, who repeated the tale as she had heard it from John Nims himself. The span of human history covered in the relation of the incident was truly remarkable, for there intervened but one person in the transmission of the story of the events of 1705, 209 years back in the history of New England.

A part of the note of welcome referred to the address de-

livered by Edward Everett at the dedication of the Bloody Brook memorial at South Deerfield, seventy-nine years ago, which was heard by Mr. Sheldon, and from which though a boy he received inspiration.

Rev. Richard E. Birks then introduced Rev. Frank Wright Pratt as a "captive from Canada." Mr. Pratt is field agent in Canada of the American Unitarian Association. He is the son of Mrs. Sarah A. Pratt of Deerfield, and his boyhood was passed in that town. Mr. Pratt gave an address on "Wayside Memorials," and said in part: "Our wayside memorials keep ever before us the vital life and manhood of former days. They make courage immortal. I pity the man who has no historical background for his life. Our present homes are set in this inspiring background of the past. I remember my awe as a boy when I stood before the old Indian House Door. Memorial Hall is not merely a collection of old things, but is filled with speaking voices of the past.

"The coming of civilization means the intertwining of nature with human affairs. This valley is not beautiful merely for its natural attractions, but also for its human associations. Our streets are living memorials. Travelers always seek out these places of historical interest associated with great personalities. I have passed through the Canadian Rockies, but they lack the interest of the Alps with their Napoleonic associations.

"One of the most impressive monuments I know is a statue of Christ erected as a memorial to Peace on the boundary line of Chili and Argentina in the Andes Mountains, erected there with incredible labor and inscribed with these words: 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chilians break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.'

"We are gathered today to memorialize the pioneer spirit. Old Deerfield was a frontier town and is still a frontier town filled with the spirit of pioneers. The problem of New England is to turn the wisdom of the past toward the optimism of the present. The best thing in this town and

every town is the spirit of youth inspired and consecrated by the pioneer spirit. We are talking constantly of the high cost of living, which may be met by every individual so far as possible raising his own living. The pride of being the creator of one's own necessities of life will in the future lead to a personal independence. Deerfield must import some things, but everything which can be produced here should be. Then will the town again be a pioneer in showing how life should be lived.

"We are filled with sorrow that the old savage heart is still in humanity and war is still possible. The savage creeping over the old stockade here in 1704 is no more cruel than the war spirit across the sea. Let this European war stand as a memorial for all time to the awful horrors of war and turn the nations toward universal peace."

The women of the Congregational Church served dinner to 94 of the Nims Association. Mrs. Sheldon provided dinner for a large number and many enjoyed their basket lunch with the hot coffee served to them on the ground. The afternoon exercises were given over to the Nims Family Association of Keene, N. H. Rev. Granville W. Nims of Troy, N. H., president of the association, presided and offered the dedicatory prayer.

The leading paper of the day was by Judge Francis Nims Thompson, of Greenfield, who presented a very interesting account of Godfrey Nims and his adventurous story, with a sketch of the history of the family. Everyone bearing the Nims name in America is descended from Godfrey Nims. He was an active figure in Northampton and later in Deerfield, where he built his house before the Deerfield massacre of 1704, and was one of the heavy sufferers in the scenes which ensued upon the sacking of Deerfield. A review of his career, which was filled with stirring and romantic happenings, was given by Judge Thompson.

Frederick C. Nims of Painesville, O., presented an address, "Echoes from Canada," in which he dealt in a highly interesting manner with the history of the descendants of Godfrey Nims, who remained in Canada after the sack of Deerfield in 1704. There are now living at the Lake of the

Two Mountains in Canada descendants of Abigail Nims, who was carried a captive from Deerfield at the time of the massacre, and who was married there to Josiah Rising, another captive, who stayed in Canada.

Mr. Nims told of his trip in Canada through the section where the Nims family were held captive by the French and Indians. He visited there the descendants of Abigail Nims, whose history was sketched by Judge Thompson.

Miss Madella S. Nims of Keene, N. H., historian of the Nims Association, gave a talk, "Stray Leaves from the Ancestral Tree," in which she traced the David Nims' branch of the family in Keene, N. H., and also gave the history of the association which has 300 members. The first reunion took place Sept. 30, 1904, and was started by Mrs. Lydia Nims Wheeler of Hopedale, Mass.

The boulder was unveiled by Norris G. Nims, little son of Sydney Nims, and Charlotte S. Nims, little daughter of Walter Nims, both of Keene. This boulder was brought from the homestead of Godfrey Nims' grandson in Roxbury, N. H. The inscription follows:

Godfrey Nims
Ancestor of All of the
Name of Nims
Settled in Deerfield 1674
Fought under Capt. Turner 1676
Bought This Home Lot 1692
His House Burned, His Wife
And Seven Children Captured
Or Killed by Indians in 1704.
This New Hampshire Boulder Was
Erected as a Memorial by the
Nims Family Association, 1914.

Henry W. Nims of Keene presented the boulder to the association, which was accepted by Marshall W. Nims of Concord. Norman G. Nims of Yonkers, N. Y., presented the boulder to the P. V. M. A. and Mrs. George Sheldon of Deerfield accepted it. Mrs. Eunice G. Nims Brown of Springfield read an ode to the boulder.

Altogether it was a day long to be remembered, the weather was all that could be desired, music excellent and many notable papers and addresses given.

A NOTE OF WELCOME.

BY GEORGE SHELDON.

In the name of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association I welcome the Nims family of America, and all assembled, to this historic ground.

The fact that the Nims Family Association has elected to erect here a monument to their earliest known ancestor is not surprising to us, when it is considered how far-reaching has been the reputation of Deerfield as a public monument builder.

The date of the earliest known memorial of this ancient town—that to Lothrop and his men—has been buried under the shadows of time. That Godfrey Nims played his part in the erection of this first memorial we may not be able to prove, but from what we know of the man and the circumstances we need not have the slightest doubt, but that he was there, and at the forefront in that far away patriotic enterprise.

The building of the present Lothrop monument seventy-nine years ago, in which the first monument served as a corner stone, was an occurrence of my own early experience, and a noteworthy event in the history of the town. It was then and there I came face to face with the chief living orator of America, the renowned Edward Everett. It was then and there I first felt the thrill of emotion aroused by his matchless eloquence. Whatever I have accomplished in connection with memorial stones may well be said to have sprung from seed planted on that occasion, and it is through the events of that memorable day that I hark back to the career of Godfrey Nims. It does not seem to me a far cry to connect the present occasion with the first in which God-

frey Nims took part, through the second, in which I participated four score years ago save one.

Among the compatriots who doubtless stood hand in hand with Godfrey Nims in this first commemoration were John Sheldon, David Hoyt and John Stebbins, three ancestors of mine; Parson John Williams, Benoni Stebbins, Jonathan Wells, Daniel Belding, John Hawks, Samuel Carter and John Catlin.

Of the Nimses who may have been and probably were at Bloody Brook in 1835 were Moses Nims, Hull Nims, Joel Nims, Elijah A. Nims, Edwin Nims, Elisha Nims, John Nims, Thomas Nims, Albert H. Nims, Justus Nims, Lucius Nims and Reuben Nims, all descendants of Godfrey Nims, in whose honor we are this day assembled.

The spirit of monumental building which controlled Godfrey Nims and his compeers, likewise his descendants of 1835, is shown by the action of the Nims Family Association on this occasion, and justifies me in connecting the first memorial of unknown date with the exercises of this day.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has been imbued from its earliest days with the same spirit and in 1875, the bi-centennial of the Lothrop catastrophe, the association, then but five years old, held a meeting at the Lothrop monument where more than 6000 people were assembled, among whom the Nims blood was too largely infused to be easily individualized. At this meeting William Everett, son of the famous orator of 1835, delivered an impassioned poem which no one who heard it will ever forget.

Again, the same spirit was manifested in the memorable field day of our association held in Deerfield in 1903. The fundamental idea at this gathering was the enduring monumental memorial. Four marble tablets were placed in Memorial hall; one to Zachariah Field by Marshall Field of Chicago, one to Samson Frary by Vice-President Levi P. Morton of New York, one to Nathaniel Sutcliffe by B. H. Sutcliffe of Connecticut, and one to Godfrey Nims by an enthusiastic member of the Nims family, Franklin Asa Nims of Colorado. In the dedicatory exercises of that day citizens of nine states practically participated.

Of course Godfrey Nims stands at the head and front of all that is said and done here today. Had it been ever so lightly intimated to Godfrey Nims on the first memorial occasion that he too might, in the course of events, be the object of a similar ceremony, can we imagine what the old hero would have said? I cannot conceive that he would have wasted any words or any thought upon such an apparently preposterous, unthinkable proposition, which, however, in reality, was but the foreshadowing of the events of this day, when a noble monument is reared by his own descendants upon his own home lot.

A mutual interest and aim have brought the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and the Nims Family Association into close, tangible relations on this inspiring day. You, my friends, have come from the four quarters of the Union and perhaps beyond to do honor to your ancestor. With filial zeal you have brought from the homestead of one of your family this superb boulder, and have planted it upon soil which has been a thousand times pressed by the very feet of Godfrey Nims. This is an act fundamentally and everlastingly fit.

About the base of this boulder memorial we are already weaving a carpet of vivid green, and our majestic elms are stretching out their graceful arms in every direction in token of a loving welcome to you all.

THE STORY OF GODFREY NIMS.

BY FRANCIS NIMS THOMPSON.

Often has Old Deerfield been the shrine toward which a band of pilgrims has been drawn by some common interest; but never before has the family of Godfrey Nims gathered in this way on his home lot to honor his memory.

Here, Godfrey Nims builded—and, after fire devoured it, builded anew—his home, as pioneers have built and will build while there shall remain a frontier; and he and those

about his hearth loved it as we love that for which we have planned and worked. As our minds revive the personality of our common ancestor, that common blood which inseparably links us should thrill in our veins.

Children of his children, we have come home to tread the soil upon which fell the sweat, tears and blood of our fathers and mothers in those early days of labor, suffering and savage murder. Periods of calm there were too, when the spinning wheels hummed in the primitive homes of this little village and the scythes swung and swished in the golden fields out yonder, and the settlers forgot for a time that the dark bordering forests hid wild beasts formed as men but fierce as fiends.

This Nims lot was, not so long ago, the stage upon which was enacted one of those pioneer tragedies too blood-curdling and awful to adequately picture in words:—the naked Indians— painted demons—slaughtering children by the lurid light of a flaming home, amid the din of savage yells and the shrieks of terrified women and of children butchered or burned.

“Not so long ago”—for I remember my grandfather Nims, big in both brawn and brain, and all heart; his grandfather was the Greenfield settler, and his grandfather was the head of that suffering household. So recently did the Great Spirit release the first waves of civilization to break on the eastern shore of this broad land, and so recently did his red children, wild denizens of the wilderness, seek to turn that irresistible flood back from the land their fathers had possessed for uncounted generations.

Long enough ago, however, were these events, to be veiled in that mist of time which, half concealing, half revealing, lures curiosity and charms imagination. The Honorable George Sheldon, in our well-thumbed bible of local history, says:—“A family tradition places Godfrey Nims here, as third settler before 1671.” “Real estate here was sold to such men only as were approved by Dedham.” He “bought home lot No. 35, in 1674, but I do not find him living here until the Permanent Settlement.” In “True Stories of New England Captives” Miss C. Alice Baker

says:—"The third settler, Godfrey Nims, came from Northampton to Deerfield in 1670, living there 'in a sort of a house where he had dug a hole or cellar in the side hill,' south of Colonel Wilson's. At the allotment of the homesteads in 1671, he built a house, on what lot is not known." Mr. Sheldon says that in 1704 Thankful Nims and her husband were living on this Wilson lot "in a sort of side-hill cave, which was so covered with snow as to escape the observation of the enemy" and that the Nims houses burned in 1694 and 1704 each stood "on the site of the present Nims house."

Of the time earlier than these dates we find another tradition, pointing back to France, and a colonial public record not inconsistent with the tradition: David Nims, junior, told his grandson, the late Brigham Nims of Roxbury, that he had been told by David, senior, a grandson of Godfrey, that Godfrey Nims was a Huguenot, came to America as a mere lad and at first spelled his name Godefroi de Nismes, but changed the spelling to suit the colonial way of pronouncing it. Deacon Zadock Nims of Sullivan received and transmitted a similar tradition as to the spelling.

A few miles north of the Mediterranean and west of the Rhone lies the ancient city of Nimes, or Nismes. Now a place of seventy or eighty thousand people, and the capital of the department of Gard, it was the Roman Nemasus. Conquered by the Romans 121 years before Christ, it became one of the chief provincial cities; was plundered by the Vandals in 407, suffered from the West Goths and Saracens, and was in 1258 united to France. Nimes suffered in the Huguenot wars, and was in 1815 the scene of reactionary atrocities against the Protestants. The city still retains the coat of arms used when it was a Roman province: This represents a palm tree, to which a crocodile is chained, and bears the abbreviation Col. Nem. for its old name Colonia Nemasus. Here are notable Roman antiquities, including an amphitheatre which, although one of the oldest buildings in the world, is still used in the good old barbaric way. Here, in 1787, was born Guizot, the distinguished French historian and statesman; and here in Nimes, if we may credit

tradition, was born, sometime about 1650, Godfrey, whom the English in New England called Nims.

What of the public record? Well, the record tells very solemnly, but graphically, of a boy, much out of humor with life in an English colony, conspiring with two other young scamps to run away to the French; and, when all the good folk had gone to meeting "ransacking about the house" to find the wherewithal to furnish the expedition. An Indian in it, too! Can you beat that? Boy all over; and French boy at that. If he wasn't Godefroi de Nismes, where did he come from and where were all the other Nimses?

So much for speculation and for sympathy with the boy: Now here are the very cold facts, and no sympathy at all:—(The first book of Hampshire probate records, at pages 88 and 91.)

"Att the County Courte holden Att Springfield Sept: 24: 1667: For holding this Courte there were Present Capt John Pynchon One of ye Honnoble Assists of this Collony: Also Mr. Henry Clarke Leiut Willm Clarke Leiut Sam'll Smith And Eli Holyoke Recorder Associate and ye Jury were," etc. etc. * * * * *

"James Bennet, Godfrey Nims & Benoni Stebbins, young lads of Northampton being by Northampton Comissionrs bound ouer to this Corte to answer for diverse crimes & misdemeanrs comitted by them, were brought to this Corte by ye Constable of yt Towne wch 3 lads are accused by Robert Bartlett for that they gott into his house two Sabbath dayes when all the family were at the Publike Meeting: On ye first of wch tymes, they vizt. Nims & Stebbins did ransack about the house & tooke away out of diverse places of the house vist. 24 shillings in silver & 7s in Wampum wth the intention to run away to the ffrench: Al which is by them confessed, wch wickednesse of theires hath also been accompanyd with frequent lying to excuse & justify themselves especially on Nims his pt, who it seemes hath been a ring-leader in their villainys: ffor all wch their crimes and misdemeanors this Corte doth Judge yt the said 3 lads shalbe well whipt on their naked bodys vizt. Nims & Bennet wth 15 lashes apeece & Bononi Stebbins with 11 lashes. And

the said Nims & Stebbins are to pay Robert Bartlett the summe of 4*l* being accounted treble according to law, for what goods he hath lost by their meanes. Also those psons that recd any money of any of the said lads, are to restore it to the s'd Robert Bartlett. But there being made to the Corte an earnest petition & request by Ralfe Hutchinson father-in-law to ye said James Bennet & diverse other considerable psons yt the said Bennets corporall punishment might be released by reason of his mothers weakness, who it is feared may suffer much inconveniency thereby, that punishment was remitted upon his father-in-law his engaging to this Corte to pay ffive pounds to ye County as a fyne for the said Bennets offence, wch 5*l* is to be paid to ye County Treasurer for ye use of ye county. Also John Stebbins, Junior being much suspected to have some hand in their plotting to run away. This Corte doth ordr ye Comissionrs of Northampton to call him before ym & to examine him about that or any other thing whereon he is suspected to be guilty wth ye said lads, & so act therein according to their discretion, attending law. Also they are to call the Indian called Quequelatt who had a hand in their plott & to deale with him according as they fynd."

Before the year was over the Indian "Quequelett was 'whipt 20 lashes' for helping Godfrey Nims and Benoni Stebbins 'about running away to Canada' ". At a court held the following March John Stebbins, junior, a brother of Benoni, acknowledged that he had been privy to the plot of Bennett and Stebbins to run away, and the court, because he had concealed his knowledge of it, sentenced him to be "whipt on the naked body with ten stripes or else to pay 40s to the County Treasurer." His father paid the fine.

On page 143 of the same book of records it appears that:—"At the County Cote holden at Northampton March 25th 167 2-3 * * * Godfrey Nims * * * James Bennett Zebediah Williams * * * Benoni Stebbins * * * all of Northampton took the Oath of Fidelity to this Governmt." There were other names, which I have not copied, but these were the three bad boys, now loyal men, with presumably the same Zebediah Williams who "sold out his

land in Northampton, in 1674. He was here in 1675, and was one of the teamsters killed with Lothrop. His widow, Mary, daughter of Wm. Miller, married Godfrey Nims" November 26th, 1677. In 1692 the Court ordered Patience Miller, as the grandmother of Zebediah, junior, "to take him and educate him, or get him out for education"; but his stepfather, Godfrey Nims, objected, and the case was postponed. This Zebediah Williams was captured with John Nims and died in Canada. His widow married again, as had his mother. His grandmother had married three times. James Bennett's widow married Benoni Stebbins. The frontier in Indian times was no place for single blessedness.

Among contributions to Harvard College, made in Northampton in 1672-3, is listed "free Nims 5 lb. flaxe." This was worth five shillings and an average contribution.

In 1674 Godfrey Nims bought from William Smead, whose daughter he married in 1692, the north part of lot No. 25; and in 1701 he sold it to his brother-in-law Ebenezer Smead.

May 19th, 1676, Nims, Bennett and Stebbins proved that their "Oath of Fidelity," taken three years earlier, was no idle formality; serving, as they did, under Capt. William Turner of Boston in the Falls Fight against the Pocumtuck Indians. Spurred by the enemy's bold harassment, about 140 whites marched in dead of night through the primeval wilderness against unknown numbers of a savage tribe. Surprising them at the salmon fishing falls near the mouth of Fall river, some 400 Indians were slain; but the white men lost Capt. Turner, James Bennett and forty others. A grave discovered during my boyhood days, in the gravel bank on the farm of my grandfather Nims, is thought by Mr. Sheldon to have been that of Capt. Turner, who was shot on the retreat as he rode up the west bank of Green river.

Trumbull's *History of Northampton* says that "Godfrey Nims afterward settled in Deerfield, became the owner of considerable property, and was an honored and respected citizen." Also that he sold in 1682 a dwelling house and land on the west side of Hawley Street in Northampton.

January 6th, 1685, "Godfrey Nims, for five acres want, had fourteen acres 'at the south end of the commonly called Martins Meadow: that to be his south line: to run in length from the Grate river to the Grate hill & so take his breadth northerly.'"

February 5, 1687, a committee was chosen to measure the common fence and lay out to each proprietor his proportion on a basis of eleven feet to an acre, and Godfrey Nims was assigned 27 rods and 11 feet to maintain.

The first meeting of the inhabitants of Deerfield which was recorded as a "town" meeting "appears to have been held December 16th, 1686." Here the names of William Smead and Benoni Stebbins again appear, now as two of the six selectmen, and among other transactions of this meeting was the laying out of wood lots. "A list of the wood lots as they were Drawn April 20, 1688" shows that "Godfre Nims" drew No. 38 and held 14 cow commons, and that each of his two lots at Long Hill was 21 rods wide. In "A List of Wood Lots on the Mountain, the first Lot beginning at Deerfield River Laying along by the River side:—" Lot No. 1 fell to "Godfre Nims"; who, with his 14 cow commons, was entitled to a lot 28 rods wide.

"May 30th, 1689. Att a legal Town meeting in Deerfield Godfre Nims was chosen constable for the year ensuing until anothr be chosen & sworn." A month earlier Governor Andros had been deposed by a revolution of the people, and our friend Stebbins was one of the selectmen who had sent a representative to confer with the "Counsell of Safety."

December 14th, 1691, Nims was chosen one of the five selectmen. This was at a critical time, as the previous month "about one hundred and fifty Indians came here from the Hudson, complicating affairs, and increasing the alarm."

Our ancestor was the owner of house lots 27, 28. The numbering of lots began at the north end of the street on the west side, and ended at the north end on the east side, and the lots were drawn May 14th, 1671. The history of this tract and of the buildings on it is worth a separate paper, and it is sufficient to say here that he purchased lot No. 27 in 1692, it being conveyed by the administrator of the estate

of Benjamin Barrett to Godfrey Nims, cordwainer. The house burned January 4th, 1694; and November 21st of that year he bought lot No. 28 from Benjamin Hastings, a carpenter. The Nims house stood within the stockade and burned February 29th, 1704, and the present house is more than two centuries old.

A manuscript, (probably an official report), found among the papers of Fritz John Winthrop, governor of Connecticut 1698–1707, and giving “an account of ye destruction at Derefd,” bears a long list of losses, headed by “The Rev’nd Mr. John Williams” and “Godfrey Nims”; by which it appears that theirs were among the most valuable houses burned, and that each lost house and barn and all in them. The white church, town office, town hall and school building and the old academy building, now Memorial Hall, all stand on the Nims tract.

January 4th, 1694, when the Nims house burned, the stepson, Jeremiah Hull perished. The jury of inquest reported: “The said Jeremiah Hull, being put to bed in a chamber with another child, after some time, Henry, said Godfrey Nims’s son, a boy of about 10 years of age, went into the chamber with a light & by accident fired some flax or tow, which fired the house. Sd Henry brought down one child, & going up again to fetch sd Jeremiah, the chamber was all aflame & before other help came, sd Jeremiah was past recovery.” Poor little Jeremiah was but four years old, and his sister Elizabeth Hull was five. Did our little ancestress so narrowly escape death? Or was the “one child,” whom Henry brought down, Thomas Nims—just then the baby of this growing family?

This year, 1694, Godfrey Nims bought a part of house lot No. 1 (at the north end of the street, west side,) from John Weller, junior. In 1719 Godfrey’s son, John owned real estate there, and in 1774 Abner Nims sold it for ninety pounds.

August 21st, 1695, our ancestor and four other men “coming out in ye Morning on Horses goeing to mil & wth Baggs under ym, Had 7 or 8 guns discharged upon ym, unexpectedly, & seeing noebody till ye guns were shot of, wherein

eminent gracious providence appeared that no more mischief was done to ors. For except Joseph Barnard, who was shot downe off his horse and sorely wounded, not one more hurt, wheras ours were surprised & ye Indians had time." So John Pynchon wrote to Gov. Wm. Stoughton; and Stephen Williams adds to the "Redeemed Captive" a statement that "then N(ims) took him up and his horse was shot down and then he was mounted behind M (attoon) and came of home." Barnard, who was the town clerk of Deerfield, died September sixth, and Mr. Sheldon says that his gravestone bears the earliest date in the old graveyard.

That year the meeting house, thirty feet square, was building; and "Att a legal Town Meeting in Deerfd Novemb: 22 1695 Godfrey Nims was chosen Collector to collect and gather two rates yt is to say a Town rate and a Meeting House Rate both made in ye year 1694 which Rates he is to deliver being gathered to the Selectmen." He was one of the selectmen in 1695 and 1696.

March 3rd, 1701, Godfrey Nims, Sergt. Allyn and Corp. Wells were chosen to lay a road to the land on the west side of the river. Their report was made June 14th, and they also reported a "hie way to ye Green River lands," which highway led through the present Main street of Greenfield, and then northerly through Greenfield Meadows, where now live Nims descendants of the sixth generation.

In 1702 Nims and Stebbins were again associated—this time on the school committee; the town having in 1698 adopted a liberal policy of education, and voted that "a school be continued in ye town: That all heads of families yt have Children whether male or female between ye ages of six and ten years, shal pay by the poll to sd school whether yd send such children to School or not."

Godfrey Nims had six children by his first wife, Mary Miller, who was the widow of Zebediah Williams and had a son and daughter by her first husband; and the second wife, Mehitable Smead, also a widow, had a son and daughter by her first husband Jeremiah Hull and five children by Mr. Nims.

Of course the Williams boy and girl were thus half-

brother and sister to the Miller-Nims children, and step-brother and sister to the Smead-Nims children; but not related to the Hull boy and girl; who were, however, half-brother and sister to the Smead-Nims children, and step-brother and sister to the Miller-Nims children.

Among them, the four sets of children had but five parents; of whom four were ancestors of the Greenfield branch of the family, as John Nims (the son of Godfrey by his first wife) married Elizabeth Hull (the daughter of Godfrey's second wife by her first husband,) and their son Thomas went to Greenfield, married Esther Martindale, and assisted in populating the new town.

Godfrey Nims' first wife, Mary, the Widow Williams, had two children; Mary Williams, born December 24th, 1673, whose fate I do not know; and Zebediah Williams, junior, born in 1675, who was captured with his half-brother John Nims in 1703, and died in Canada in 1706, leaving a widow and two children.

Godfrey's first child, Rebecca, was born and died in August 1678. John and another Rebecca were born August 14, 1679: John was captured October 8, 1703, and escaped May 14, 1705; married Elizabeth Hull, as stated above; Rebecca married Philip Mattoon January 15, 1702, and was slain with their only child in the massacre of 1704. Henry, born April 20, 1682, was also slain in 1704. Thankful, born August 29, 1684, married Benjamin Munn and they were unharmed at the time of the massacre.

Ebenezer was born March 14, 1687, captured in 1704, redeemed in 1714.

Their mother died April 27, 1688; and, June 27, 1692, their father married the Widow Mehitable Hull, whose daughter Elizabeth Hull (born December 23, 1688,) was also captured in 1704, and after her redemption married John Nims; Mrs. Hull's son Jeremiah (born January 15, 1690,) was the child burned in the Nims house in 1694. Thomas Nims was born November 8, 1693, and died September 10, 1697. Mehitable, born May 16, 1696, and the twins Mary and Mercy, born February 28, 1699, were all burned in the later house February 29, 1704. The youngest

child, Abigail, born May 27, 1700, was captured in 1704 and carried to Canada, "whence she came not back." Mrs. Nims, also taken captive, was slain on the trail; probably Saturday, March 4, 1704.

When the flame-lit night of February 29th, 1704, gave place to the cold dawn of March first; and Godfrey Nims, standing here, looked upon what had been his own hard-won home and was then the smoking funeral pyre of his three little daughters, there was left to comfort him but one member of his family.

His eldest son and his step-son captured the fall before; His son Henry, aged 22, slain; His eldest daughter and her baby boy slain; His wife, his boy Ebenezer, his baby Abigail, Elizabeth Hull his step-daughter, and Mattoon his son-in-law,— all led away into the night by bloody and brutal savages: One alone was there:—Thankful, his daughter, whose snow-covered home had concealed its inmates.

Mrs. Nims and Philip Mattoon were slain on the march. Her mother (Elizabeth Smead) and her brother's wife and two children were killed. Deerfield suffered that night. It is written:—"48 dead, 111 captives in Canada; only 25 men, as many women and 75 children, 43 of whom were under ten years of age were left."

The next year John escaped from the enemy and made his long way back to Deerfield; but his father, Godfrey Nims, had escaped the bonds of mortality, and his body had been borne down the Albany road and laid in the old burying ground near the ford of the river, where rest those who hewed their own way into the wilderness and blazed a trail for civilization.

Zebediah Williams remained a captive in Canada and soon died. Ebenezer and Elizabeth Hull were redeemed, but Abigail grew up among the French and Indians, and refused to return to New England and Protestantism. The fascinating story of her life is beautifully told, under the title "*The Two Captives*," by Miss Baker, whose genius for accurate research was supplemented by the power to read between the lines and to express her discoveries and her opinions in most charming English.

In the old Hampshire probate records, book 3, page 127, is this entry:—"Power of Administration on the Estate of Godfrey Nims late of Deerfield Deceased was Granted on the 10th day of April Annoque Domini: 1705 to Benjamin Mun of sd Deerfield—He Having Given Bond for the faithful Discharge of his Trust" and on the next page follows:

"An Inventory of Godfrey Nims Estate Taken March ye 12th: 1705.

One Muskett	L 12	To 2 Howes	L 5
One pr of pistolls	1 4	Meal	1 4
One Simmeter	10	One Piece of a tim-	
Powder And Lead	3	ber Chain	6 8
One Coat and 2 Wast		One Horse	5
Coats	1 10	2 oxen	6
One pr Leather Britches	12	one Cow	2
2 pr Stockins	5	one Calfe	14
A pr of Shooes	3 6	One Cow	2 10
One pr of Boots	17	One Cow	2 6
2 Pewter Platters	7	One Cow	2 5
One Pot and Pot hooks	10	One Heifer	1 9
Sixteen yds and a Halfe		One Heifer	1 1
of New Cloath at 2/8d		One Mare Colt	15
p pr yd	2 4	One Cart and Wheels	1 12
One Brass Kittle	6 6	One Plow and Irons	16
One Iron Kittle	10	One Plow Clevy & Pins	2
One pr of And Irons	1 6	One Chain	5
One Trammel	3 6	One Harrow	8
One Saddle and Bridle	1 12	By old Irons Burnt In the	
2 Neckloaths	4 4	House which were brought to	
One Coverlid	13	Northampton and were	
One pr of Sheets	8 4	Prised by Medad Pumry &	
One Hatt	4	John A. Ward the whole they	
One Barrel of Pork	2 10	Prised at five Pounds	
13 Bushels of Wheat	1 19	April 10th 1705	5
To one Homelot Containing Six Acres			
To one Homelot Containing Two Acres			
To one Lot In Great Meadow Containing Eight Acres			
To one Lot in Great Meadow Containing Seaven Acres			
To one Lot In the Plain Containing Seven Acres & Halfe			

To Two Lotts In old fort containing Six acres
To one Lot In Second Division Containing Twelve Acres
To one Lot In Second Division Containing Four Acres
To Thirty Acres of Wood Land at the Great River
The aforesd Inventory being Taken In Deerfield by us Eleazr
Hawks, Edward Allin, Ebenezer Smead.

Hampshr Ss, April 10th. 1705 Benjamin Mun Adm. on the Estate of Godfrey Nims Deceased made oath Before Saml Partridge Esqr. Judge of Probate of Wills &c for sd County that the foregoing Inventory was a true one of the Estate of sd Deceased So farr as he knows and if more Appear He will Readily make Discovery thereof from time to time

Test John Pynchon Regr."

Following the record of the administrator's account on page 198, is the following entry, in which appears what must have been one of the first attempts by a Massachusetts probate court to appoint a receiver of the property of an absentee:—"Springfield Januy 11th 170 8-9 As To a Settlement of the Estate of Godfrey Nims of Deerfield Deceasd. I order that the Administrar Have the Dispose of Moveables to Pay the Debts and as to the land I settle as follows (viz) To John Nims Eldest Son to the Deceased 27lb. Being a debt due to sd John Nims In Right of his wife Elizabeth Hull out of land of sd Deceased Also a Double Portion of the Remainder of sd Land to sd John Nims, and to Ebenezer Nims, And to Benjamin Mun in Right of his wife Thankful Nims, and Abigail Nims Equal shares of sd land to be set out to them Equally both as to Quantity and Quality according to The above sd Division by Capt. Jonathan Wells Edward Allin Eliezer Hawkes Thomas French Ebenezer Smead or any Three of them to be sworn Before the Judge of Probates, Ebenzer Nims and Abigail Nims share to be under the Improvent of John Nims and Benjamin Mun Till they Return from Captivity or be otherwise Disposed according to Law. Sd John Nims and Benjamin Mun to be accountable for the Rents of sd lands to sd Ebenezer Nims and Abigail Nims. And in Case the Moveables will not Amount to Pay

the Debts Then Each Legatee to Refund there Ratable Part to sd Administrator, And in Case the Moveables Amount to more Then The Debts Then to be Divided in proportion as abovesd. And in Case John Nims the eldest son see Cause to Purchase the Land of the other Three Children he is allowed five yeares time to do it in Paying the Just value of the same According to a Just Apprizemt to be made at the five yeares End by three Indifferent men upon oath as the sd Children shall agree or as the Judge of Probate Shall Ap-
point

Saml Partridge''

From these four of Godfrey's eleven children are those today of the Nims name or blood descended: John; Thankful; Ebenezer; Abigail. The "seating" of the old meeting house shows the "qualifications" of the family to have been duly recognized.

JOHN NIMS.

October 8th, 1703, according to the written account by the Reverend Stephen Williams, "Zebediah Williams & John Nims went into ye meadow in ye evening to look after creatures, & wer ambushed by indians in ye ditch beyond Frary's bridge, who fird at ym, but missd ym, and took W. quick, and N ran to ye pond, & then returned to ym (fearing to be shot,) ye Indians wound cattle and went off. Ye men were carried to Canada, where W. dyd, & N ran away in ye year 1705, wth Joseph Petty, Thos Baker and Martin Kellogue. My father escaped narrowly ye nt before at Broughtons hill." By reason of this event John was not at Deerfield in 1704 when so many of the family were slain.

October 22nd, 1703, Reverend Solomon Stoddard, writing from Northampton to Governor Dudley, adds this post-script concerning Godfrey Nims:—

"Since I wrote: the father of the two Captives belonging to Deerfield, has importunately desired me to write to yr Ex'cy that you wd endeavor the Redemption of his children—I

request that if you have any opportunity, you would not be backward to such a work of mercy."

Mr. Sheldon says:—"There is a tradition in the Nims family, that when De Rouville's expedition was being planned some of the leaders made John Nims the offer to save harmless all of his friends, if he would act as their guide. The proposition was joyfully accepted by Nims, with the expectation of being able to escape and give seasonable warning. But when the matter came to the ears of the Governor, he forthwith put a stop to the project, as a dangerous experiment. Soon after John Sheldon left Canada for home in 1705, four young men, disappointed at not being allowed to return with him, made their escape and reached home about June 8th.

* * * They had no arms, but probably a small stock of provisions, and reached our frontier more dead than alive from hunger and fatigue." Joseph Petty's own account of this escape, addressed to Rev. Mr. Williams and preserved in Memorial Hall, details the incidents and sufferings of their journey from Montreal to our frontier in May and June, 1705.

John Nims was married in 1707 by Rev. John Williams to Elizabeth Hull, and they lived on the old homestead. Miss Baker says:—"In the summer of 1712, the Canadian governor proposed that the English captives in Canada should be 'brought into or near Deerfield, and that the French prisoners should be sent home from thence.' Gov. Dudley ordered Col. Partridge to collect the French captives here. When it was known in Deerfield that an escort was to be sent with them, there was no lack of volunteers. 'We pitch upon Lt. Williams' says Partridge, 'with the consent of his father, who hath the French tongue, Jonath Wells, Jno Nims, an absolute pilot, Eliezer Warner * * * and Thos. French, who also hath the French tongue, but think of the former (Nims) most apt for the design.' The party under command of Lieut. Samuel Williams, a youth of twenty-three, started on the 10th of July, returning in September with nine English captives. Godfrey Nims had died some years before. Ebenezer was still in captivity, and

John Nims evidently went as the head of the family, hoping to effect the release of his brother and sister. I judge that in urging Abigail's return, John made the most of the provision for her in his father's will, as the story goes in Canada that the relatives of the young Elizabeth, who were Protestants, and were amply provided with this world's goods, knowing that she had been carried to the Sault au Recollet, went there and offered a considerable sum for her ransom, and the savages would willingly have given her up if she herself had shown any desire to go with her relatives. To her brother's entreaties that she would return with him, she replied that she would rather be a poor captive among Catholics than to become the rich heiress of a Protestant family, and John came back without his sister and brother."

John Nims, and his wife Elizabeth, were blessed with a dozen children and more than five dozen grandchildren. She died September 21st, 1754, aged 66 years; and he died December 29th, 1762, aged 83; and their son John died October 6th, 1769, aged 54; as we may read on the mossy stones down in the old graveyard.

Of their other sons, Thomas settled in Greenfield, as before mentioned; Jeremiah lived in his father's house and was followed by his son Seth, deacon and revolutionary soldier, who kept the post office here from 1820 to 1831 in the old house, and was in turn followed by his son Edwin town clerk from 1832 to 1834 and the father of Mrs. Eunice Kimberly Nims Brown. She sold the place in 1894 (after it had been in the family for more than two centuries) to Mrs. Silvanus Miller, whose daughters are now its hospitable owners. Mrs. Brown's maternal grandparents were also descended respectively from John Nims, through John, junior, and the fourth brother, Daniel, who removed to Shelburne.

Godfrey—John—Jeremiah—Seth—Edwin—Eunice K.

Godfrey—John—John—Reuben—Joel—Dirixa—Eunice K.

Godfrey—John—Daniel—Asa—Betsey—Dirixa—Eunice K.

THANKFUL NIMS MUNN.

Thankful Nims, at the age of nineteen, married Benjamin Munn aged twenty; and bore him eleven children, most of whom were given the names of Godfrey's children. As has been stated, the young couple's humble and snow-covered home preserved them from death or capture in 1704, when all at the Nims home, except her father, were taken. Abigail, named for her captive aunt, married Joseph Richardson of Keene; and three younger daughters married Northampton, Springfield and Medway men.

EBENEZER NIMS.

Ebenezer Nims, captured in 1704, was then seventeen years old and made the march to Canada, was adopted by a squaw and lived at Lorette. Of his romantic marriage to Sarah Hoyt (born May 6th, 1686, to David & Sarah Wilson Hoyt) Mr. Sheldon says:—

“The priests urged her to marry. They pertinaciously insisted upon it as a duty, and had a French officer selected as her mate, thus assuring themselves of a permanent resident, and popish convert. Professing to be convinced of her duty in the matter, Sarah declared one day in public that she would be married, if any of her fellow-captives would have her. Ebenezer Nims, a life-long companion, at once stepped forward and claimed her for his bride. The twain were made one upon the spot. The wily priests had met their match, for it is easy to believe that this was a prearranged issue on the part of the lovers.”

They and their first son, Ebenezer, came home with Stoddard and Williams in 1714; and it is said that so much attached to them were the Indians of Lorette that they came to Quebec in a body to rescue this family, having heard it had been by force taken on board the ship. Ebenezer, jun-

ior, is supposed to have removed to Keene about 1739. There were four other sons, of whom David removed to Keene about 1740, and Moses removed to Connecticut after the Revolution. Elisha was killed by Indians at Fort Massachusetts in 1746, and Amasa removed to Greenfield.

It was among the thirty-six or more grandchildren of Godfrey that the dispersement of the Nims name began, as his sons had remained in Deerfield. The census records of the United States show that in 1790 there were nineteen families named Nims:—15 in Massachusetts, and 4 in New Hampshire,—and 126 persons in these 19 families. In N. H.; Alpheus' family, 3 males and 3 females, and David's, 6 males and 4 females, all of Keene; and in Sullivan were Eliakim's of 2 males and 2 females, and Zadock's of 4 males and 3 females.

ABIGAIL NIMS RISING.

Abigail Nims was captured when less than four years old, and her after-life remained a mystery for more than two centuries. Then Miss Baker's "Hunt for the Captives" revealed the record of her life in Canada. The child, "living in the wigwam of a squaw of the Mountain" was baptized in the Roman Catholic mission on the fifteenth of June, 1704, as Mary Elizabeth; was married at the age of fifteen to Josiah Rising, a fellow captive; and lived, and (February 19th, 1748,) died, among the Christian Indians, leaving eight children. The eldest son became a priest, the younger the father of ten children. One daughter was a nun, and another a distinguished Lady Superior.

* * * * *

Thus was the seed of Godfrey Nims sown in the new world. Others may tell of its fruitage. Few of the family became famous; none notorious. Many beside those here today bless the name of the former president of this association, Col. Ormand F. Nims, or remember "Nims battery" which he commanded when the Union called on her sons to pro-

tect her: but in all generations have the rank and file of the Nims name or blood, brave and gentle men and women, fought the good fight and, whether led by the loud call of trumpet or by the "still, small voice" of conscience advanced civilization.

* * * * *

It is right and fitting that we should take granite, torn by Nature's power from the foundations of the earth and clothed by her tenderness with lichens, and set it here—on this homestead—to commemorate those events and typify those qualities which should never be forgotten by any present or future descendant of Godfrey Nims.

ECHOES FROM CANADA.

BY FREDERICK CANDEE NIMS.

Godfrey Nims was probably born about 1650, and the births of the other principals referred to in this sketch, so far as our information extends, were as follows: John Nims, August 14, 1679; Ebenezer Nims, March 14, 1687; Abigail Nims, May 27, 1700; Zebediah Williams, 1675; Sarah Hoyt, May 6, 1686; and Josiah Rising, February 2, 1694.

Mankind loves mystery. The lack of knowledge regarding the parentage and early habitat of Godfrey Nims adds largely to the interest of his descendants in this virile character. In like manner the mystery for so many years surrounding the life in Canada of the little Deerfield captive, Abigail Nims, invoked much curiosity and sympathy south of the St. Lawrence, and as late as the middle of the last century articles were published in "The Galaxy Magazine" deprecating her disappearance, and strongly censuring the "abandonment of efforts" for her ransom. If mystery is attractive, its solution is doubly so, and without doubt this element was one of the potent factors in the mind of our good friend, George Sheldon, when he urged Miss C. Alice Baker to undertake the quest for the many New England captives who "came not back from Canada." Miss Baker,

with her effective knowledge of French, her ability, industry and enthusiasm, was well equipped for the work, and we can easily conceive the delight she experienced at each discovery which rewarded her patient labors. The results of her years of Canadian research are embodied in her "True Stories of New England Captives," a work of great literary beauty and historical interest, and of especial value to the descendants of Godfrey Nims, for therein is recorded practically all that is known to date of their first American ancestor and his immediate family.

In September, 1908, or about eighteen years subsequent to Miss Baker's visit, it was the good fortune of my wife and self to follow her footprints to the Lake of the Two Mountains, and the home of Josiah Rising and Abigail Nims, his wife. At this time we had never seen Miss Baker's book, and upon subsequent comparison were struck with the similarity of our experiences, both in the mission buildings at Oka and at the old homestead. But when the friendly Father Lefebvre produced from the church archives the ancient records, we failed to recognize the entry of the marriage of Josiah and Abigail, being ignorant of their Indian names as therein employed. Nor were we advised of the translation of the English "Josiah Rising" into the French "Ignace Raizenne" until enlightened by the good priest. Across the street from the mission grounds, in a pleasant home fronting the beautiful Ottawa, we found three comely young ladies, the recently orphaned Mlles. Harbour, who were nieces of the present Mme. Raizenne, and who, by the aid of an interpreter, supplied us with all needful information regarding the family.

The streets of the little village of Oka, still undefiled by gasoline or electricity, and with their immaculately white-washed cottages, from the windows and corners of which darkskinned children peered curiously, were wonderfully interesting. Occasionally a two wheeled cart appeared, wherein sat a pure-bred Indian and his dusky companion, somber and silent, and altogether the scene was as suggestive of other climes and other days as a Pueblo Indian village in New Mexico.

After a laborious drive of nearly a mile over the heavy sand dunes northward from Oka, we passed through a gate at the right into an open spruce grove; thence across a rolling field and down a lane for a fourth mile, and the Raizenne homestead was reached, pleasantly located near the base of the westerly cone of the Two Mountains. Upon the removal of the mission from Sault au Recollet to Oka, in 1721, this fine domain of 280 acres was bestowed on Josiah and Abigail by the Church, in consideration of their fidelity to their vows, and their consistent and exemplary lives. The westerly portion of the log house was built by Josiah and Abigail soon after their arrival in Oka, and here they reared their family of two sons and six daughters. In 1791, as we learn from the date carved over the doorway, a considerable stone addition was made to the house, but the reception rooms have remained in the older portion, which, due evidently to reverential sentiments, has been kept in such good repair that it is now in a better state of preservation than the newer part. The homestead has remained in the continuous possession of Josiah and Abigail and their descendants since 1721, the present owner and occupant being Jean Baptiste Raizenne, of the fifth generation from Godfrey Nims. Mr. Raizenne was born March 29, 1838, and his four children, Rising, Wilhelmine, Isabelle and Marie Stella, were born in the '80s. All are attractive, intelligent and well educated, and as yet unmarried. The mother, before marriage Melina Mallette, was raised in an English home, and is the only member of Jean's household who speaks English. It is a family of exemplary character, and excellent standing in the community, and all are endowed with high regard for their New England ancestry. Notwithstanding the silence with which these Canadian kinspeople were so long clothed, the knowledge of their American lineage was inherited by each generation from Josiah and Abigail, and the fact was evidenced by Jean Baptiste Raizenne in the bestowal of the name "Rising" upon his son. We are all conversant with the reputed return of Abigail to Deerfield in 1714, under circumstances which challenge our credulity, but which were given credence by officials at the time,

though questioned later by Mr. Sheldon in his "History of Deerfield." I interrogated Mr. Raizenne especially on this subject, and he assured me that "there was no tradition of such an incident in his family, but that his father often told him that Josiah and Abigail visited Deerfield after their marriage." If this has been anywhere recorded by our historians it has escaped my notice.

The deeply religious sentiments of Josiah and Abigail, and their fealty to the Catholic church, were also inherited by their progeny. Of the eight children of Abigail, one became a priest, and two were nuns, one of the latter attaining the high position of Lady Superior. In the second generation there were nine children, with one priest, four nuns, and two Sisters of Charity; while in the fifth (or present) generation there have been two nuns. In addition to these many of the offspring of the daughters who have married have likewise consecrated their lives. In the fifth generation, which includes Jean Baptiste Raizenne, there were ten children, of whom the elder daughter, Walburge, became Sister Raizenne, while the much younger daughter, Guillemine, became Sister St. John the Evangelist, both Grey Sisters of the Cross, and resident at the Grey Nuns' Convent, Ottawa, Ontario. There Sister Raizenne died on the 12th of June last, at the age of eighty years, sixty of which she had passed in the service of the Master. Sister St. John fills the responsible position of Secretary to the Mother Superior of the Grey Nuns' Convent, and is a woman of culture, refinement, and affectionate regard for her forebears. In 1913 she published at Ottawa a little book entitled "*Notes Genealogiques sur la Famille Raizenne*," a valuable work, which covers connectedly the history of Josiah and Abigail and their direct descendants to the present time.

A few days after the visit to Oka we crossed Montreal Island to Sault au Recollet, on the banks of the Riviere des Prairies. Although but nine miles from Montreal, and convenient of access by trolley, the village of Recollet retains its early French-Indian characteristics in a remarkable degree. The main street, with the handsome church and associate buildings near its west end, parallels the winding

river, and is lined with picturesque and ancient houses, some of which were erected nearly two centuries ago. Montreal Island was ceded in 1640 to Father Jean Jacques Olier, parish priest of St. Sulpice, Paris, and in 1663 was transferred with all its seigniorial rights to the new Seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal. The mission on Mount Royal was doubtless one of the first established by the Sulpician Fathers, and in 1701 it was removed to Sault au Recollet. Thereabouts were settled many of the Christianized Iroquois and other friendly Indians. Here was built the stockade, later known to English captives as the "Oso Fort," enclosing the Chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette, a dwelling for the mission priests, a convent for the Sisters of the Congregation, and quarters for the villagers in case of attack by hostiles. Beyond to the southward stretched away the slope of Mount Royal, dotted with the wigwams of the Indians, among them that of the squaw, Ganastarsi, destined to be for years the abode of the little Deerfield captive, Abigail Nims.

Following the tragedy of Deerfield, in the early morning of February 29, 1704, among the band of captives who set out on the merciless march of weeks over the snow and ice to Canada, were the wife and son-in-law of Godfrey Nims, and his children Ebenezer and Abigail, the grievous fate which befell the first two enroute being a matter of record. Godfrey's opposite neighbor, Mehuman Hinsdale, with his wife and nephew, Josiah Rising, were of the party, as were also Deacon David Hoyt and wife, with four of their children, including the daughter Sarah. Abigail was then not quite four years of age, and Josiah was ten. In accordance with the custom prevailing between the French and their Macqua allies, the English captives were awarded to their Indian captors, and so it came about that Abigail and Josiah were taken to Sault au Recollet, and neighboring wigwams, where they received respectively the Indian names of Touatogouach and Shoentakouani, while Ebenezer Nims and Sarah Hoyt found their way to the Indian village of Lorette, seven miles above Quebec, where they were duly adopted into Indian families. The other captives were likewise distributed according to the habitations of their masters.

The lives of the two Deerfield children at the Sault mission have been fittingly described by Miss Baker. Such education as they had was received from the Sulpician priests and nuns, and there is no doubt of the thoroughness of their work along religious lines. The record of the baptism of Abigail, as Mary Elizabeth Nims, June 15, 1704, less than four months after her arrival, by Meriel, priest, may be seen in the archives of Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal; and Josiah was also baptized into the church December 23, 1706, and rechristened Ignace Raizenne. They were married here in the mission chapel on the 29th of July, 1715, by M. Quere, priest, as certified to in the records preserved at Oka. Their first son, Simon, was born here in 1719, and here they maintained their pious home until their transference with the mission to the Lake of the Two Mountains in 1721.

As a finale to our visit to Sault au Recollet, we inspected the splendid Catholic church, and interviewed its priest, Charles P. Beaubien, a man of much learning and of courteous address, but of indifferent command of English. He appeared well-posted in the history of our captives, and pointed out to us the still standing Convent of the Sisters of the Congregation, where, he said, "Abigail was educated," and the now vacant site of the chapel where she and Josiah were married. I questioned the curé regarding Ebenezer Nims, and he quickly responded that, "unless baptized into the Catholic church there would be no historical record of him." M. Beaubien is the author of a valuable work in French, entitled "*Le Sault au Recollet*," published in Montreal in 1898, wherein is contained the ecclesiastical history of the place from its first occupation to the date of publication. He devotes generous space in the book to Abigail and Josiah and their descendants, and quotes freely from Miss Baker's work, and earlier French authorities now out of print, illustrating also with cuts of the Convent of the Sisters of the Congregation at Recollet, and the Raizenne homestead at Oka.

Godfrey Nims' elder son John, then twenty-four years of age, and his step-son, Zebediah Williams, aged twenty-eight years, were captured by the Indians in Deerfield, October 8,

1703, and when Abigail was brought to Sault au Recollet John was held near Montreal, whence he escaped and returned to Deerfield in 1705, while Zebediah was restrained at an island in the St. Lawrence below Montreal. There he became ill, and was taken to a hospital in Quebec, where he died April 12, 1706. Being a very pious young man, and steadfast in the Protestant faith, and living near the dwelling-place of Rev. John Williams, the most prominent of the Deerfield captives, Zebediah is referred to in very commendatory terms in "The Redeemed Captive." John Nims subsequently accompanied to Canada, in the capacity of interpreter, and as the head of his family, some of the commissions sent from the Colony of Massachusetts to secure the ransom and return of the New England captives; and there is little doubt that all of these commissions made earnest efforts to redeem Abigail and Josiah during their residence at the "Oso Fort." Infatuated with the primitive life and surroundings at the mission, and their childish memories of Deerfield clouded with horror, it is not strange that, like many others, they chose to cast their lot where they had found peace and happiness.

When captured at Deerfield Ebenezer Nims was seventeen years of age, and Sarah Hoyt was one year his senior. Lorette is known to this day as an Indian village, and at the time of their coming its white population was limited to the Jesuit church officials and a few English captives. Of necessity their lives ran in the rude Indian channel, and while no endeavors for their proselyting were spared by the priests and sisters, there is no evidence that they strayed from New England Protestantism. Companions in misfortune, there was yet a thread of romance in their lives, which reached its climax when the priests sought to compel Sarah to marry a Frenchman, whereat she rebelled, and was promptly claimed by, and wedded to, Ebenezer Nims. Their son Ebenezer was born at Lorette on the 14th of February, 1713. In the following year John Stoddard and Rev. John Williams, commissioned by the Governor of Massachusetts to recover the English captives, reached Quebec, and immediately opened negotiations with the Marquis de Vaudreuil,

Governor-General of Canada, for the return of Ebenezer and Sarah. The vacillations of Vaudreuil, and the strenuous opposition of the Jesuits and Indians are recorded in Stoddard's journal. Ebenezer was a discreet young man, and hesitated to openly announce his desire to return to Deerfield, fearing that the Indians, who are said to have become strongly attached to him, might effect his removal to some remote and safer place, to which course they were doubtless counseled by the priests. When the family was finally brought to Quebec and put aboard the brig *Leopard*, a large body of Indians came from Lorette for the purpose of rescue, still believing that Ebenezer and Sarah were being carried off against their will. They demanded to see Ebenezer, and when firmly apprised by him of his desire to return home, they departed regretfully, after a vain attempt to have the infant Ebenezer, Jr., left with them. The brig sailed for Boston on July 24th, 1714, with twenty-six redeemed prisoners; and thus ended, after a sojourn of ten years, the captivity of the last of our kin held in Canada, except the two voluntary exiles at Sault au Recollet.

In the erection of this Memorial upon Godfrey Nims' Home Lot, due respect is shown to our first American ancestor, and for the sufferings of his family. Near the far corner of Memorial Hall stands a handsome evergreen, brought as a seedling by our good friend Alice Baker from the home of Josiah and Abigail at far-away Oka; while beside the house erected by their hands in the shadow of the Two Mountains are growing two elms transplanted from Godfrey's Homestead Lot. If sentiment takes voice in Deerfield, its echoes resound from Canada.

PRESENTATION OF BOULDER TO THE P. V. M. A.

BY NORMAN G. NIMS FOR THE NIMS FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

As history goes this wonderful country of ours is still young and it is not so many generations ago that men were seeking on its shores that freedom of individual initiative and action which we possess and use without a thought of its value or its cost. Seeking an opportunity to work out their own destiny in their own way, what country possessed such possibilities at the time as America—vast, rich America, untrammelled by traditions, undeveloped by man. And so men came, your ancestors and mine, from France, from Scotland, from England, from Ireland. And coming here they found vast forests and hills and valleys, over which roamed a race of men bent only on the securing of their physical needs, without a thought of the past, without a vision of the future. Wrestling these hills and valleys from the Red man, these immigrants began to build and they builded better than they knew—for, resulting from their effort has come a republic in which the individual has come into his own. Their opportunity was one of exploration, exploitation, and so magnificent were the resources at their hand, that they gave little thought to the danger lying in destruction, without reparation.

Profiting by the experiences of the past, we have come to know that if the race is to survive—destruction must be tempered with a care for the future. Hence we now hear of conservation—a new term in our every day vocabulary, but one which has come to be used and is understood to stand for the necessity of returning something to nature if nature is to continue to reward our toil. The unexplored regions of our own country are now insignificant and those remaining on this entire globe are so small as to compel mankind to pause in its policy of destruction and conserve and build up its resources. Nevertheless, how easy it is to destroy.

How far the road we must travel before we are rid of the assumption that our resources are not limited.

From out my office window in New York I have watched the tearing down of buildings which were erected within a few years out of steel and brick and concrete in a manner that is still considered to be good practice. So rapidly do we move today, and so rapidly do values change, that it is, without doubt, good business to tear down substantial buildings in order that others may be erected to meet the new conditions. We are tearing down the barns our fathers built in order to build larger ones in which to store the undreamed of wealth that has come into our possession as a result of the fidelity and foresight of those who wrought before our day. But what of those who make a business of wrecking that which others have built? What an occupation! Never building, always tearing down—anything—everything that a hurrying people may turn over for that purpose. How little satisfaction there can come to one so engaged and yet competition for the privilege is keen—and the landmarks of our cities are torn down with scarcely a passing regret because the prevailing sentiment is one that presses hard for the reward that is measured in terms of the commercial world. And worst of it all, many landmarks are destroyed thoughtlessly with no compensating good—sometimes because the story connected with them has never been told.

What then can be more fitting than that we pause a bit and consider the claim of our Fathers to our gratitude and kindly remembrance as a part of our new policy of the conservation of those things worth while—for—be it observed, not all things to be conserved have value that can be stated in terms of the coin of the realm. And what organizations are in a better position to point out some of the things that are beyond any stated value than families, composed of men and women born of a worthy sire of old.

In old Westchester-on-the-Hudson, monuments have been set to show the path trod on its soil by Washington and the Manor houses where he stopped are preserved with care. These monuments—these buildings—serve to arouse

a spirit of patriotism—an interest to investigate the stories connected with them on the part of the present generation, and particularly on the part of those coming to our shores untaught in the meaning of such things.

So today I count it no small honor to stand here as the representative of the Nims Family Association and on its behalf I now present to you, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, this boulder, placed here in memory of Godfrey Nims, the first of that name on these shores, our ancestor pioneer in your beautiful valley. Preserve this boulder as moulded by the hand of God—conserve the fruits of the toil of him in whose memory we are met today as part of your peculiar work, the sum total of which shall be the perpetuation of a genuine patriotism in this rich valley of the Old Bay State that shall be worthy of mankind as long as generations shall come, as long as generations shall go.

ACCEPTANCE OF BOULDER FROM NIMS FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON FOR THE P. V. M. A.

Members of the Nims Family Association:—

Not long ago I saw a little child standing close by a roadside memorial stone. He stood, a statue-like figure, with his eyes riveted upon the words cut in granite. Some of these words he could not understand, others he knew the meaning of, so he read on—on, it seemed, to the end. When he turned away there was a wistful look in his serious blue eyes; a longing unexpressed but intelligible to the older mind and prophetic of the future. This child was *feeling* the longing that he, too, might, sometime, somehow, be good, be great.

A bevy of laughing school girls drew near the stone, paused, and read the inscription. As they read the laughter died away; some of them were thinking—thinking of the men,

women and children who had lived, struggled and suffered on the very ground they trod. Life to some of these girls, then and there, took on a different hue, and into their faces came a wondering expression. They were wondering what they themselves could do in this big world of glorious work which would really be worth while.

A romping boy ran down the road, stopped suddenly in front of the tell-tale stone and read the story. Then he threw himself upon the grass and read it again. Why did this boy of perhaps sixteen years linger there, silent and alone? When he rose he laid his hand upon the stone, and the stranger who watched unseen felt that the touch was a touch of respect, possibly of gratitude. In that brief space of time the countenance of the heedless, irresponsible boy had changed to that of a young man with an earnest purpose, and with courage to accomplish that purpose.

An alert man of business rushed by, then quickly wheeled about, and stood before the calm, commanding rock. Presently he took from his pocket a note book and pencil and began to write. Judging from the time that passed one might say he wrote down the whole, long inscription. Afterward this man of restless energy stood mute and motionless; when, at length, he walked away, he said to a passing friend, "I tell you what it is, these stones by the side of the road do more than all the books that have ever been printed! Somehow they rouse a man, and make him feel as if he ought to be *doing* something."

A wise man of more than eighty years moved slowly, feebly toward the magnetic stone. With bared head he read the record of his ancestor. While he read the fire in his eye burned brighter, the blood in his veins ran faster; his heart throbbed with pride and with gratitude for he knew he was standing upon his own ancestral acres. That stone by the roadside had annihilated age, it had created life, so that when this man went on his way his brain was teeming with splendid plans for the future.

My friends, the longing of childhood, the aspiration of maidenhood, the resolution of boyhood, the resurrection of manhood, the fresh life of four score years, these, all these,

are revelations of the future results of your labors here to-day. You are building even better than you know, better than any of us dream, for you are giving inspiration to youth and vitality to age.

As a representative of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association I am authorized to say that we accept with exceeding gladness this latest memorial, both as an ornament to our grounds, and as a proof of your faith in the willingness and the ability of our Association to give it the best of care. Already we have taken it to our hearts, and we promise you we shall protect it as one of our choicest possessions.

ANNUAL MEETING—1915.

REPORT.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association held its annual meeting at Deerfield the last Tuesday of February, following the custom of many years which dictates that the association's annual meeting shall be held as closely as possible to the anniversary of the Deerfield massacre, which occurred on February 29, 1704. The meeting was well attended, as all of the meetings of the society are, and there was great interest in the papers that were presented, dealing as they did with the points of especial interest to the persons of the Pocumtuck valley and its neighboring valleys who enjoy the works of the antiquary and historian. The meeting was presided over by John Sheldon, who is the son of George Sheldon, the founder of the association, who although in his 97th year, is still possessed of his singularly active mentality, and whose spirit pervaded the meeting of the society the arrangements for which were made largely by him.

The most important event of the meeting was the announcement of the generous gift to the association made by Mr. and Mrs. George Sheldon, of a fireproof addition to Memorial Hall.

After the close of the regular business, the vice-president, John Sheldon, took up the matter of the crowded condition of the museum. He announced that the necessary fund had been offered to make an enlargement to the building, and plans prepared by M. Roscoe Drew of Greenfield were shown. It is proposed to have a very considerable enlargement, absolutely fire proof, and with rooms for the library which is now very congested. It is planned to make the changes the coming summer.

The association voted to accept the gift and passed a vote of thanks to the givers.

The treasurer reported a balance on hand of \$9012.98.

The association elected Frank L. Boyden trustee for three years, Miss Margaret Miller for two years, and Eugene A. Newcomb for one year, of the permanent fund.

The report of the curator of Memorial Hall, which was visited by practically all who attended the annual meeting, showed that interest in the remarkable collection that is housed there has been steadily increasing. Mrs. Sheldon's report showed 6582 visitors to the museum this year; the largest number, 1619, in August; the smallest, 15, in December. These have come from 43 States of the Union, several provinces of Canada, Mexico, Argentine Republic, Barbados and Hawaiian islands; from England, Scotland, Germany, India, Turkey in Asia, from Shanghai, Hong-kong and Canton, China, and from Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne, Australia. The contributions this year consist of 116 miscellaneous objects, 137 books and pamphlets, 17 maps, broadsides, etc., and many manuscripts. The report says special mention should be made of Charles D. Porter of New Salem, who has given 54 articles, mostly used by his grandparents; of L. H. Rogers of Shelburne Falls, who has contributed numerous heirlooms; and John F. Severance for the painting of the "Old Indian House." The association has received from the Myron E. Stowell post of Deerfield a large volume containing "Personal War Sketches" of the members. These, with the records and the banner of the post, have been placed under glass in the military room. The association is in touch with the Smithsonian institution, the Royal society of Canada and with both American and foreign historical societies through their reports.

At this meeting the association received from George Eels of Deerfield an ancient chest which is an excellent specimen of old-time chests, and has been preserved in the Wilson family for many years. Its presentation at this time was especially appropriate in view of the highly interesting discussion of chests and their evolution that was presented in Miss N. Theresa Mellen's paper.

The following officers were elected: President, George

Sheldon; vice-presidents, Francis M. Thompson, John Sheldon; treasurer, John Sheldon; recording secretary, Rev. Richard E. Birks; corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. Elizabeth Stebbins; councillors, William L. Harris, E. A. Hawks, Julia D. Whiting, Agnes G. Fuller, Asahel W. Root, Helen C. Boyden, all of Deerfield, John A. Aiken, Franklin G. Fessenden, E. A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, A. L. Wing, G. A. Sheldon, all of Greenfield, Herbert C. Parsons of Boston, H. B. Barton of Gill, C. W. Hazelton of Montague. Mrs. George Sheldon was elected curator by the council.

Mrs. Helen S. Wells of Greenfield read a memorial tribute to her sister, Mrs. Frances W. Ball.

Rev. Lewis G. Spooner gave a brief sketch of Mrs. Laura S. Richardson, a descendant of John Catlin, the ancestor of the Deerfield Catlins. Mrs. Richardson was a leader in the movement for decorating the graves of soldiers in the national cemetery at Knoxville, Tenn., with the United States flag, in May, 1874. Mr. Spooner also presented to the association a letter written by Mrs. Richardson when 85 years old, giving an interesting account of this event.

Miss Margaret Whiting read a brief paper on the "Gill pirate," a picturesque figure, about which there is some tradition of highly interesting nature.

The evening was devoted to historical subjects. The musical part of the program was in charge of Charles H. Ashley of Deerfield, and songs of the olden time were presented in a very pleasing manner by the choir under his direction.

A paper dealing with a great deal of interesting detail on the early history of Vermont was written for the meeting by Judge Francis M. Thompson of Greenfield, and was read by Rev. Richard E. Birks of Montague, formerly of Deerfield. In tracing "The development of Vermont from chaos to statehood," Judge Thompson reviewed the history of the various and conflicting grants of land that now make up, especially, the southern part of Vermont, dwelling upon the thrilling events in the struggle of our sister State for freedom.

Miss Margaret C. Whiting's paper upon "Mural and Floor Decorations" was a most appropriate one, taking up as it did

the development of interior decoration in the homes of Deerfield. As the times in the old town became more settled after the Indian days the thrift and home loving instincts of the people of the village brought about the giving of more and more attention to the decoration of the home, and the walls and floors were made the objects of great care. There are at the present time many specimens of the art that developed in the decoration of the walls. The earlier frame buildings, which replaced the cabins of the settlers, were decorated with panelling, and there are in the village at the present time many illustrations of the art and skill that were applied to this fashion of decoration.

The ceilings were largely left in their plastered finish, but in some instances were improved by "pargeting," as was done in the case of one of the ceilings in the Luke Wright house in Deerfield. The use of French wall paper was resorted to for the decoration of walls in some instances, though the expense of the process was so great that there are known to have been very few instances of its use in Deerfield. In the house now owned by the Cowles family, however, there is an excellent specimen of that style of decoration. The painting of the walls was a method used more generally, and in Deerfield there are several specimens of the painted wall, two of which have been preserved; those in the old Saxton tavern and in Frary house, the former being done in an especially elaborate manner, while the latter is a more simple flower pattern. The period of this style of decoration is not well fixed, but the painting in the old Burk Fort tavern in Bernardston, which is of a similar style to that in Deerfield, is believed to have been done early in the 19th century. The painting of floors in Deerfield houses has not been preserved as well, as is natural from the difficulty of keeping such work intact.

A paper on the "Evolution of the bureau as illustrated by the fine collection of chests in Memorial hall" was prepared by Miss N. Theresa Mellen, the assistant at the museum. She went back to the time when civilized peoples provided their homes with but few articles of furniture, chief among which were their beds and their chests for the storage

of household articles. In the museum there are various illustrations of the several types, one being traceable from the design in which the sturdy oak of which it is built is carved, to the Elizabethan period, and others to various periods of decoration.

Certain types which are found in the collection have been given distinctive names, as the Hadley chest, the Connecticut chest and others. There is one notable chest, elaborately though fantastically decorated, which presents evidence of a worthy sort of being a part of the possessions brought to America in the *Mayflower*, since it is known to have been in the possession of the White family, and bears the initials of Susanna White the mother of Peregrine White. In the course of time as skill in making furniture increased, the chests were made with one, two and three drawers and there are samples in the collection of all of these types, the three-drawer type being particularly rare and most sought for by collectors of the present day. As furniture was made with more thought to its appearance and still with much care to preserve its usefulness, the highboy was built: at first a combination of the table and the chest, and then in similar form made more and more elaborate and handsome. There, too, was the lowboy, or low daddy, called as was the highboy or high daddy, by a name that was particularly frivolous for its time. These types of standing chests are well illustrated by specimens in the museum, as are the several types of bureaus, which were made in increasing varieties, differing more and more as time went on from the ancestor of them all, the household chest. The chests, highboys, lowboys and bureaus, each coming from some family's collection of furniture to find a place of sanctuary in Memorial hall, with the military chests and sea chests, one of which was aboard Nelson's flagship the *Victory* all these were commented upon by Miss Mellen.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

This year 6,582 persons have visited the Museum. They have come in every month, the largest number, 1619, in August, the smallest, 15, in December. These have traveled hither from 43 States of the Union, several provinces of Canada, Mexico, Argentine Republic, the Barbados and Hawaiian Islands; from England, Scotland, Germany, India, Turkey in Asia; from Shanghai, Hongkong and Canton, China, and from Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne, Australia.

There has been a steady stream of contributions flowing toward the Hall. These consist of 116 miscellaneous objects, 137 books and pamphlets, 17 maps, broadsides, etc., and many manuscripts. More domestic implements have been contributed this year than usual owing to the breaking up of old homes. Mr. Charles D. Porter of New Salem, for example, has placed in our keeping 54 articles, mostly used by his grandparents; nearly all of these are grouped together and displayed on a table in the Main Hall.

Mr. L. H. Rogers of Shelburne Falls has also contributed numerous articles, among which is a saddlers' sewing horse that is entirely new to our collection.

A notable contribution deserving especial mention is a painting of the "Old Indian House" from John F. Severance of Shelburne Falls. This is presumably the work of Mrs. Lucretia W. Eels, and the frame was probably made by her father, Col. John Wilson, from timber of the "Old Indian House."

Another unique contribution is the framed colored picture of Sir William de Berdewell, copied from a stained glass window, dating back to 1421, in Bardwell Church, Bardwell, Eng. Descriptive text accompanies the portrait, and both are presented by the Misses Cooke of Dana Hall School, Wellesley. Sir William was the ancestor of Robert Bardwell, an early settler of Deerfield, who, in turn, was an ancestor of the donors.

Judge Francis M. Thompson has contributed "Stage

Coach Way Bills” of passengers from Greenfield to Albany, 1828; also papers relating to boating on the Connecticut from 1833 to 1836, besides many pamphlets, pictures, etc.

Mrs. Mary W. Fuller has given the original manuscript copy of “The Downfall of Bonaparte” by President Edward Hitchcock. This copy, though not quite complete, has rare interest. Mrs. Fuller has also contributed the “Records of the Female Benevolent Society of the Town of Deerfield, organized Jan’y 15, 1817,” of which Rebecca Jackson Williams, grandmother of the donor, was a member.

The Association has received from the Myron E. Stowell Post, No. 84, of Deerfield, a large, elegantly bound volume containing “Personal War Sketches” of the members. These with the Records and the Banner of the Post have been placed under glass in the Military Room.

Mrs Agnes G. Fuller has given the Library the interesting work, “Life and Times of Stephen Higginson” by her uncle, Thomas Wentworth Higginson; also “Land marks in the Old Bay State” by William R. Comer.

Hon. Francis T. Maxwell of Rockville, Ct., has sent facsimiles of three commissions issued to his ancestor, Maj. Hugh Maxwell of Heath, in Revolutionary times; also one of a “Note of Hand” issued by the treasurer of the state of Massachusetts Bay to Maj. Hugh Maxwell, dated Jan. 1, 1780.

An interesting sketch of “Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith and the Apostle of Peace” has been contributed by Rev. L. G. Spooner.

Our Association is in close touch with the Smithsonian Institution, the Royal Society of Canada and with both American and foreign historical societies through their monthly reports.

At the suggestion of the President of the Association a collection of autographs has been begun, the President contributing a number of valuable autograph letters. We now ask for contributions of autographs from all interested friends.

There has been a greater demand this year for the "Proceedings" of the Society. The Yale University Library, the Cambridge Historical Society and the Massachusetts Historical Society have all completed their sets, while the Missouri State Historical Society has sent for a full set, and the University of Illinois has purchased the five volumes, asking for everything we have published. About 20 books have been obtained by exchange for our "Proceedings." This proves that there is a growing demand for original matter on the history of early New England life, and Deerfield is recognized pre-eminently as a historic town.

During the spring the fine old elms in our Memorial Hall yard were trimmed and sprayed by the A. W. Dodge Co., tree surgeons, and as a result, were in good condition during the summer. The Canada fir was found to be infested by a species of scale. This fir, you will remember, Miss C. Alice Baker sent from the Canadian home of Josiah Rising and Abigail Nims to Abigail's childhood home. From a wee baby, sent by mail, it has grown to be a handsome tree. Fortunately it responded to skilful treatment, and delighted our hearts by growing luxuriantly through the warm months.

On August 13, the Nims Family Association held its eleventh Reunion and the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association its Field Day on the grounds of Memorial Hall. The Nims Family presented our Association with a superb boulder bearing a bronze tablet to the memory of Godfrey Nims, on whose homestead the boulder is placed.

I venture to say that August never made a more perfect day. The presence upon the platform of the President of this Association, at the age of 95, the large audience coming from many States of the Union, the inspiring addresses, and the cordial co-operation of the townspeople, all combined to make the day a rare success, and what one of the Nims Family has since called "a blessed memory."

The assistant in charge, Miss Mellen, has devoted herself to the work with intelligence and enthusiasm. She has fought a continuous battle with dust, the enemy of Museums,

and many have spoken the past season of the attractive appearance of the various rooms.

Respectfully submitted.

J. M. ARMS SHELDON,
Curator.

Deerfield, Feb. 23, 1915.

NOTE—This is a report for the year ending Feb. 1, 1915, but I must call your attention to the beautiful chest which has been presented to the Association today. It comes from Mr. George E. Eels and has long been in the Wilson family.

NECROLOGY.

FRANCES W. BALL.

BY HELEN SHELDON WELLS.

In the death of Mrs. Frances W. Ball, which occurred on the anniversary of her birthday, July 19th, 1914, there passed out of this village a woman who left beautiful memories of a well spent life. She was the second in a family of seven daughters, six of whom lived, who with one son and an adopted son were the children of the late William and Catherine Williams Sheldon of Deerfield. As the years went by, all these sisters married and left the old home, but Mrs. Ball was never separated from the home life of her parents. On Jan. 31st, 1866, she married Arthur W. Ball of Deerfield, a veteran of the Civil war and a member of the 52d Mass. regiment. He died Sept. 13th, 1901. With their three sons they made their home just across the street in a cottage built by the late Rev. Dr. John F. Moors. Thus she was not only able to make the new home for her husband and children, but was privileged to care for, and be a help and comfort to her parents after the other sisters were gone. Those of us who are left can never forget her devotion.

Beloved and loving as a child, thoughtful and care taking in her youth, and faithful to all the duties of life in her later years, she has now gone to her reward.

Some one has said, "The unpretending life of a Christian woman is never lost." No written eulogy nor printed page could teach us more clearly the beauty of right living and high thinking, than does the memory of her unselfish life among us.

The culture of an intellectual mind made her an agreeable and interesting companion in any society, and the gentle nature and kindly spirit of her character will never be forgotten.

She was a woman of marked ability in many directions.

I will not say that she was widely read. Perhaps in her busy life she had less time than most of us to devote to reading, but she had a broad knowledge of books and of what was best in them, and was conversant with the best authors.

Her love of poetry was marked. This she easily committed to memory and the habit of having her mind stored with thoughts that were high and noble may have had great influence in molding her own character and that of her sons.

Perhaps one duty which she saw most clearly was always to keep in touch with whatever interested her children. She was never too tired nor too busy to take a long walk across country, or to climb a high hill with them. I have known her to start with them and walk over the glistening crust, through the meadows, in February; cross the Deerfield river on the ice, and climb to the top of "Arthur's Seat," that they might get the wonderful view and see the light and shade on the distant hills on a frosty winter morning. How many mothers past middle life would make such an effort, and feel sure that the rest of the day would mean more and the burdens lighter because of the inspiration gained in the early hours of the day?

Not one of my friends was so familiar with the constellations and the names of the stars as she. I suppose there was never a night when the sky was clear that she did not observe the heavens and look for certain stars which she counted as among her closest friends. This great love for everything beautiful helped to make a busy life one of content and cheerfulness.

Her love of nature and knowledge of flowers and all grow-

ing plants was unusual in one who had not made a special study of these things, and her help and sympathy in this branch of nature study will be missed by many young persons.

In "The historic and present day guide to Deerfield" by Miss Coleman, she acknowledges in the preface, her obligation to Mrs. Ball, who compiled a careful list of flowers, which can be found in Deerfield from the first day of March until the last day of September. Always in sympathy in what was for the best interest of the town, she was ready to do her share in every good work.

She was a member of this Association and her loyalty to it was sincere. She was a councillor for six years. Her modesty was such that I shrink from recalling in public her many acts of kindness and devotion to any who were in need of her help. But those who have seen her going out, and coming in, in this community all the days of her life will remember with gladness that such a life has been.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MRS. LAURA S. RICHARDSON OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.

BY REV. LEWIS G. SPOONER.

To be well-born is a priceless heritage. Many a child of old New England looks back across the centuries and thanks God for the noble lives of his father, and for the blood which flows in his own veins. Mrs. Laura S. Richardson was well born.

John Catlin, son of Thomas Catlin, came from England and settled in Hartford, Connecticut. He was married in 1665 to Mary Marshall, and to them were born five children. From this same John Catlin were descended the Catlins, who in other years lived in Deerfield.

The fourth child of John Catlin and Mary Marshall was Benjamin, who married Margaret Kellogg and of their marriage nine children were born.

Jacob, the sixth child of Benjamin Catlin and Margaret Kellogg married Hanah Phelps and became the father of ten children.

The second child of this marriage was also named Jacob. He became a Congregational clergyman and was settled as a young man over the church in New Marlborough, Mass., where for nearly forty years he was the beloved pastor. He was also a carpenter by trade, and with his own hands he constructed the Catlin house which still stands in a good state of preservation. The property now belongs to the Rev. Joseph A. Tichnor, D. D., the present rector of the Episcopal church in Ashfield, Mass. Dr. Tichnor is the great grandson of Dr. Catlin. This Dr. Catlin married the widow of Zena Strong and had seven children, viz., Joseph, Polly, John, Jacob, Emeline, Julia and Alfred.

The first of these, Joseph Catlin became Captain of a company in the war of 1812. He married Laura Smith, and to them were born nine children, viz., Zena, Ebenezer, Sarah, Samuel, Joseph, Laura S., Frances, Ellen and Catharine. It ought to be recorded in this connection that Laura Smith the mother of Laura S. Catlin, was the daughter of Capt. Ebenezer Smith of the Army of the Revolution. And her mother was the sister of Elias Dean, delegate to the Continental Congress.

Laura S. the sixth child of Capt. Joseph Catlin is the subject of this memoir. She married first, M. D. Bearden of Knoxville, Tenn., and to them was born one son, Frank C., who in turn was married and became the father of one child who died at the age of fourteen years.

After the death of M. D. Bearden, Laura S., his widow, married David Richardson and continued to reside in Knoxville, although for a few months during the Civil war Mrs. Richardson was at her old home in the North. After the decease of Mr. Richardson she returned to Massachusetts where she spent the remainder of her life. A part of the time she lived with her sister Frances, widow of Dr. Richardson who was a brother of David Richardson, in the old Catlin homestead in New Marlborough.

Mrs. Laura S. Richardson and her husband were in per-

fect sympathy with the North during the perilous days of the secession. It was Mr. Richardson's request that if he died during the war, his body be wrapped in the stars and stripes.

In 1874, Mrs. Richardson was made chairman of the committee to decorate the graves of the soldiers in the National Cemetery in Knoxville, Tenn. The season of roses was nearly over and there were no other flowers with which to decorate the soldier's graves. Mrs. Richardson, in whose veins flowed the blood of heroes and patriots, determined to make the occasion one long to be remembered. While hurrying down the streets of Knoxville she chanced to see in a show window rolls of union flags, stamped and ready to be cut apart. Then and there it occurred to her that nothing could be more appropriate to use in decoration of the hero's graves than "the flag for which they had given their lives." Accordingly she ordered from the lumber mill, of which she was a part owner, 3,500 small sticks sawed and sharpened. The ladies who served with her on the committee nailed the flags to the sticks, and the caretaker of the Cemetery placed them upon the graves of the soldiers. This was done in May, 1874.

It was the privilege of the writer to be Mrs. Richardson's pastor during the last years of her life. And it is indeed a pleasure to present these words of loving tribute to her memory. She was a refined and capable woman of the old type. She was educated in the North and then for long years she was schooled in the best society of the South. Those who knew her and her sister in the Catlin homestead will recall with great pleasure their quaint old ways and their genuine hospitality.

These two sisters were buried on the same day (May 5th, 1911) in the old New Marlborough cemetery, near the graves of their father, Capt. Joseph S. Catlin, and their grandfather, Rev. Jacob Catlin, D. D.

Herewith I take pleasure in presenting to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association a letter written by Mrs. Laura S. Richardson a few months prior to her decease.

The document was prepared in compliance with my re-

quest, and fully describes the origin of the beautiful custom of decorating the soldiers' graves in the South with the Union Flag. A custom which had already been in practice for some years in the North; but of this fact Mrs. Richardson was *never informed*.

She died in the faith that not only in the South, but throughout the States, she was the first to use the flag for this purpose.

THE GILL "PIRATE."

BY MARGARET C. WHITING.

After hearing our President's interesting paper on the Barbary Pirates, last year, I was reminded of a little story told me long ago by my dear old friend, Mrs. Orange Chapin Towne of Willimansett, Mass., and when I narrated it to Mr. Sheldon he asked me to put it into written form, that it might not be lost, since it throws a moment's flicker of light upon a vanished fact in American life.

Mrs. Towne comes of old Revolutionary stock, which settled in the town of Gill, and her family name is well-known in these parts; before her marriage she was Eugenia Tenney, and her father, Capt. John Tenney, also was called "Squire" by his neighbors. There is a connection which links the family to Deerfield, for Capt. Tenney's two sisters, Rossy and Louisa, taught school here, and Mr. Sheldon remembers them in that capacity; also, Louisa married in 1836 the Rev. Pomeroy Belden, who was called to Deerfield the next year, to serve as the first pastor of the newly formed Orthodox church. He went away in 1842, but Louisa had died before, after a few years of married life spent in this village.

About the year 1830 there came to the Tenney farm in Gill a strolling man of strong build and of middle age, whom Capt. Tenney hired as an ordinary laborer. The man proved not to be quite ordinary in his ways, and though he remained on the farm until his death, there grew up a considerable

degree of curiosity in regard to him. It was a curiosity which was never satisfied by its object, for he was taciturn to the point of absolute silence about all his life up to the moment of his appearance in Gill; he shunned all friendly advances from his fellow workmen and from the family (with one exception), and when people called at the farm made his escape from seeing, or being seen by them. It was also remarked that he was singularly sensitive about letting any part of his person beyond his face and hands be seen,—even during the heats of the haying season he never unfastened the collar of his shirt or turned up his sleeves; if chaffed on the subject he showed a resentment so fierce that no one was bold enough to try to break through his reserve.

Another queer trait was observable in the habit he had, all during the warmer part of the year, of going every Sunday afternoon to the top of a high hill behind the house, where he would sit, looking off through a spy glass; except for this singular, and lonely diversion, the man led a perfectly regular existence, faithfully performing his tasks, though not showing much skill for farm work, and never leaving the farm. For one member of the Tenney household, this stranger showed a queer partiality; Capt. Tenney's young sisters lived with him, and the good looks of Abbie Tenney won from his silence a single expression of approbation,—“Black eyes,” said he, “are the ones for me!”

When this mysterious stranger, whose real name seems not to have been known, died, Capt. Tenney, mindful of his remarkable personal reticence, made him ready for burial, alone; he found the man's body was covered with tattoo marks and scarred in many places with savage cuts, as though done with a sharp blade, such as might be made by a cutlass. Nothing was ever discovered in regard to the man's history, but, with the tales of piracy fresh in their minds, and taking into consideration the fear he had of meeting strangers, and his other eccentricities, the Tenney family felt there was warrant for calling him “the Gill Pirate.”

VERMONT FROM CHAOS TO STATEHOOD.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANTS AND CONNECTICUT EQUIVALENT
LANDS.

BY FRANCIS M. THOMPSON.

As early as 1614 the Manhattan Dutch, under the leadership of Adrian Block, navigated the Hudson. His ship the *Tiger* having been burned, Block went into the forest and cut timber and built a little craft forty-four and a half feet in length, which he named *Unrest*, (sometimes called the *Restless*) and sailed through Long Island sound, and north as far as Nahant, discovering the Housatonic which he called the "River of the Red Mountain." He entered the "Fresh," (now the Connecticut) river and sailed up it as far as the present town of Windsor.

That the Dutch settlers at Manhattan immediately began trading with the natives living upon the last named river, from whom they obtained more than 10,000 beaver per annum, and that in 1632 they built a small fort where the city of Hartford now stands, is all familiar history.

The Dutch in their good humor told the Plymouth settlers of their success upon the Connecticut, and Governor Bradford commissioned one William Holmes to prepare the material for the quick erection of a trading house. Putting it aboard a vessel, he sailed up the river, and coming to the little Dutch fort "Good Hope" the Dutch "bid them strike & stay, or else they would shoote them, & stood by their ordnance ready fitted. They answered they had commission from y^e Gov^r of Plimoth to go up y^e river to such a place, and if they did shoote, they must obey their order and proceede." * * * "So they passed along, and though the Dutch threatened them hard, yet they shoote not."

Between 1630 and 1640 great flocks of immigrants landed in the colony of Massachusetts Bay. In June, 1634, fourteen ships arrived at the eastern ports, and in 1638 three

thousand people who had fled from the persecutions of Archbishop Laud were welcomed to the few towns along the Massachusetts coast. Each organized town was practically a commonwealth by itself and was largely under the domination of its settled minister. Consequently there was considerable friction, especially as to the share which each community should contribute for the general welfare of the whole.

In 1633 Rev. John Cotton arrived from England and was settled in Boston, and Rev. Thomas Hooker, who became the minister of New Town. They were strong, dominating men, whom Laud had marked for especial discipline; and their friends were compelled to use great caution in effecting their escape from England. They were soon in ill-concealed rivalry, but each had the good sense not to be in open quarrel.

Hooker believed and advocated the right of the people to take part in governmental affairs, both in the church and community, but Cotton expressed his ideas of democracy in these words; "I do not believe that God ever did ordain it as a fit government for church or commonwealth: if the people are to be governors, who shall be governed?"

William Hubbard, minister of Ipswich, arrived at the pith of the whole matter, when he quaintly said of these two rivals, each increasingly jealous of the popularity of each other: "Some men do not well like, at least, cannot well bear, to be opposed in their judgments and notions, and thence they were not unwilling to remove from under the power, as well as out of the bounds of the Massachusetts. Nature doth not allow two suns in one firmament, and some spirits can as ill bear an equal, as others a superior."

So Mr. Hooker asked the General Court for leave to remove his people into the wilderness. At first this license was denied, but the discontent increasing, at length the New Town people were granted liberty to remove, and settlers in Watertown, Dorchester and Roxbury presumed that they were included in the permit, and in the late fall of 1635 many of the Bay settlers were encamped upon the waters of the "Long River."

In May of the next year Rev. Thomas Hooker, "the light of the western churches," with one hundred of his followers with their flocks and herds, set out to traverse the pathless forests of the Bay Colony in order to join the pioneers. They located near the little Dutch fort "Good Hope," and called their settlement Hartford. The Watertown people had already settled Wethersfield, and the Dorchester church (with each its minister,) had settled at Windsor.

William Pynchon on the 15th of July, 1636, for "eighteen fathoms of wampum, 18 coats, 18 hatchets, 18 hoes, and 18 knives," obtained from the Indians a great quantity of land lying upon both sides of the Connecticut river, near the mouth of the Agawam, and with Jehu Burr, immediately began a settlement at first called Agawam, but the name was soon changed to Springfield, in honor of Pynchon's English home. William Pynchon returned to England, but under the wise and judicious management of his only son, John, the settlement of Northampton and Hadley, followed within a score of years.

In 1668 Samuel Hinsdale from Hadley, had set up his log cabin in the Pocumtuck meadows (Deerfield), which thus became the most northerly home of a white man in the Connecticut valley.

In the beginning the settlers in the valley from Wethersfield to Springfield managed their affairs by virtue of authority granted by the General Court of Massachusetts Bay. In 1634 John Winthrop, son of the Massachusetts governor of that name, went to England and obtained a commission to build at the mouth of the Connecticut river a fort, and some difficulties arose in regard to the navigation of that stream, and in 1638 Springfield, which then included territory which is now Suffield and Enfield, petitioned the General Court that they might be set off from the towns below and received as a part of the Massachusetts Colony; which was granted and jurisdiction was exercised accordingly.

In 1642 the General Court employed Nathan Woodward and Solomon Saffery, who were called "mathamaticians," to run a line due west from a point three miles south of the

Charles river, until they came to the Connecticut river. At that point they struck the house of one Bissell, who was the ferry-man at Windsor.

In 1662 John Winthrop obtained a charter uniting the colonies of Connecticut and New Haven, the north line thereof to be the south line of Massachusetts. He was appointed governor of the new Connecticut colony. With the exception of some little friction between the towns of Springfield and Windsor, concerning their respective bounds, the line of 1642 seemed to have been acquiesced in, until the granting of the new charter to Massachusetts Bay in 1691.

Then Governor Winthrop complained of the encroachments of the Bay colony to the home government, but as Massachusetts stood firmly by the line fixed in 1642, the English government made the same reply that it had already made to New Hampshire, recommending that the dispute be adjusted by a joint commission appointed by the two governments. At all events, commissioners were selected by each colony who agreed that the several towns should remain subject to the governments then controlling and that as many acres as should appear upon a balance to have been gained by either government should be conveyed by the other, from any unimproved lands in other places, as a satisfaction or EQUIVALENT, and further, that the two miles claimed by Windsor out of Suffield, should be held by Connecticut.

The settlement of the dispute agreed upon by this commission accounts for the jagged lines between the towns lying near the Connecticut river in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

By the commissioners' report, Massachusetts was to convey to Connecticut one hundred and seven thousand seven hundred and ninety-three acres, which she immediately complied with, and four parcels of wild land covering this amount were conveyed, and accepted by Connecticut, thus ending a bitter dispute between the two colonies.

In this paper we have to do only with that part of these "equivalent lands" containing forty-three thousand nine

hundred and forty-three acres, from which were formed the most part of Belchertown, Ware, Pelham and Prescott, and a portion of Enfield, in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, and a tract lying in south-eastern Vermont, then considered a portion of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and in which are located the present towns of Brattleboro, Putney and Dummerston, in Vermont.

The latter tract came into the possession of Lieut. Governor Dummer, William Brattle, and John White, who were members of the syndicate who purchased the Connecticut holdings for the sum of six hundred and eighty-three pounds, or about one farthing per acre.

Father Rasle's war coming on in 1722, the settlement of these lands was very much delayed, but on the 3d of February, 1724, the Province of Massachusetts Bay began the erection of the block house afterward known as Fort Dummer, under the immediate command of Col. John Stoddard of Northampton. At this time these equivalent lands and a large territory on the easterly side of the Connecticut river being supposed to belong to the Province of Massachusetts Bay, the fort at "No. 4," (now Charlestown, New Hampshire) was built and maintained by that province.

At Fort Dummer the Massachusetts authorities at first attached much importance to the fact that chief Hendricks and a few Mohawk Indians had been enlisted as soldiers, and great efforts were made to retain them in the service. The commanding officer was directed to furnish them arms free of expense, and see that their guns were kept in repair; there was to be no stinting in their allowance of provisions; the commanding officer was to deal out to them knives, pipes, tobacco, lead, shot and flints as occasion required. Four barrels of rum were sent up to Capt. Jonathan Wells at Deerfield, with orders to deliver to the commanding officer at Fort Dummer as he should demand it. But with all these attractions the Indians could not be induced to stay with the garrison for more than a year's time, and it proved that while there, they were of little service.

A boundary dispute which had existed for ten years be-

tween the Massachusetts province and that of New Hampshire, was finally determined by the king, April 9, 1740. By his award the Massachusetts province was deprived of a territory about fourteen miles in width and fifty miles in length, lying between the Connecticut and the Merrimac rivers, containing twenty-eight organized townships, and large quantities of unsettled lands.

The settlement of this dispute, only gave rise to another. By the king's decree, the line of division between the two provinces should begin at a point three miles north of the Patucket Falls on the Merrimac, and was to be "a straight line drawn from thence due west, until it meets with his majesty's other governments."

It was held that the king's decision transferred the ownership of Fort Dummer to the New Hampshire government, and the Massachusetts authorities urged the New Hampshire province to make provision for its maintenance.

Governor Wentworth replied that they had no settlement within fifty miles of Dummer, and that if New Hampshire were compelled to maintain a fortress upon Connecticut river, they would prefer to undertake that at No. 4, that being nearer the base of supplies.

For the safety of her frontiers, Massachusetts was compelled to garrison Fort Dummer, until the conquest of Canada put an end to Indian wars. The agent of Massachusetts represented in 1753, to the English Board of Trade, that Massachusetts had defended the lands lying west of the Connecticut river for over one hundred years at an expense of upwards of one hundred pounds sterling, and that in justice, New Hampshire should be compelled to reimburse her for the maintenance of Fort Dummer, since it was determined that it was within that province.

The Board of Trade declared that it was proper and just that New Hampshire should reimburse Massachusetts for such maintenance, but that colony gave little heed to this unwelcome advice.

Before the line of demarcation had been declared, Massachusetts had made a grant of Hinsdale, which then included what is now Vernon in Vermont, together with Chesterfield,

Westmoreland and Charlestown. These townships were designated by numbers; Hinsdale being No. 1; Chesterfield No. 2; Westmoreland No. 3; and Charlestown No. 4.

The Massachusetts General Court in compliance with numerous petitions for grants upon the Connecticut and Merrimac rivers, in 1736 ordered twenty-eight townships surveyed, and made grants to people from Taunton and Easton in Massachusetts, and Killingly in Connecticut. Captain Joseph Tisdale, a leading proprietor of the township now Westminster, at once named that settlement New Taunton in honor of his old home. He built a mill and several cabins were erected. When it was decided that the grant was without the Massachusetts jurisdiction, application was made to the General Court for relief.

The "Cape Breton" war commencing about this time, undoubtedly the settlement was abandoned. Subsequently Col. Josiah Willard, commandant at Fort Dummer, bought up the rights of the Massachusetts grantees, and in 1752 his son of the same name (Major) obtained from Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, a new grant, and changed the name to Westminster. The settlers, few in number and mostly from Northfield, Massachusetts, continued there during the French war.

Before the close of 1764 Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire had granted and sold one hundred and eighteen townships of land, and had presented to reduced officers of the colony wars more than fourteen thousand acres in addition thereto. These lands were the most valuable of any within the Province, and the fees arising from the transfer, and the reservations in each township set out to the governor, had caused him to be the most wealthy citizen of the province, and the owner of immense quantities of valuable land.

In 1753, on the petition of the owners of the "Equivalent lands" Governor Wentworth laid out three townships, "beginning at the north line of Hinsdale (now Vernon), on the west side of the river (Connecticut) and extending back six miles, and so far up the river as to enclose the required amount." These townships were named Brattleborough,

Putney and Fulham. About 1773 the name of Fulham was changed to Dummerston.

In the charter of the town of Guilford granted by Governor Wentworth in 1754, occurs the unique provision that the grantees might transact the business of the town as a majority should see fit, "subject only to the control of the Parliament of England."

Here, in this wilderness, was organized a little independent republic, with powers of legislation almost unlimited and with little fear of the nominal control of the English parliament. The increase of population was so rapid that although within the township there was no village, yet it soon became the most populous of any place in New Hampshire. One writer says, "All the hills and valleys were smoking with huts."

Among the names of Massachusetts men who had grants from Governor Wentworth are to be found those of Oliver Partridge, John Stoddard, Samuel Wells, Ebenezer Hinsdale, Ebenezer and David Nims, John Arms, Timothy Dwight and others, all prominent in the early history of the Connecticut valley. Many Connecticut men found their way up the "Long River," and became conspicuous in the troubles which in later years arose with New York, concerning the legality of the New Hampshire Grants made by Governor Wentworth.

In 1664 Charles II, gave his brother James, Duke of York, all the territory recently conquered from the Dutch, which included that lying between the Connecticut river and the Delaware, Long Island, Eastern Main, Nantucket and Marthas Vineyard. The settlers upon the grants made by Wentworth west of the Connecticut river immediately took alarm. The Massachusetts government negotiated with the new government, and together with Connecticut succeeded in establishing their western boundaries upon a line lying twenty miles east of the Hudson.

But the New York government relinquished no claim to the territory now constituting the state of Vermont. Governor Wentworth with reason, claimed that the west line of New Hampshire should be the same as that of Massachu-

setts and Connecticut, and he continued to make grants in the disputed territory. In 1686 the former Duke of York, then King James II, sent over Sir Edmund Andros, as governor, to carry out his scheme of consolidating the colonial political machinery and to govern the country through a council, ordering all colonial charters to be annulled. He was made governor of New York and New Jersey, as well as of New England, having jurisdiction after 1688 from the Delaware Bay to the boundaries of New France.

In 1763, Governor Colden of New York, having taken alarm at the activities of Governor Wentworth, issued a proclamation declaring that the Connecticut river was the eastern boundary of New York, and commanded the sheriff of Albany county to make a return of the names of all persons within the limit of his jurisdiction, who were unlawfully holding lands west of said river, that they might be proceeded against according to law.

In March, 1764, Governor Wentworth in a counter proclamation in which he asserted the rights of New Hampshire, cautioned the people who had begun settlements to be diligent in cultivating their lands agreeably to their respective grants, and recited that in his commission from the king, dated July 3, 1741, the southern boundary line of New Hampshire was described as extending west "until it meets with our other governments."

The western limits of Massachusetts and Connecticut were within twenty miles of the Hudson; why should New Hampshire be less? He made no mention that Massachusetts and Connecticut having progressed in their settlements far beyond their limits, the Province of New York had after long negotiation ceded to them the land that they had attempted to control.

Neither government would yield, and the whole matter of the dispute was referred to the King for adjustment. By an order in Council, dated July 20th, 1764, he declared "the western bank of the Connecticut river, from where it enters the Province of Massachusetts Bay, as far north as the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, to be the boundary line

between the said two provinces of New Hampshire and New York."

Immediately a new dispute arose. What was to be the effect of the King's words, "To Be." New York claimed that they were retrospective, and that consequently the grants made by the New Hampshire government west of the Connecticut river, were all void, and that the lands might be re-granted. The New Hampshire authorities declared that the words were used in the future tense only, and therefore the grants already made "being derived from the crown, through the medium of one of its governors, were valid."

Still the New York authorities insisted that all of the New Hampshire grants (in the territory now Vermont,) were within the jurisdiction of Albany county. Affidavits are on file at Albany, showing that in 1764 there were but about seventy families settled in this whole territory.

In July, 1766, the New York Assembly organized the southeastern portion of the New Hampshire Grants into a county called Cumberland. Officers were appointed, courts established, and "foundation laid for administering the law in accordance with the most approved methods." Seventy-six justices of the peace, of which twenty-six were of the quorum, were appointed in Albany county, and among the latter, was Samuel Wells of Brattleborough, a native of Deerfield.

Probably owing to influences set on foot by parties interested in the New Hampshire Grants, when these coercive acts were presented to the king for his approval, he "declared them void and of no effect." *

* Inscription upon a grave-stone standing in a burying ground at the old centre of Bennington, Vermont.

"In memory of/ Capt. Samuel Robinson/ the pioneer of the settle/ment of Bennington/ He was born in Cambridge, Mass/ in 1705, married to Mary Leonard/ and removed to Hardwick, Mass., in 1728 Became Captain in the King's forces and/ served as such in the vicinity of Lake/ George during the French war that resulted/ in the conquest of Canada by the English/ on his return from Lake George mistaking the Waloomsac for the Hoosac river he came/ to this place and encamped with his soldiers./ Pleased with the country which he called the Promissed Land, he applied to Governor Wentworth/ secured the township/ sought for settlers/ and commenced its settlement in

In 1768 the county of Cumberland was reorganized, but the records of the county before 1775 are not to be found.

John Wentworth, nephew of Governor Benning Wentworth, had succeeded his uncle as governor in 1766, "and was also commissioned by the King as Surveyor General of all His Majesty's Woods in all and singular His Majesty's Colonies and Plantations in North America."

It is somewhat in evidence that the new official was not wholly unbiased in prosecutions of offenders against trespass upon the King's forests, or in granting permits for the cutting of timber upon ungranted territory. It is alleged that those who acknowledged the legality of the grants made by the governor of New Hampshire, found no great difficulty in getting permits to cut such timber as was not fit for masts for the royal navy, while those who upheld the jurisdiction of New York were subjected to merciless prosecutions.

The case of Captain William Dean and his two sons who were arrested upon the charge of cutting many white pine trees upon the public domain in Windsor, and were sent to New York for trial, where they were imprisoned for a long time and suffered the loss of their entire estate, without ever obtaining any compensation, is cited to prove what was called "the foolish attempt of Governor Wentworth to gratify his feelings of dislike toward the inhabitants of the Grants Who acknowledged the jurisdiction of New York."

The action of Samuel Wells, who had become a judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas, was harshly commented upon by Governor Wentworth. Judge Wells was a strong sympathizer with the New York government, and afterward during the Revolutionary war, was a rank tory.

In May, 1770, the sheriff of Cumberland county, acting

1761./ Capt. Robinson was the acknowledged Leader of/ the settlers of New Hampshire Grants in/ their trying controversy with New York/ and in Oct. 1766 at a convention of the towns/ was appointed agent to represent their case to the Crown. He immediately repaired to London where/by his exertions he obtained the well known order/ of the King in council dated July 24, 1767/ prohibiting the Gov. of New York from making/ farther grants of the lands in controversy/ He died in London Oct. 27, 1767 and was buried/ in the church yard of the Rev. Mr. Whitfield."

under orders of the Court of Common Pleas, arrested some citizens of Windsor, who were promptly rescued by a mob. A few days later, this New York officer gathered a posse of fifteen men, among whom was one John Grout, a lawyer, and made an attempt to arrest Joseph Wait and several others, charged with mob violence. As the officer and his posse approached the residence of Wait, they were met by about thirty men acting under the command of Col. Nathan Stone, who carried a sword, and with them was Joseph Wait who was armed with a bludgeon and a pistol. The rioters soon overpowered the sheriff and his posse, Grout only surrendering at the point of Wait's pistol.

The sheriff and his posse were held as prisoners for about seven hours, during which time the rioters used every endeavor to induce the officer to make a return upon his warrant certifying that Wait and the other parties named therein could not be found in his precinct, and upon his determined refusal, they tried to induce him to promise that papers should not be served against any Windsor parties hereafter. Not meeting with success in their negotiations, the sheriff and his assistants were released without conditions.

A few days before the June session of the court which was to be holden at Chester, Judge Wells received information that interference with its deliberations might be expected from the adherents of the New Hampshire Grants party. He conferred with Hon. Thomas Chandler, the first judge of the court, and they made a decision not to make any preparations to resist any attack upon the court, but to hold their session, unless prevented by force.

When the court opened its session, Col. Stone, armed with a sword, Joseph Wait wearing a hanger, and some thirty others bearing walnut clubs, filed into the court-room, without removing their hats, showing no deference to the court whatever. Judge Chandler in a mild tone of voice, inquired of Col. Stone why he appeared before the court in such martial array. With drawn swords, Stone and Wait approached the table behind which the judges were sitting, and demanded by what right they presumed to sit there as

a court, and asserting that this demand was made in behalf of the public.

The judges replied that proclamation had been made of their authority, and informed the intruders that their presence should not hinder the business for which the court had assembled. Wait then demanded that for the offence with which *he* was charged there should be immediate trial.

The court being aware that no jury could be impaneled which would not be influenced by the presence of the armed mob then assembled, and fearing that some act of violence might be committed if the men charged with offences be then required to recognize for their appearances at the next term, announced that their attendance for this term was no longer required.

The armed leaders then announced to the court that John Grout was a bad man, and demanded that the court forbid him longer to act as an attorney before it. The chief justice announced that the court held a different opinion regarding the character of Mr. Grout, but if they wished to make any complaints against his conduct, they should apply to the grand jury, or they could make complaint to a higher court, and that the clerk would assist in drawing any bill or complaint; that Mr. Grout, if accused, had a right to be tried according to the usual course of law.

But Stone and Wait insisted that nothing but Grout's expulsion from the practice of law before this court would satisfy the demands of the people, and finally, addressing Judge Chandler, said: "If it is not done, we shall do something which we shall be sorry to be obliged to do, which will make your Honor repent not complying with our request!" The court being unable to transact any business, took an adjournment to the next day.

Lawyer Grout, fearing a personal attack, fled to the house of John Chandler, clerk of the court, for protection. There the mob in the presence of the judges made Grout a prisoner, and soon after, the captors taking their prisoner with them, started on foot for Charlestown, New Hampshire. The next day they took their prisoner by water to Windsor where they exerted every influence to compel him to promise

and "agree not to practice law" in Cumberland county. He begged of them for time to consider the propositions made to him.

The next morning Col. Stone told Grout that he must soon meet the citizens of Windsor and give them an answer to their demands. Grout declaring that he would agree to nothing, was held in custody at the house of Joseph Wait, until Sunday morning July 10th, when he succeeded in making his escape.

The New York courts issued processes against eleven of these rioters, but as there was no possibility of securing a fine in that section of the country, no punishment was ever inflicted upon the guilty parties.

Many of the towns lying between the Connecticut and the Green mountains petitioned the New York government for confirmation of their title by New Hampshire grants, and in general such petitions met with favor, and the Wentworth grants were confirmed.

In the case of the town of Hinsdale that portion lying on the west side of the river was first granted by Massachusetts, and the Indian rights were purchased by the settlers, and the title afterward confirmed by Governor Wentworth; making, as was evident, a very strong title. Governor Tryon of New York nevertheless granted to a personal friend, one Col. Howard, about one half of this township, without any regard to vested rights. Such a storm of disapproval arose about the governor's ears, that he offered Col. Howard six hundred pounds sterling "out of his own pocket" if he would release his claim, which he refused to do. (See appendix.)

The case of Guilford was somewhat similar. This township was granted by New Hampshire in 1754. When the settlers found that by the King's decree they were under the jurisdiction of New York, they made application to that government for confirmation of their charter. No action was taken upon their petition, and it was twice renewed. In the mean time twelve thousand acres of this township had been granted by Governor Tryon to Col. Howard, thus depriving many persons of their entire estate.

Notwithstanding, the majority of the people of this town stood by the New York government in its contest with New Hampshire. A proposition to remunerate the sufferers by granting them land in another place, was the offer of the New York government, but both Guilford and Hinsdale failed to obtain satisfaction until the close of the Revolutionary war, and the admission of Vermont into the Union.

An enumeration of the people of Cumberland county was made in 1771, and there were found four thousand and twenty-four residents. The next year the county was allowed to send two representatives to the New York Assembly, and Judge Samuel Wells and Crean Bush of Westminster, were selected and took their seats in the New York legislature which was in session in New York city, in February, 1773. These members were allowed twelve shillings for their daily attendance, and also for twelve additional days in coming and the same for return to their homes at the end of the session.

In October, 1774, eighteen delegates, elected from twelve towns of Cumberland county, met at Dummerston and held a two days' convention and after discussion of the relations existing between Great Britain and the colonies, and after mature deliberation they passed a series of patriotic resolutions, which however were not promulgated until the next year. In the meantime the report had become common that Cumberland county was not friendly to the Continental congress. In June, 1775, however, these resolutions were published in the *New York Journal*, and thus the actual feeling of the people of the county was presented.

The organization of the Green Mountain Boys about this time, was caused by the encroachments of the New York authorities. Ethan Allen, then in the prime of life, and the acknowledged leader, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, and was of a most impetuous temperament, which was somewhat controlled by the caution and reservation of Seth Warner, who was his almost constant companion. As the border settlers of New York had no pecuniary interest in the success of the New York officials in dispossessing their neighbors who had settled under grants from the

governor of New Hampshire, it was difficult to obtain aid to enforce their orders.

The New York government then tried to induce local sympathizers to accept office, but this scheme proved largely inoperative, because the Green Mountain Boys whenever such new fledged officials became troublesome, sealed their commissions with "the Beech Seal."

One Benjamin Hough accepted a commission as a Justice of the Peace, and zealously petitioned the New York assembly to declare Ethan Allen and some others outlaws, and when his action became known, he was given two hundred strokes with a beech goad upon his bare back, driven out of the locality, and warned never to return under penalty of death. Many were the acts of vengeance perpetrated by those holding titles from the New York speculators in land against those holding title under grants from the New Hampshire governor. The retaliation by the Green Mountain Boys was equally severe and inhuman.

At times their "regulating" took on a humorous aspect. One Dr. Samuel Adams indiscreetly circulated criticisms which incensed the Bennington boys, who captured him and hoisted him up on the sign of the old Green Mountain House, beside the stuffed catamount which for years had been posted there grinning defiance toward New York. The Doctor's lesson in taxidermy lasted several hours.

On the 3d of April, 1775, the Colonial Assembly of New York adjourned for the last time. Its action in regard to the territory known as the New Hampshire Grants, however wise in conception, seldom reached execution except in cases where it was evident that some direct benefit was to be immediately derived, and in general those who disobeyed its decrees escaped punishment.

In 1774 Governor Tryon of New York issued a proclamation commanding Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker, Robert Cochran, Peleg Sunderland, Sylvanus Brown, James Breckenridge and John Smith to surrender themselves within thirty days under pain of conviction of felony and death without benefit of clergy, and offering a bounty of one hundred and fifty pounds for the capture of Allen, and

fifty pounds for each of the others. The Vermont leaders retorted by offering a reward for the apprehension of the attorney general of New York.

In his proclamation Governor Tryon used these words, regarding the accused; "suffer death as in cases of persons convicted and attainted with felony by verdict and judgment, without benefit of Clergy," unless they surrendered themselves within seven days.

It is said that when Ethan Allen heard of this, he laughed long and loud, and said, "How will the fools manage to hang a Green Mountain Boy before they catch him!"

The several township committees met and resolved to defend against the New York officers "those who for their merit in the great and general cause, had been falsely denominated rioters." In their counter proclamation they threatened death to any person who should be tempted by the reward offered to deliver them up for punishment.

In the fall of the same year, Lieutenant Spaulding of Dummerston was arrested and committed to prison on a charge of high treason made against him by the notorious Crean Bush, at that time a member of the New York Assembly. It is recorded that "Mr. Spaulding was a resolute man, and that it took three or four 'Yorkers' to conquer him, when he was jailed in Westminster." The next day the people of Dummerston arose and appointed a committee of correspondence, who, walking to the prison door at Westminster at once set Lieutenant Spaulding free and congratulated him upon gaining his liberty.

Westminster seemed to be the rallying place of the patriots. In the spring of 1775 they held there a convention which passed resolutions demanding of the New York Assembly many reform measures for the benefit of the citizens of the county, but before its action reached that body, it had held its last meeting and the conduct of affairs had passed into the hands of the patriots.

The judges of the County court of Cumberland county, holding their commissions from the Royal government of New York, deemed it to be their duty to be loyal to the King. The whole civil government was in the hands of

those who called themselves "the Court party" and who designated their opponents as "the Mob." At times members of "the court party" as individuals gave assent to some of the measures of the patriots, but as officers, they were Tories of the deepest dye.

The Whigs had suffered beyond all endurance in the endless disputes about land titles and other vexatious suits, and by general agreement they set March 14th, 1775, the day fixed for the sitting of the County court at Westminster, as the day when they would take the management of affairs into their own hands.

Being desirous that no charge of rashness or precipitation should justly be laid against them, they requested the judges of the county court not to attempt to hold a session at that place and time. Chief Justice Chandler expressed the opinion that under the present condition of affairs it would be wise not to hold the court. Justice Samuel Wells at that time was in attendance upon the New York Assembly, and was thus relieved from all connection with the tragedy which ensued. Justice Noah Sabin, the remaining judge, was emphatic in urging what he believed to be his duty, and advised the sitting of the court as was usual, and it is believed that his firmness led the chief justice to order the court to be held.

The Whigs, upon learning that the Tory court intended to occupy the court house the 14th for the purpose of holding the session, determined to forestall them in the possession of the building, and on the 13th about one hundred men from Rockingham and Westminster took possession of the court house, being armed with cudgels selected from a neighboring woodpile.

Very soon after this overt act, William Patterson, the New York high sheriff, with a posse of about seventy men, mostly from Brattleborough, arrived at the court house door, fourteen of the sheriff's party being armed with muskets, and the remainder with clubs. They came within about five yards of the court house door, and the sheriff commanded "the rioters" to disperse. His command not being obeyed, he then read the "King's proclamation"

and ordered the "mob" to depart, declaring that if they did not obey "he would blow a lane through them wide enough so that what there were left of them could easily find their way out." The Whigs informed the sheriff that they intended to stay inside, but that his party might enter if they would lay aside their arms.

There were many conferences between Captain Azarisah Wright, Dr. Reuben Jones, and other of the Whig leaders and Judge Chandler, and late in the evening it was arranged that the Whigs might occupy the court house until morning, and that the sheriff should withdraw his forces from its vicinity, and that when the court assembled the next day it would hear any complaint of grievances, and relieve any that it was able to.

The Whigs maintained a strong guard at the court house, and the sheriff and his posse retired to John Norton's tavern, a noted Tory resort, and by midnight aided by repeated visits to a well filled punch bowl, they had worked themselves up to such a pitch of loyalty to their royal master, that they undertook to surprise the guard at the court house.

Advancing to the court house door the sheriff demanded entrance in the name of the King, to which no reply was made. He declared that he would enter peaceably if possible, but if necessary he would use force, and commanded his posse to follow him as he tried to force an entrance. He was pushed back by the sentry, and upon a second attempt to enter, the guard clubbed the sheriff.

Angered by the blows he had received he ordered his men to fire. Three shots were fired over the heads of the guards who defiantly maintained their places. At the second shot the sentries were driven from their places, and the sheriff and his men gained an entrance and a hand to hand fight took place, the whigs at last being overpowered, a few escaping by a side door. In the skirmish two of the Whigs were mortally wounded, ten received lesser wounds, and seven were captured. Two of the sheriff's party were slightly wounded.

The wounded men and the prisoners were crowded into small rooms and without heat or light were made to suffer

the taunts and vile abuse of their captors until relieved by daylight.

The morning sun found Westminster in the utmost confusion. The judges ordered the opening of the court at the appointed hour, but instead of taking up the usual court business, they drew up "A true state of Facts Exactly as they happened in the very melancholy affair" which had taken place. This statement which was remarkably fair in its relation, ended in an appeal to the people to sustain the law of the land, and was signed by all the judges of the court and all the county officers.

The court, wisely not attempting any business transaction, adjourned to three o'clock p. m. at which time it met and took a further adjournment until June 2nd ensuing; but this tragic sitting proved to be the last held by this New York court. Every hour added to the throngs of excited people who gathered in the little village of Westminster. Organized companies came from Rockingham, Guilford and Walpole, and fraternized with Captain Azariah Wright's Westminster company. By the hour of noon more than four hundred persons were in arms and the judges and court assistants were held close prisoners in the court house.

Many of the more excited ones were for taking summary vengeance upon the sheriff and those who had aided him in his attack upon the court house. But the men of cooler judgment, and especially Captain Benjamin Bellows, who afterward became distinguished for his bravery, strong will and good sense in the Revolutionary war, were able to keep the peace.

William French, aged 22 years, son of Nathaniel French of Brattleborough, died from his wounds early in the morning of the 14th and an inquest was holden upon his body; his death, from wounds in his head and mouth, being charged upon the sheriff and his posse, they were placed in close confinement. On the 15th men poured into Westminster by the hundred: Solomon Harvey, "practitioner of medicine," came from Bennington leading a party of about three hundred of Ethan Allen's "Green Mountain Boys."

On that day young French, "the first victim to American Liberty" was buried, his funeral being attended by all the military of the surrounding country. The gathered multitude in solemn conclave, "vowed to avenge the wrongs of their oppressed country, and kindled in imagination the torch of war, which so soon after blazed like a beacon-light at Lexington and Bunker Hill" as they surrounded the grave of this youthful martyr.*

It is asserted that on the morning of the 16th there were at Westminster "five hundred good martial soldiers well equipped for war," besides a great crowd of people who lingered as spectators.

The people organized and chose a large committee to represent the public, and the sheriff and his fellow prisoners were examined before this committee, who decided that those most guilty should be committed to Northampton jail, and that others less involved should give bonds running to John Hazelton, chairman of the committee, for their appearance when required.

Daniel Houghton, the second victim of the affray, lingered for nine days before his decease, and it is believed that this circumstance prevented his name from being more closely associated with that of William French, as a martyr to American Liberty.

On Sunday, the 19th, Judge Sabin, Sheriff Patterson, and seven other officials, under a guard consisting of twenty-five "Green Mountain Boys" under command of Robert Cochran, and the same number of New Hampshire men commanded by Captain Butterfield, began their march for Northampton jail. Their route lay through Greenfield, and they passed the night of the 21st at Deerfield, reaching their destination on the 23d.

* There is inscribed upon the monument erected in Westminster, Vermont, to the memory of WILLIAM FRENCH, claimed to be the first martyr of the American Revolution, the following words.

"Here WILLIAM FRENCH his body lies,
For murder his blood for vengeance cries;
King George y^e Third his Tory crew,
They with a ball his head shot through.
For Liberty, his country's good,
He lost his life, his dearest blood."

After two weeks confinement they were released by a court order, resulting from habeas corpus proceedings, and reached New York City on the 3d of May. But at this time the demands concerning the prosecution of the war absorbed every energy of the public, and it is not thought that these men ever had a judicial decision of the charges against them.

The student of history should keep in mind the fact that the disturbance at Westminster was of an entirely different nature from that which at this time was being carried on against the New York government by Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, and the "Green Mountain Boys" and "Bennington Mob" on the west side of the Green mountains. Their grievances were wholly concerning the sanctity of the titles to their lands which they had in good faith obtained from the New Hampshire government, while those people on the east side of the mountain were in rebellion against the oppression of the officers appointed by the New York government, and in support of home rule. In this connection it should never be forgotten that in this little village of Westminster, upon the banks of the Connecticut river, William French, in the eyes of these people suffered martyrdom and became known as "the first victim offered upon the altar of American Liberty," laying down his life that his country might live.

Mrs. Gale, wife of the clerk of the court, and daughter of Col. Samuel Wells, who was then sitting in the New York legislature, dispatched immediately upon the riot at the court house * a messenger to her father and Crean Bush,

* Crean Bush, a talented Irishman, born in Dublin, came to Westminster in 1771 and the next year was appointed clerk of the court established under the laws of New York.

He soon gained a commanding influence among the New York adherents; and he and Judge Samuel Wells, of said court, became members of the General Assembly of New York, continuing until its final session in April, 1775.

Bush then repaired to Boston and offered his services to General Gage, who appointed him to have charge of all the "Goods, Wares and Merchandize" taken from the houses and business places of the citizens and used by the British for barracks and for storage. Upon the evacuation of Boston by the British army, it was charged against Crean Bush and others, that they loaded a ship called *Peggy* secretly with goods which had been under his care,

his co-member. The messenger made the journey in the unprecedented time of one hundred and ten hours. The Assembly at once voted money to sustain the government, and suppress rioting, but on April 3d patriotic "Committees of safety" took forcible possession of the machinery of government in New York. In Cumberland county the committees of safety in the towns chose delegates to attend meetings of the county committee, and the Central committee assumed general jurisdiction, which had heretofore been exercised by the courts. In their decisions this committee were controlled more by equity than by law.

Taking advantage of the times, savages who infested the frontiers raided the border settlers, stealing their stock, burning grain and hay ricks, and committing other depredations, and as soon as the patriots had organized the New York Provincial Congress, they voted military supplies and appointed military officers directing the forming of companies of Rangers, for the purpose of the protection of the people of the New Hampshire Grants.

However by the close of 1776, it was evident that a large majority of the New Hampshire Grants people had become so much incensed against the New York government, that they were ready to organize independently and assume jurisdiction of all the territory lying between the Connecticut river and Lake Champlain.

On the 15th of January, 1777, under the leadership of the west side patriots, a delegate convention declared the independence of the New Hampshire Grants, and passed a resolution that the district known as such should hence-

under conditions which in these days would be pronounced "graft." For nineteen months Crean was closely confined in Boston jail, where he was visited weekly by his faithful wife, who at last improved an opportunity to change her attire with her husband and by this ruse he escaped to find at a designated place a horse, which carried him in safety to New York.

There, while making a claim to the British commander for redress and remuneration for his losses and suffering in the King's service, he was interrupted by that official in the words, "Your conduct merited them and more."

His efforts to recover his property which had been seized by his opponents in the New Hampshire Grants, had as little success as his application to the commanding general in New York, and disheartened by the failure of all his schemes, he ended his career with a pistol shot in his New York lodgings.

forth be "a free and independent state to be known as 'New Connecticut, alias Vermont.'"

A petition was framed and ordered to be forwarded to the Continental Congress praying that New Connecticut might be received and ranked "among the free and independent states, and that her delegates might be admitted to seats in the grand Continental Congress."

The New York delegation immediately remonstrated against the action of her rebellious subjects, which caused delay, and a long and bitter struggle was the natural consequence. On June 4, of that year a delegate convention gathered at Windsor, which passed a resolution calling upon the people to send representatives to meet at Windsor on the 2nd of July, for the purpose of forming a constitution for the new commonwealth and to elect delegates to the Continental Congress. The convention agreed upon and adopted a form of government, but the great influence of the New York delegation in Congress forced from that body a resolution disapproving the formation of the new state.

This year the appearance of General Burgoyne with his formidable army upon the north-west border of the state, created the utmost alarm and confusion, but the signal success of the patriots under Stark at Bennington, August 16, 1777, over the Germans commanded by Colonel Baum,—resulting in the death of their commander and 207 others, and the capture of 700 prisoners out of an army of 1,000, with a loss to the Vermonters of 14 killed and 42 wounded,—inspired great confidence in the men of Vermont, and gave additional impetus to their leaders in the bold stand which they had taken in declaring for complete independence.

Massachusetts had not as yet abandoned her claim to the southeastern portion of the New Hampshire Grants, and during the year 1777 furnished powder, lead and arms, to the patriots in Cumberland county, and as late as 1779 its General Court declared that Massachusetts had "a clear and indisputable right" to the territory which she claimed. However she submitted for the sake of harmony when in 1780 Congress disallowed her claim.

In several of the Cumberland county towns there were a

majority of the voters who sympathized with the New York claimants, for instance in 1778 in the twelve south-eastern towns there were 480 voters who favored the jurisdiction of New York, and 320 who stood for independence, while 185 timidly declared themselves neutral. The neutrals were generally considered as in reality favoring the Vermont government, but could not be counted as willing to become active partisans.

At the spring session of the Vermont legislature in 1778, sixteen towns east of the Connecticut river in New Hampshire, under the influence of leaders of Dartmouth college, withdrew their allegiance from New Hampshire, and were admitted to the new state of Vermont, but happily their adherence was but temporary.

Ethan Allen was still the popular idol of his followers, and consequently most thoroughly hated by the New York partizans. His impulsive action was suited to the times, and the tense feeling of his adherents. The day set for the execution of one David Redding, who had been convicted of being a spy for the enemy, was the same as that fixed for the meeting of the Vermont legislature, and a multitude of people had gathered upon that momentous occasion. At the last moment a reprieve was granted staying the execution, because the victim had been tried by a jury of six of his peers, instead of the customary panel of twelve "good men and true." The gathered people were turbulent, and disposed to take the execution of the law, and of the spy, into their own hands, when Ethan Allen mounted a stump and explained why the execution had been deferred, and in his fervid manner exclaimed, "You shall see somebody hung; for if Redding is not hung, I will be hung myself!" A jury of twelve men was impanelled as soon as possible, and during the succeeding week, dating from June 4, 1778, Redding was executed and Allen was relieved from acting as his substitute.

The vacillating course of the Continental Congress upon the admission of Vermont into the confederation caused the utmost distress. Portions of the inhabitants were endeavoring to obey the mandates of the Colonial congress

of New York, while some prominent neighbor only acknowledged allegiance to laws enacted by the Vermont authorities. That body enacted laws for the establishment of the militia, and tried to enforce a draft for filling the ranks of the First regiment. Many men who supported the state government readily enlisted, but the majority of those who acknowledged obedience to the laws of New York would neither join the Vermont militia, nor pay the amount assessed upon them for the employment of substitutes. The Vermont officers in the fulfilment of their duties levied upon the property of the recalcitrant New Yorkers, who, when the distrained property was offered for sale, would gather their friends and seize upon the property and bear it off in triumph.

Governor Clinton urged upon the Congress the necessity of action, and asserted that if much longer delayed, New York would be compelled to use its military force for the protection of its afflicted citizens.

Vermont did not hesitate to endeavor to enforce its laws, and thirty-six of the New York offenders were arrested and confined in the Westminster jail, charged with rescuing property levied upon by its civil officers. Fearing that when the cases should come to be heard, trouble might arise Governor Chittenden of Vermont ordered Col. Ethan Allen to be at Westminster on the day of the sitting of the court, with such force as he thought necessary to enable the sheriff to sustain the public peace.

Upon the opening of the court, counsel was assigned to aid the accused persons, and upon motion three of the prisoners were discharged. Then upon suggestion of non-age, upon motion the court granted the discharged of three lads. The court then proceeded to try the other cases, when Ethan Allen, hearing that the court was discharging the prisoners, marched into court in full military array, wearing his sword, and pushed his way to the front of the bench, and commenced a furious attack upon the Vermont state attorney.

The presiding judge interrupted Col. Allen, and said to him that while the court would listen to civil remarks from a private citizen, they could not allow him to address the court while decked in military array, or as a military man.

The militant Colonel nodded, and taking off his hat and divesting himself of his sword, he placed them on a table, and turning to the court, in a loud voice said,

“For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate’er is best administer’d is best.”

Then, realizing that perhaps the court might feel sensitive in regard to his quotation, he hastily exclaimed: “I said that *fools* might contest for forms; but not your Honors! Oh no! not your Honors!”

Continuing his address to the court he said; “Fifty miles through the woods I have come with my brave men, to support the civil with the military arm; to quell any disturbance should such arise, and to aid the sheriff and the court in prosecuting these Yorkers—the enemies of our noble state. I see however that some of them by the quirks of this artful lawyer Bradley, are escaping from the punishment they so richly deserve; and I find also that this little Noah Smith, is far from understanding his business, since he at one moment moves for a prosecution and in the next wishes to withdraw it. Let me warn your honor to be on your guard lest these delinquents slip through your fingers, and thus escape the rewards so justly due their crime.”

The doughty Colonel then resumed his military attire and with courtly address withdrew from the court room. The trial resulted in the conviction of thirty of the New Yorkers, who were assessed fines of from two to forty pounds, and costs of court.

At the next session of the Vermont legislature Ethan Allen was made a Brigadier general, in consideration of “his invaluable services.”

Harmonizing influences had been at work among the Vermont leaders, and June 3d, 1779, Governor Chittenden issued a proclamation acquitting all persons who had been engaged in any riotous proceedings since January, 1777, only excepting such as had already gone to judgment.

The New York delegates in the Continental Congress at last succeeded in getting a Congressional Committee appointed to visit “the Grants,” and report to Congress the

situation of affairs. Governor Clinton called upon General Washington for the return of the six brass cannon which the state had loaned to him, and made active preparation to enforce the laws of the state in the Vermont district.

Col. Samuel Wells promised to contribute one thousand pounds of beef and a barrel of pork without remuneration in case of active proceedings to enforce the laws, and wrote that if the Governor of New York would show himself in earnest, a company could easily be raised to garrison Fort Dummer.

Time passed, and only two members of the congressional committee ever visited Cumberland county, and no formal report was made to the Congress. In April, 1780, the Cumberland county adherents of the New York government held a convention in Brattleborough, nine towns being represented. Colonel Wells was the chairman, and summed up the situation in a letter to Governor Clinton in these words.

“We would wish sir—we are earnestly desirous—to live under the government of New York; but cannot longer risque so much for a government which is unable or unwilling to protect us; and must most candidly assure your excellency that unless Congress shall have settled this controversy by the first of June next, the subjects of New York in this county for their own safety, must connect themselves with some power able to afford them security.”

There is no longer room for doubt that during the troubled embryo existence of the state of Vermont,—claimed by New York, regarded with fear and jealousy by New Hampshire, Massachusetts interests undetermined, good reason existed for the strong suspicion current with public men as well as members of the Continental Congress, that treasonable correspondence was being maintained with the King's agents in Canada, as well by the partisans of the New York party as by the Vermont patriots, and without doubt the British commander in Canada, General Haldiman, was convinced that by withdrawing the forces threatening Vermont, and restraining the roving bands of savages from committing depredations upon the scattered settlers upon the

western and northern borders of the disputed territory, he would secure the approval of both parties and eventually add a state to the British empire.

The declaration of Col. Wells, in his letter to Governor Clinton, that if New York did not protect the people whom he represented, they “‘for their own safety, must connect themselves with some power able to afford them security,” is good evidence that the adherents of the New York government were in the secret of the treasonable correspondence with General Haldiman’s agent, Col. Beverley Robinson.

Williams, in his history of Vermont (1809), says that Governor Chittenden informed him that there were but eight persons who were in the secret of this coquetting with Gen. Haldiman, their object being a cessation of hostilities by the regular British troops, and their Indian allies, at a time when the state was deserted by the continent and unable to defend herself. “On the part of the gentlemen of Vermont the correspondence consisted of evasive, ambiguous, general answers and proposals, but carefully avoiding any engagements or measures that could be construed to be an act of the government, but calculated not to destroy the British hopes of seduction.” In this, at all events, the dangerous experiment was a success. The names of those who took part in this intrigue, as given by Gov. Chittenden, beside himself, were Moses Robinson, Samuel Safford, Ethan Allen, Ira Allen, Timothy Brownson, John Fasset, and Joseph Fay; all well known patriots.

The great difficulty was to keep these proceedings a profound secret from the great body of the zealous patriots with whom they were associated. Although the power of these leaders in the effort to establish the independence of Vermont, was almost absolute, if the plain people had become assured that they were negotiating with agents of Gen. Haldiman for turning the state over to the king, their influence would at once have become obsolete.

Twice, while these negotiations were pending the secret was in great danger—“once when Ethan Allen made an unexpected truce with the commander of a British invading

troop, and once when another commander, keeping up a pretence of warfare, sent a blundering apology to the Vermont General Enos for the killing of a scout—there was unmistakable evidences of dissatisfaction.”

It was the task of Ira Allen, the less impetuous brother of General Ethan Allen, to keep Gen. Haldiman impressed with the necessity of keeping the negotiations a secret from the general public until such time as they could be brought to realize the benefits to be derived from a close connection with the British nation. Although a show of negotiations was continued until peace was signed in 1783, the process was merely nominal after the surrender of Cornwallis in 1781.

All efforts of the New York authorities to enforce jurisdiction in Vermont were met by Ethan Allen and his “Green Mountain Boys,” who, after twice clearing their officials from Vermont, notified the adherents of New York that if they returned the third time, it would be under the penalty of death. Congress intervened and ordered that the New York officers be reinstated, but Vermont flatly refused to obey, and upon the failure of Congress to enforce its demand by an invasion, the matter ended in threats. Having for several years in vain begged of Congress admission to the federation, Vermont now settled down to enjoy her position as an independent state, and passed laws establishing a post office department, an independent coinage, and acts eliminating difficulties relating to the perplexing question of titles of real estate.

It was an exciting period in the history of this brave little republic, when Vermont officers in obedience to law undertook to enforce the collection of fines imposed upon men who refused to perform military duty. In Guilford, where the majority of the people were adherents to the New York government, the civil officers of Vermont were surrounded by a mob who rescued the property levied upon, and the sheriff and his posse were compelled to abandon their purpose. In September of that year (1782) the Vermont courts found indictments against about forty citizens for their participation in this affair. The Vermont legislature had divided the New York county of Cumberland

into the counties of Windham, Windsor and Orange, (nearly as they are at the present time) and the Vermont sheriff of Windham, fearing resistance, applied to Governor Chittenden for assistance in the performance of his duty. The governor authorized Ethan Allen to raise 250 men and march them into Windham county and if necessary aid the sheriff in the performance of his duty in execution of the orders of the court.

Within a few days Allen appeared at Marlborough with 200 mounted men, where he detached Ira Allen with a squad of twenty with orders to arrest one Timothy Phelps, a New York leader. Phelps discovering their approach went into secret quarters, while his wife with her fire shovel bravely defended her castle against the gallant commander of the "Green Mountain Boys" with success. Mr. Phelps was afterward captured, and before night more than 400 of the state militia were under arms, and scouring the country. Nearly all of the leading men of the New York party were brought in under arrest to Ethan Allen at his head quarters in Guilford.

In the evening Allen dispatched a portion of his troops with the prisoners toward Brattleborough. The command fell into an ambush of forty-six determined York men of Guilford, who had bound themselves to defend their rights with their lives, and shots being exchanged, the Vermont men returned to Guilford.

Then Allen made public proclamation: "I, Ethan Allen, do declare that I will give no quarter to man, woman or child, who shall oppose me; and unless the people of Guilford submit to the authority of the state of Vermont, I swear that I will lay it as desolate as Sodom and Gomorrah, by God!"

The terror of Allen's name was enough; his foes had fled, and his force marched unmolested to Brattleborough. The next day Allen took his prisoners to Westminster where a special term of the court was held, and the prisoners indicted by the grand jury were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be banished, their estates were confiscated to the state of Vermont. Attachments were immediately issued,

and officers were commanded to take possession of the property of the convicted men.

The defeated New Yorkers appealed for assistance to the border men of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and in some of the men of the latter state a disposition was manifest to render such aid. But Governor Hancock issued a warning proclamation, and the hot headed ones, concluded to let New York and Vermont settle their own difficulties.

Allen with a force which could not be successfully resisted returned to Guilford and drove away 150 head of cattle, and hogs and sheep without number; threshed out the grain which he found and carried it away, the people flying before him and abandoning everything. In despair, many of the arrested parties took the oath of allegiance to the state of Vermont, and were discharged and their fines remitted.

One Samuel Ely, once a resident of Conway, Mass. (a bold rash man, who, on his own responsibility, attached to no command, fought all day at Bennington, and was afterward court-marshalled charged with retaining a valuable lot of plunder taken from the battle ground, but was discharged upon the plea that what he took was gained by his own valor) was now a resident of Wilmington, and was arrested, charged with sedition, in that he had publicly declared that Vermont "was a damned state;" that the Supreme court was a "pack of villians," and "that if no other person would destroy the government of Vermont, he would." He was convicted, the sentence being that he be taken to the state line in Marlborough and banished for the term of eighteen months, and that if he returned to Vermont in that time he was to be imprisoned for the same length of time.

The New York men in the jails, suffered much from hunger; two of them in the Bennington jail declared that they had only four meals in eleven days. Even Ethan Allen admitted that the methods he employed "were a savage way to support a government, but that success could not be secured in any other manner."

In December, 1783, Congress passed a resolution requiring

the so called state of Vermont to make full and ample restitution to the men it had banished, and commanding that they be not disturbed upon their return to their families. Depending upon the strength of this order, Col. Church, a distinguished New York adherent, returned to his family, but was immediately arrested and confined in the Bennington jail, and the Vermont authorities let it be generally understood that he was to be hanged. The governor and General Assembly of Vermont sent a remonstrance to the Congress criticising its interference in the internal affairs of the free and independent state of Vermont; and both the Continental Congress and Governor Clinton of New York became aware that the action of Vermont would not be controlled by Congress or the state of New York.

Upon petition to Gov. Chittenden after five months imprisonment, Col. Church was released upon payment of costs and for his board while in confinement, and he returned to his family. In October 1782, Timothy Phelps, the New York sheriff of Cumberland county, was with three companions taken from the Westminster jail and ferried across into New Hampshire, and there released with a warning that if they returned to Vermont hanging awaited them.

When Congress issued its mandate commanding restitution and non-interference with all persons who had been banished by Vermont, Phelps thought himself safe in returning to his family. Soon after his return a session of the Superior court was holden in his own town of Marlborough, and on the second day of its sitting Phelps entered the court room and boldly demanded full restitution for all the evils which the court had by its decrees inflicted upon him, and presenting a copy of the resolutions of Congress began reading them to the court.

He was interrupted by the Chief Justice who exclaimed, "What supercilious arrogance have we here! Mr. Sheriff, take this disorderly man into custody. We are not subject to the authority of the Continental Congress!" The Vermont sheriff hesitated, and Phelps in a voice of thunder commanded in the name of the state of New York and the Continental Congress that the unlawful assembly disperse.

Phelps finally submitted to arrest, and was committed to the Bennington jail. After several months imprisonment, he wrote to a friend, "The officers of Vermont tell me that I shall be in jail to all eternity, unless I petition to their governor. I tell them I will see them all damned first, without Congress makes them a state." His jailer threatened that he should be hung and made his prison life as unendurable as was possible. Yielding at length to the appeals of his wife, who, with her six-weeks old babe in her arms, crossed the Green mountains to visit him, he applied to the Vermont council for release, promising "allegiance and obedience" to the laws of Vermont, and upon these terms he obtained his discharge.

The officers of a small body of troops detailed to aid the Vermont sheriffs in their execution of the orders of the court, had their head-quarters at the tavern of Josiah Arms, in Brattleborough. By their zeal in their official duties, they had made themselves much hated by the New York adherents living in the adjoining towns. They finally organized a strong party and marched to Brattleborough with the intention of taking the Vermont officers prisoners. On their arrival they made an attack upon the tavern, riddling the doors and windows with bullets and buck-shot. In the *melée* they wounded Major Boyden, shot an innocent traveller in the thigh, and captured and carried away one Oliver Waters. Taking him to the Massachusetts line, they bound his hands to a heavy piece of iron, and started with him under two guards to Poughkeepsie, then the capitol of New York. Fifteen of Waters' friends in Halifax organized a rescue party and overtaking the New York party in Northampton they captured the guard and Waters was released. Learning at Northampton that their old enemy, Timothy Phelps, was with his brother Charles, in Hadley, on his way as bearer of dispatches to Poughkeepsie, they concluded to take him back to Vermont, Seizing Timothy Phelps the party started for Vermont, and arriving at Bloody Brook (in Deerfield) they stopped for breakfast. While regaling themselves after a long march, they were surprised by a sheriff of Hampshire county, Mass., and his

posse, who released Timothy Phelps and haled the Vermonters before a court at Hadley. After a hearing the court fined the party twenty-one pounds and eight shillings for rioting, which being paid the Vermonters were dismissed.

This, and the affray at Brattleborough, determined the Vermonters to subdue the New Yorkers by military force.

By the 19th of January, 1784, more than 300 of the Vermont militia were assembled at Brattleborough. For a few days war raged in the towns of Guilford, Marlborough, and Halifax, as the militia followed the retreating New Yorkers. Sergeant Silvanus Fisk, while leading an advanced detachment of Vermont men, was fatally wounded. The militia were so persistent in their sweeping pursuit that many of the New York party were forced over the Massachusetts line. On the 22nd Ethan Allen arrived with reinforcements, and twenty New York men were made prisoners. Wallowing through snow four feet in depth and finding no enemy to fight, Allen left detachments in Guilford and other border towns, and then took his prisoners to Brattleborough, and sent the captives to the Westminster jail.

A party of Vermont men even ventured to invade Northfield, Massachusetts, and arrest Daniel Shepardson, a former Guilford man.

David Goodnough, a resident of Guilford, having accepted a commission from the New York government as a lieutenant, was arrested and when released upon bond, fled across the line to Bernardston. Wishing to visit his family in Guilford, he invited a young man named Daniel Spicer to accompany him upon his clandestine visit. Spicer protested that he had no quarrel with the state of Vermont and was very loth to venture, but his reluctance was overcome by Goodnough's persuasions. Approaching in intense darkness some houses in Guilford, they were halted in the road by an armed sentinel, who cried out "Who goes there?" Goodnough and Spicer made a break for the woods; were fired upon, and Spicer was so badly wounded that he died the following day. Spicer was a brother of that Jabez Spicer, a member of Capt. Agrippa Wells' rebel company of Shays

army, who was killed at Springfield, when the attack was made upon the arsenal at that place.

The killing of Spicer occasioned much bitter feeling among the Massachusetts people along the border, and steps were taken toward organized interference against the Vermont party, but a wise proclamation by Governor Hancock, advising strict neutrality concerning the issue between New York and Vermont, did much to allay the excitement.

The legislature of Vermont at its spring session in 1784, held out the olive branch, and passed an act offering free pardon to those who had "traitorously taken up arms" against the authority of the State of Vermont, and many of the strenuous advocates of New York supremacy, having given up all hope of the success of the cause they had vigorously upheld, yielded, and took the oath necessary to become loyal citizens of the "free and independent State of Vermont."

In 1784 the northern members of Congress became convinced that a strong effort was soon to be made for the admission of Kentucky to the Union, and that in order to maintain the proper balance of power, the admission of Vermont became a necessity. A committee of Congress was appointed, who early in the summer made a favorable report for the admission of Vermont to the Union. An era of good will succeeded, and in October twenty-six prisoners hailing from Guilford, Brattleborough, and Marlborough, including strenuous Charles Phelps, were pardoned, and all their confiscated property which had not been sold, was ordered to be returned to them.

In the fall of 1785, Vermont, having conquered all internal opposition, elected Moses Robinson, Ira Allen and Stephen R. Bradley, a committee empowered to effect, if possible, a union of the State of Vermont with the United States of America.

In 1786 those people residing in Vermont who had largely borne the burden of undertaking the establishing of the supremacy of the government of New York in south-eastern Vermont, petitioned the New York assembly for remuneration of at least a part of their pecuniary losses. In response

to this appeal, the New York government granted a township of land eight miles square, located in the Susquehanna valley. This land was distributed among the claimants in proportion to the proved losses each had sustained; Timothy Church being allotted 3840 acres, while the smallest allotment was 90 acres. Until 1814 the town bore the name of Jericho, but was then changed to Bainbridge, and is now a flourishing town.

In sympathy with the men who incited the Shays Rebellion in Massachusetts, there were gatherings of insurgents at Windsor and Rutland who planned interference with the sittings of the courts, but the prompt action of Governor Chittenden, in causing the arrest and punishment of the leaders, had the effect of soon quelling the incipient rebellion.

Alexander Hamilton, Philip Schuyler and other strong men of New York had succeeded in creating a feeling in that state favorable to the admission of Vermont to the Union, by urging that in view of the certain admission of Kentucky, it was necessary in order to maintain the equilibrium of the Union.

Accordingly, the New York assembly, in 1789, passed an act creating a commission to whom was delegated full power to assent to the formation of a new state from the northern and north eastern part of New York. Vermont also chose a similar committee, and the commissioners of New York and Vermont after two amicable meetings, on the 7th of October, 1790, came to an agreement providing that Vermont should pay to New York, upon the admission of Vermont into the Union the sum of thirty thousand dollars, and that upon such payment the claim of jurisdiction on the part of New York within the bounds agreed upon by the Commissioners, should forever cease. Upon these terms the New York commissioners consented that the state of Vermont might be admitted to the Union.

A historical writer of Vermont feelingly remarks, "In this amicable manner was terminated a controversy which had been carried on with great animosity for twenty-six years."

New York generously apportioned the \$30,000 received from Vermont, among the persons who had for so many years vainly labored and suffered in their endeavors to sustain the jurisdiction of the state of New York in the New Hampshire Grants.

On the 18th of February, 1791, the United States Congress unanimously passed an act, declaring "that on the fourth day of March one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, the said State, by the name of Vermont, shall be received and admitted into this Union, as a new and entire member of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

NEW HAMPSHIRE GRANTS AND CONNECTICUT EQUIVALENT LANDS.

APPENDIX.

Extract from a letter published in the *Massachusetts Spy*,
December 26, 1771.

"Putney in N. Y. government, Dec. 11, 1771 12 o'clock at night.

"I would (in great haste) inform you that a certain gentleman, one Howard by name, who it is said, is a Lieut. Col. in the Kings Life Guard, is arrived from England, via N. Y. and has brought a Mandamus from the King, in consequence of which Mandamus he has obtained a charter of the antient town of Hinsdale, signed by Gov. Tryon, and warned all the people off their settlements; several other mandamuses he has also, one for General Amherst of twenty thousand acres, with sundry others; all of which, according the mandamusses are to be laid out in this county, in such places (or towns) as have not been granted by N. Y.

"I am afraid of your interests in this way, except sir, you use some precaution about the same. The people of Hinsdale are in great perplexity, knowing not what to do, though many of them are the wealthiest men on the river,

many of their farms being estimated at ten, fifteen and twenty thousand pounds, *old tenor* each."

Extract from another letter.

"Last Wednesday I wrote to you in great haste, informing you as well as I was then able, of a very extraordinary affair; viz. the antient town of Hindsale being chartered by New York to one Howard, in consequence of a mandamus from his Majesty. The particulars of which affair, I will relate to you as far as I am able.

"Yesterday I was at Judge Wells's* upon some particular business of my own; I saw this gentleman and had some conversation, which is the means of my information. He, Lieut. Col. Howard, had a mandamus from the King for ten thousand acres of land, to be laid out in the province of N. Y. which had not been granted before by said province. He, upon information at York, of the value of the town of Hinsdale, made a pitch of said place, obtained a charter under the province seal of the same, signed by Gov. Tryon. Immediately after which he comes here, with two livery servants his attendants, tells Hinsdale people of it, and makes them an offer, viz; to lease the lands to them they now enjoy, for five years for one pence sterling per acre, and at the expiration of said term, another five years for one shilling per acre, and at the expiration of sd term to come to some new agreement. Hinsdale people have the same under consideration; they are in great perplexity not knowing what to do; they are wealthy men, many of them, but persons of no great education, and are afraid they will do something prejudicial to themselves, on that account. These, sirs, are real facts, and deserve to be put in the public prints.

"One Kathen Irving here has opened a secret, viz., A N. Y. gentleman being up here who you have heard of but whose name I forbear mentioning, sent a letter to him last Thursday, desiring him and his sons to sign a power of attorney which he sent enclosed in the latter from Brattleborough, assuring them that their patent should be signed

* Samuel Wells, Brattleborough; Noted N. Y. official, and Tory.

for Fullam immediately upon his arrival at York, which place he sets out for next Wednesday, which power was by Kathen and sons signed who are now full of the most consummate assurances that they shall shortly have the charter. And I must, gentlemen, give my opinion, that according to the complexion of things, and knowing so many artful designing tricks managed about these lands, if you are not speedy, and use your utmost vigilance in further securing your interests up here, you will lose, or at least it will be so embarrassed, that to remove the evils these bad men may involve you in, will cost you half your lands are worth. I am not intimidated, gentlemen, by these persons conduct, as in the least suspect the justice of your cause; but when men are corrupt, and affairs carried on by designing men, what must be the consequences? I believe you will upon cool sober thought join with me in sentiment.

“Your settlers are very uneasy, and upon my word, I cannot blame them; for if they lose what they have, they lose their all.”

Extract from another letter from Putney, dated Dec. 14th, 1771.

“One Mr. Howard, a Lieut. Collonel in the King’s Guards, has obtained a patent under the great seal of the Province of New York, of all the land that is in Hinsdale on the west side of the Connecticut River, and to extend three quarters of a mile into Guilford. The patent was obtained in consequence of a mandamus from the King &c. to Gov. Tryon wherein he was directed to lay out to Lieut. Howard ten thousand acres of land within the province of New York, in some place that had never before been patented, and so as not to interfere with lands possessed or claimed by the Indians.

“The land that is within the town of Hinsdale, nearly one hundred years ago was granted by the Province of Massachusetts Bay to the proprietors of Northfield. These proprietors ninety-five years ago purchased of the Indians their right in these lands, and the deeds which were obtained from the Indians are now in being. About eighty years ago the proprietors above mentioned went into possession of

this land, and have improved a considerable part of the same for about eighty years successively. Soon after the settlement of the line between the Mass. and N. H., this land was confirmed to the heirs and assigns of the original proprietors by a patent under the great seal of New Hampshire."

From the *Massachusetts Spy*, Jan. 2, 1772.

"Gov. Tryon has issued a proclamation against a number of persons, who, he says, under a title of claim from New Hampshire, have encroached on lands they have no right to. He warns all magistrates to be vigorous in the exertion of their duty to take care that the laws be duly observed.

"Perhaps a new expedition is in contemplation by this enterprising genius. Under the conduct of Gov. Tryon and Lieut. Col. Howard, a series of important events may take place. Should this be the case, we hope the same consequences may not take place as ensued at Alamance, unless by the Laws of Mutatis Multantio! We are credibly informed that the Governor has received a letter from Gov. Tryon, requiring a settlement of the line between this Government and New York."

From *The Spy*. Boston, Jan. 23, (1772.)

"The Hinsdale affair has changed its Countenance in some sort, and the Inhabitants are allowed to keep their Lands provided they will pay 10 dollars for a Quietas, for every 100 acres; if not the owners must turn out or defend their property—perhaps against 'Governor and General' W. T——n, who, some say, murdered the people of North Carolina, because they justly complained of Extortions. We doubt whether an expedition against Hinsdale would be so successful."

OLD-TIME MURAL AND FLOOR DECORATIONS IN DEERFIELD AND VICINITY.

BY MARGARET C. WHITING.

For the Pioneer there is little chance to cultivate the graces of life: Fear lurks ever outside his door, though Courage may sit on his hearthstone, and the needs of each day are so robust and urgent he has scant time to think of the softer elements which leisure desires and ease demands from existence. To crave adornment is as natural as to wish for food, and to ask for decoration is but a companion request to the petition for raiment,—but the ornament and the embellishment come after the essential necessities are appeased. So, at first, our colonial homes must have been bare and ugly. We see their counterpart in the homes of the recent immigrants now in America, all about us. Save for the charms which Nature so lavishly offers and which Man, crudely bent upon food and shelter and physical safety, refuses or despitefully uses, these new-comers beat the earth about their doors into barren wastes, root out the shrubbery and ignore the possible beauties that surround them. Have patience with these late Pioneers, for thus did we behave when we—the first immigrants—set up our homes in a strange land! We built cabins, which could not be so ugly as the painted houses of the present, because they were made of logs adorned with their own richly-colored bark, but, for safety's sake, we made the door-yard to serve also for barn-yard, and we had neither time nor need for anything better for a long while after the danger of savage attack was over. Even as our present foreign-born neighbors have brought the poor habits of sordid poverty with them, we, too, paid scant attention to the minor matters of taste, so intent were we—as these others are—upon “making good.” I heard only the other day from an old friend, whose name goes back to the first settlement of a town on the Connecticut, how even in his boyhood the farmers still maintained that primitive

disregard to the pleasant ways of living which we are wont to charge solely against these settlers of today.

Probably, long before the exterior of the colonial homes began to assume those decorative features of tree-shade and green lawn and ordered pathways which are, today, the ordinary surroundings noticed merely in their omission, their interiors underwent a change. Though the desire for gay and handsome personal decoration was for a long, long time shared equally by men and women, it is likely that the "looks" of their houses was always more important to women than to men. Just as the tenement woman today pins a color-supplement print to her bare wall which her husband fails to notice, so the pioneer woman of our ancestry must have longed for some scrap of prettiness in her rude home-making. Else why did she steal time from her crowding cares to weave and embroider, or, later, to painfully cut colored cloth into tiny bits and then sew them together again into "pieced" bedquilts? Not for warmth was her toil spent, but for Beauty's sake—as she knew it! And the bride was not content, as her groom was satisfied, to possess a becoming wedding garment; she must also strain her eyes in the light of her single tallow-dip in decorating curtains and covers which were to add their touch of loveliness to the home of Love. Even the busiest housewife could find gratification for this deepfelt need for ornament in the fugitive pleasure of sanding her fresh-scrubbed floor in a scroll or a shell pattern, or, sometimes, in floral fancies.

The walls of the colonial home must have longest withstood the growing fashion of interior ornament. When a sense of permanence followed the early times of peril, the first primitive cabin was superseded by the frame house, substantially built of wood or brick; when life was less of a venture and people need no longer confine their attempts at decoration to portable things which could be quickly moved about, the treatment of their walls and floors must have caused much cogitation among the more prosperous folk. A frame house called for either a wood-panelled or a plastered wall. When paint was introduced, the panels,—so much more beautiful if left to tone with time, we can see, when a bit of that old

virgin pine is uncovered in our houses,—could shine with clean whiteness. But the plaster, not yet subject to kalso-mine treatment, was gray and coarse-textured, except in the houses of the really rich who could afford stucco-work in patterns done in high relief. In the south-west room of the “Luke Wright” house in our Street is a very beautiful and carefully preserved specimen of this work, which is technically known as “pargeting,” from the layer of parget, a stone-hard coating of gypsum plaster laid over the surface of the common sort of plaster. Not every one could afford this handsome white stucco; few could substitute that other expensive wall decoration, the imported French paper which was printed in two or more colors on pieces of paper, especially cut to fit the spaces they were designed to cover, with patterns or pictorial “scenes” elaborately conceived to fill the different panels. This mode of decoration was resorted to but seldom, outside the cities and towns, and Deerfield has only one specimen of this foreign-made wall-paper in the very interesting and highly decorative landscape designs, executed in blue on white, in the house now belonging to the Cowles family.

Among the people who had aspirations toward social distinction, or a desire for ornament that was not enlightened enough to recognize the beauty of simple wood panelling, there came about a custom of obtaining decoration by means of paintings made directly upon the plastered wall; done, apparently, by a kind of distemper method, in which opaque colors were mixed with weak glue or size and applied with a brush to the surface. This is a well-known, and a very old, mode of mural painting, capable of every refinement and subtle harmony, and it is often used today for elaborate schemes of interior decoration. Though the use made of the method in the examples under our present consideration was neither subtle nor refined, and some critics have spoken of the surviving specimens as having been executed with water-paints (in the manner of kalsomining,) yet I am led to think they are genuine examples of distemper painting, because it is doubtful if they could otherwise have persisted, all these years under the many overlying layers of paper

which have covered them. The ambitious painters of that long-gone time must have mixed their colors with a strong medium that stuck to the plaster, or their works would not have survived them; for stick they have, in a way which shows the soundness of their mode of production,—a trait common to all the work done in those days, it must be remembered. In spite of all the mishaps plastered walls receive from furniture corners, defying the ruthless application of flour paste and wallpaper, contumeliously spread a' top of them, these old distemper decorations, when uncovered, disclose a battered semblance of their pristine aspect, that is greatly to the credit of their makers. Possibly, to housewives the highest of their merits lay in this durable quality, and the fact that they could be,—in discretion,—washed!

Of the four examples found in Deerfield Street only one has escaped the general fate of the disfiguring blanket of wallpaper, which overtook them, when machinery made that the fashionable successor, in the popular taste.

There is not much data to be found, relating to our local wall-paintings, but there is a bit of history connected with one, which places the period when they probably were the mode, hereabout, a century ago. The chief tavern of our neighbor Bernardston was owned by Capt. John Burk, an old French-and-Indian Ranger, who called his hostelry the Burk Fort Tavern (as witness his brave swinging sign, in the Main Hall of our Memorial building), and whose fancy was pleased to decorate his chimney-piece with a picture of Boston Harbor, painted on wood, which also now is to be seen in the Council Room of the Hall. It was a "man who came from parts unknown" who painted it; he did other work in the town, also, in a house just opposite the tavern, and a whole room in the Ryther house, which still shows the archaic picture of ships and trees, coaches and men that is supposed to represent a view of Boston harbor, though it is unlike in character to the Burk panel. Mrs. Kellogg says, in her *History of Bernardston*, that the mysterious painter was in the town for some months, and did the work in payment for his board. I am sure

he was in no hurry to finish his tasks, particularly when he was domiciled with Captain John, since this tavern was a gathering place of the patriotic countrymen, who would rally naturally about so eminent a veteran of the early wars, and who, in the excitements of a later war, would express themselves freely, disregarding of the vagabond limner, daubing on a panel with his dull browns and greens, and quite unaware he was using his eyes for other designs than his own,—for this was the year 1812, and a few months later, the vagabond was arrested as a British spy! And to this slight connection with a large international affair, we owe some certain knowledge of the date when such wall decorations were the fashion in New England!

It is a coincidence that two taverns in Deerfield can show wall-paintings, but there is nothing in fact or tradition to make even a theoretical connection with the Burk Tavern Spy.

The ornamented wall which is seen in the south entry-way of the Barnard wing of Frary House and that which was uncovered, a few years ago, by Mrs. Robert Childs, on the staircase of her house, were probably both done about the beginning of the last century, but by whom we know not. The Childs house was, we know, a well patronized tavern in the time of David Saxton, where all the Whigs of the town gathered during the Revolution; and we like to boast of the pause Benedict Arnold made at the Tory bar of Frary House when Salah Barnard "occupied it for a tavern;" but it would not be until peace was restored and prosperity established in the country that the owners of these inns would have been justified, in the eyes of their neighbors, to embellish their houses with mere pictures on the wall! So we are doubtless right in assigning to the period of the first or second decade of the last century the decorations of which we are speaking, yet the date cannot alone found a claim on the same distinction that belongs to the Bernardston paintings, for it is when we examine the character of these two specimens, in the hope of connecting them through internal evidence with the "spy theory," that we are obliged

to give it up, entirely,—for they have as little resemblance to the Bernardston paintings, in manner and motive, as they have to each other. It is immediately apparent that different hands executed, and different degrees of talent conceived our Deerfield tavern paintings.

The decoration in Frary House was not covered by a coat of smothering wallpaper; when Miss Baker bought the place, she found enough of the design was intact to make it an easy task for Mrs. Madeline Wynne to restore it, and to repeat the pattern upon a part of the wall which had to be re-plastered, thus completing the whole scheme of the decoration of the small hall in the south wing. It is a simple conception, being a free, sprawling pattern of flowers and foliage, connected by long, slender stems which curve and stray all over the surface, in a continuous, unconsidered design; the background is colored a pink-buff, not unlike "raddle," that wash made of powdered red or yellow earth, which is used on the outside of the stuccoed cottages in Great Britain; the pattern is executed in black and red.

Although this is a quaint pattern, possessed of a child-like charm, its designer had no part in the wall done in Saxton's old tavern. This example is the boldest and most original design in town. It shows a real understanding of the term, and a sense of drawing that none of the others display. Each space on the cramped stairway, which is composed of three sets of narrow steps with two landings, is filled by a landscape, whose features were chosen to adequately fill its boundaries; there is about it something reminiscent of the double page of "natural wonders," in the front of the old geography, it is true, yet it is done in a manner that makes a serious claim on our praise. Note the really lovely drawing of the hanging, leafy sprays of a water plant which swing downwards from a crag against the cataract; study the varied and thoughtfully introduced weeds and rushes growing along the pool below,—these have a fidelity of observation, worthy of our recognition.

Despite the defacements the wall has undergone, and the deplorable hurts and breaks in the plaster, it is possible to follow the plan of the whole design. Each part of the wall

bears its own landscape theme, as I have said, but the side-wall of the stairway is treated as a single composition, the interest centering in a large waterfall, which descends, from a dark, towering rock at the top, between bold, confining cliffs, and, with a wide spread of broken water and surf, dashes away under a shelving, rocky foreground, where a stag stoops its antlered head to drink, just above the baseboards at the bottom. On the curving surface of the wall over the stairs, forest trees and rocks are seen, and the taller wall at the head of the flight of steps corresponds in character to the wild and rugged features of the whole. The panels on either side of the front window, which lights the narrow upper hall, have gentler themes, in lake views, with distant mountains; on the bank of one a fisherman may dimly be seen under a willow tree, while a cottage is discernable in the foreground of the other. Beneath the window is a lengthwise pattern, which would now be called a "dado," composed of big looped garlands of carefully drawn palm branches, with red roses or pomegranates in the middle of each. Altogether, an ambitious conception, vigorously carried out, in colors which once must have shown a considerable variety of blues and olive browns and dull greens, ochres and russet.

The other decorated walls of which we know (and any day another may be uncovered!) were both considered unworthy of redemption and have been obscured once more by wallpaper, after a brief return to daylight and inspection. They were too nearly obliterated to be renovated, but they deserve a chronicle, if only for the sake of those who once admired them! One is remembered, yet, as having formed a background for the marriage of handsome Nancy Dickinson to John Campbell in 1836—a date which shows how late this particular specimen was admired by its owner. This was also a landscape form of decoration, in a design of large trees and mountains and meadows, done in browns and greens, and it was in the north-west room of the house now owned by the Misses Allen. When it was uncovered, by its present guardians, only the south wall of the room was able to show what it looked like; all the rest had per-

ished, and Time had so dulled the surviving remnant that it seemed best to preserve nothing but the memory of the two dark and heavy-headed trees which flanked either end of the space between the hall door and the east corner of the room, and of the "vista" of faded peaks and featureless meadow they enclosed.

I have said that any day we may find another wall-painting, here,— it was only two or three months ago that Mrs. J. E. Lamb found one in the north-east room of her staunch old house, which was built by Asa Stebbins in 1799. This was a design quite different in character from the others I have described, and one which ought not to have been maltreated at the hands of paperhangers; its grace and prettiness should have been left to amuse and please us, instead of being so damaged as to necessitate its final loss. It had a chintz-like pattern arranged in an effect of stripes, the figures being an urn holding three stiff little tulips and a floral sprig of an unknown botanical connection, placed alternately, one above another, about a foot apart; this was repeated all about the room. The top of the wall was finished by a border of looped garlands of leaves, and the windows and doors were outlined by a leafy band. In curious contrast to the vivacious look of this pattern was the introduction of a picture enclosed in an oval line, that was painted over the mantel; this was a landscape, evidently but Time had wreaked vengeance upon its pigments to a degree that rendered it undecipherable. It, however, must have always felt itself out of place on that attractive wall, which when its pale buff background was fresh, and its delicately drawn black and red flowers were bright, doubtless presented a delightfully gay and festal aspect; befitting a house which could boast the beautiful pargeted ceiling to which I have already referred.

These examples constitute the list belonging to Deerfield, as far as we know it, but a word remains to be said of the floors that companioned such ornate walls.

Carpets, other than the ever-valued woven rag, being out of the question for those not rich enough to import them, there was but paint to be considered as a covering to

the raw floor-boards, after the use of the clean but untidy sand was abolished by custom. With paint much may be accomplished, and in paint we have put our faith for many, many years! How sad have been the results, when faith has been unaccompanied by taste, is a melancholy tradition in my own family, whose annals contain a record of a painted floor of so flagrant an example of misused effort that I feel obliged to introduce it here,—though it has no parallel in this village, I am sure! This floor decoration was perpetrated in the neighborhood, for my grandfather, Enoch Whiting came away from his old home in Dedham and settled in Amherst, shortly after his marriage in 1810; and, probably, about 1825, he imported from Boston an “interior decorator” to make his wife a floor which should be an ornament to the countryside. A band, a yard wide, composed of flowers painted in all the rainbow colors of nature, was elaborately painted all around the borders of the parlor floor; this was defined by a broad stripe of plain color, and the enclosed, middle part of the surface was covered with an intricate block pattern, simulating the “tesselated pavement” of the romantic fiction of that period, executed in black and gray. The whole, when finished, was varnished and then left to harden for the space of six months, during which time no profaning and dusty foot was allowed to press its beauty. The Whiting family, doubtless, spent the interval in taking their friends to gaze in awe upon it, through the doorways! To complete this tale of extraordinary esthetic extravagance, I must not fail to record that the price paid for all this painty splendor was \$50. It perished long ago, when the house was burned, but this happened after my grandfather had moved out of the State,—whether impelled to go away, from an inability to live up to the decorative standards he had established within his habitation, or because he woke to a realizing sense of its looks, I cannot certainly say.

Deerfield can boast no such desire to “tread on flowery beds of ease,” but it had its aspiration in that direction. Probably at this period, during the early years of last century, stencilled floors became the vogue. When Mrs. Shel-

don made her home in Col. Joseph Stebbins' fine old mansion, she found in the south-east chamber some remnants of a bordered floor, and having obtained a careful tracing of its pattern, she reproduced its duplicate successor in black upon an excellent background of butternut color. It is a particularly good design of a ribbon and leafy wreath entwined with formal regularity, the cuts of the stencil being planned to form a part of the pattern, as all stencils should be.

Until a few years ago there existed a decorated floor in the southeast chamber of the Childs' house in Wapping, that must have possessed some quaint interest; this was executed in black, upon the unpainted boards, and the figure,—a black-bird sitting precariously on a small circle,—was repeated all over the surface at regular intervals. It is when we contemplate a relic like this that we most truly recognize the variety our ancestors managed to get into their lives!

There are several other floors yet remaining in our houses which show how common was the tendency to make figures on paint. In the Dennis Stebbins' house a rather pleasing effect was produced by a bold wavy slap of dark color upon a light background, repeated regularly all over the floor, this had quite an appearance of meaning. Less coherent were the vague curly-cues and scrolly daubs of black on gray found here and there on the upper floors of various houses in the neighborhood. These could have had but small claim to admiration at any time, and are now only worthy of our notice because they show the successive steps in the decline of a decorative fashion, whose final end is signalized, I think, by the sorry custom of painting floors and mantelpieces in "imitation" of marble, which belongs to a little later period in our cultivation. Fortunately, Deerfield seems to have escaped this melancholy sequel; she has cause to be grateful that whatever of by-gone things she has to show were good, of their kind and that, although our taste has developed and our notions altered, we find amongst the past so much which is worthy of our respect and regardful preservation.

EVOLUTION OF THE BUREAU AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE CHESTS IN MEMORIAL HALL.

BY N. THERESA MELLEN.

For many centuries before Columbus conceived his daring idea concerning the real shape of the earth, and for several centuries after that event, one of the principal pieces of furniture in the scantily furnished homes of the middle class was the chest.

The bed, the chest, certain articles of clothing, part of which were well-worn or "damnified," a few cooking utensils, are mentioned in most of the old inventories which are pathetic witnesses to the limited amount of the earthly possessions of our ancestors.

Next to the bed, the chest was the chief treasure of the household. During the Middle Ages it was literally a treasure chest. The earliest bank in Europe, established in 1171, was the Bank of Venice. The first banks were instituted for the accommodation of merchants, the mass of the people depending for the safe keeping of their treasures upon the strong box or iron chest. Thus the chest held the important position of private bank of deposit for the individual, and Shylock's sage counsel, "Fast bind, fast find," was universally followed.

Those first used in the days when "might was right" were ponderous affairs of iron provided with mighty locks and massive handles.

Somewhat later, the body of the chest was made of thick planks of hard wood, strengthened by ornamental bands of iron. When the furnishings of the home began to grow more luxurious, these iron-bound chests were decorated with paintings.

Ecclesiastical chests for holding the plate and votive offerings, upon the upright pieces or stiles of which were carved columns and arches, were used in some of the churches and monasteries. Few of these church coffers are now in existence, and these are found mostly in museums.

Chests for secular uses were ornamented by the use of subjects of a different character, knights and ladies, animals etc., being frequently incised or burnt in. A nobleman of those days going to London for the season would require his "trussing coffer," in other words, his clothes chest to be sent after him.

A form of the chest which has a more familiar sound to our ears was the bridal or marriage chest, provided for the daughters of the family when they were yet small children, to be filled slowly with stores of snowy linen, and woolen cloth woven under the careful supervision of the mother. In these days of rush and machine-made articles, it is difficult if not impossible, to conceive of the amount of time and painstaking labor necessary to fill a chest of this kind. A study of the implements in the Domestic Room in Memorial Hall, implements so far removed from the life of our times, that most of us are ignorant of even the names of many of them, impresses us with the magnitude of the undertaking, and the innumerable processes required to produce the snowy web of fine linen worthy to be laid away with what fond dreams in the bridal chest.

Few chests earlier than the Elizabethan Age have been preserved.

The collection in Memorial Hall is particularly rich in old chests.

The oldest is a carved oak, bridal chest belonging to the Elizabethan Period, which is distinguished not only by its age and beauty, but by its long use in Deerfield's far-famed old house, "The Old Indian House." It is of old English oak grown black with age, the parts held together by wooden pegs.

The whole front of the chest, the stiles, panels, and rails, as the horizontal pieces above and below the panels are called is covered with elaborate and beautiful designs in low relief. In these old chests, the artist usually lavished all his ingenuity and skill upon the decoration of the front, but in the case of the Indian House Chest, the decoration extends to the two ends, the rails of which are covered with a simple border.

The legs of the earliest wooden chests were formed by the extension of the outer stiles. This chest once possessed legs of this type, but these together with the lid have long since disappeared. Its dimensions are: length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ft., depth, 2 feet, width 23 inches.

When I first beheld this stately, old chest, and read the card tacked upon its back:

“Carved Oak Chest.

England, about 1610,”

my thoughts at once reverted to a poem, a favorite of my school days, and a picture of the girlish bride, climbing gleefully into a similar, old, dark chest came into mind.

The bride was missing at the bridal feast, and the most careful search proved futile.

“Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young and thoughtless as Ginevra,
‘Why not remove it from its lurking place?’
’Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished,—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother’s legacy,
Engraven with a name; the name of both, ‘Ginevra.’
There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!”

In the Indian Room is another early chest which witnessed the awful scene of Deerfield’s night of terror. It was dragged from the burning house of David Hoyt, doubtless by some savage with an eye to plunder. To this act was due its preservation. The chest was handed down through one of the daughters, Mary Hoyt, whose good fortune it was to be absent from Deerfield on that fateful night on a visit to Hatfield. One of her descendants who visited the

Hall last summer said that tradition attributed the cut in the lid to the hatchet of an Indian. The scent of the Indian clings to it still, for by an odd fate, it is at present used as the sarcophagus of an Indian warrior, and is the innocent cause of many a shriek as the unsuspecting tourist hastily raises the lid. Two young men were leaving the Hall last season when one of them inquired solemnly of his companion, "Did you see Yorick?" "Who?" inquired the other in mystified tones. "Yorick! 'Alas, poor Yorick!'" was the reply. "Where? What are you talking about?" "Look in the chest behind the Old Indian Door," was the reply. This chest is at least a hundred years younger than the Elizabethan chest. It is smaller in every way, and its only decoration is a little grooving. In style it is modeled after the oldest chests.

A third chest of the same type found in the Memorial Room is decidedly different from either of the others in the character of its decoration. Each of the three panels contains a St. Andrew's cross, the form of the cross being brought out by the use of an inlay of another kind of wood. The stiles separating the panels have also a design formed by an inlay. This chest is 44 inches in length.

In course of time, some cabinet maker conceived the idea of placing a drawer below the body of the chest, and so the chest with one drawer came into existence, and was the first step in the evolution of the bureau.

Memorial Hall has as many as five of these one-drawer chests. Dr. Lyon, who wrote on colonial furniture, states that one-drawer chests are first mentioned in 1655 in the inventory of the effects of the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers of Ipswich, Massachusetts.

In the bedroom is a fine example of this type of chest. It was brought from England in 1676. Its front is completely covered with elaborate carving. Below the design in the middle panel are the initials, W. A., those of William Arms, the first Arms to settle in the New World, and the ancestor of all of that name in the country. He makes his first appearance, as far as is known, as a soldier in the company of Capt. Turner at Hadley in 1676, and took part in

the Falls Fight a little later. About 1698 he settled in Deerfield at the south-east corner of the Old Street.

Just outside the bedroom is a one-drawer chest known as the "Lily Chest" from the conventionalized lily forms which form the leading motive in the colored decoration with which the front of the chest is ornamented. It is catalogued as "an old and odd affair."

In the Memorial Room is a one-drawer chest of a kind known as the "Hadley Chest" because a number having exactly the same design have been found in the neighborhood of Hadley.

They were doubtless all made by one man who may have copied an old English chest, or reproduced the design from memory. The Hadley chests all have a space in the middle panel for the initials of the owner. In this case the initials are, R. A., Rebecca Allis, born Apr. 16, 1683, the fifth daughter of John Allis, the carpenter to whom was given the contract to build, at Mill River, Deerfield's first corn mill. The old conglomerate millstone used in this mill is the one seen at the left of the front entrance of the Hall. Rebecca Allis married Nathaniel Graves on Apr. 30, 1702, so that her bridal chest must be over two hundred years old.

Nearby is a one-drawer chest which came down through several generations of another old Deerfield family, the Stebbins family. It has a handsome conventionalized tulip design in each of the three panels. The only other ornamentation is a simple grooving of the rails and stiles, a simplicity which emphasizes the beautiful panel designs.

The fifth one-drawer chest, a very recent acquisition, was brought from Scotland by the ancestors of the Wilson family. Its front is unornamented except for the heavy turned ornaments upon the stiles. Those upon the outer stiles are unusually heavy and extend to the base of the drawer.

The next advance step in the bureau's evolution was the addition of a second drawer. As a result, the two-drawer chests were made a little shorter and somewhat taller.

A fine example of this kind of chest may be found in the west end of the Main Hall. It is thought to have been

brought from Scotland about 1675. The three panels are handsomely carved, the center panel having a rose design, while the outer panels show the conventionalized thistle design. It has a new form of decoration in the shape of turned ornaments stained black, which are used upon the stiles separating the panels and upon the drawers. This chest, or one like it, served as a model for another industrious artisan, who lived in the state of Connecticut. Since about fifty of the same design have been found in that state, it has become known to collectors as the "Connecticut Chest."

In another part of the Main Hall is a two-drawer chest which attracts much attention and frequently elicits an exclamation from visitors. Its whole front is covered with geometric designs in which the circle, semi-circle and quadrant play the leading rôles, painted in crude colors, which would do credit to a North American Indian.

Red, blue, brown, drab, and black run riot over the surface, producing an effect that is startling to say the least.

This chest bids with numerous antiques throughout the country for the honor of coming over in that furniture-laden ship, the *Mayflower*. In support of its claim, it is known to have come down in the White family, and bears proudly upon its front the initials, S. W., which of course could stand for none other than those of Susanna White, the mother of the *Mayflower* baby, Peregrine.

Two drawers being found to be a good thing, it was deemed that three might be better, and thus the three-drawer chest came into being. For some reason, these three-drawer chests are extremely rare, but Memorial Hall possesses a fine example in the Sarah Hawks chest which may be seen in the bed room. Sarah Hawks was born in 1701, and married Dr. Thomas Wells in 1726. This is another of the Hadley chests. The front is stained a peculiar shade of red which forms a background for the carving of dark oak.

During all this time, the changes in the chest had come about gradually and very naturally. Now a decided change was made. The thoughts of the inventor soared upward

and the result was a chest mounted upon legs or “standing chests” as they were called.

The first specimens had six turned legs, four in front and two behind, strengthened by curved stretchers. The drawers were frequently outlined by a narrow moulding, and the early handles were drop handles.

Gradually other changes were made. Two of the front legs were omitted, and their place supplied by a drop ornament. The character of the legs changed, and the sturdy turned leg was replaced to a great extent by the more graceful cabriole or bandy leg, which terminated either in the flat Dutch or Queen Anne foot, or in the ball and claw foot.

Foreign woods having begun to be imported, the old carved pieces gave place to what was called “smooth-faced” furniture, and the cheap native woods were enriched by the use of veneer, inlay, or marquetry. Veneering is the covering of the cheaper woods with thin strips of mahogany, rosewood, or satinwood, so that the base is entirely concealed.

Inlaying is the beautifying of a native wood by setting in pieces of wood of a contrasting color. Other materials as ivory, mother-of-pearl, metal, bone, beautiful stones, and shells were sometimes employed.

The distinction between inlay and marquetry is not very clearly drawn, and the terms appear to be nearly synonymous. Later the standing chests had a new name bestowed upon them, that of high-boy or high-daddy.

The high-boy was either a chest-on-chest *i. e.* one chest set upon another chest, or a chest-on-table *i. e.* a chest set upon a table containing two or three small drawers in the upper part. Either of these pieces could be separated into two parts by lifting off the upper chest of drawers. Sometimes the two parts actually became permanently separated, and the lower part, if of the table type, was utilized as a dressing table, and given the name of low-boy or low-daddy. The low-boy was not always the lower section of the high-boy, but was frequently made for the purpose. The top of the earliest high boys was flat like a chest, the only decoration being a simple moulding. Little by little the moulding grew heavier. Then the top took an upward

bend, and finally the curve was broken and the "broken arch" appeared on some of the better pieces of furniture.

Memorial Hall is not behind hand in the matter of high-boys, possessing three fine specimens.

The first, of the chest-on-chest type, belonged to Mary Stratton of Northfield. It is probably the oldest of the three, and dates back to at least 1744. It has the short, flat Dutch foot. There are three long drawers in the lower portion, and four in the upper. Three small, deep drawers placed side by side are found at the top. The middle drawer has the rising sun or fan motive carved upon its front.

This high-boy originally possessed some fine brasses, but only those about the key holes remain, the brass handles having been replaced by the ugly wooden knob in obedience to Dame Fashion's decree. The top is surmounted by the broken arch terminating on either side of the breach in front by two rosettes of wood.

These broken arches were most excellent arrangements for collecting dust. There was frequently an ornament which partly filled the space in front and this together with the height of the piece, must have made frequent dusting a task to be postponed. In this case the difficulty was recognized, and partly obviated by the use of a thin board placed above the space, thus making the top continuous.

The second high-boy formed a part of the wedding outfit of Mary Stebbins of Belchertown, who was married in 1772. It is a beautiful specimen, rich and dark in coloring, relieved only by the polished brasses, and finished at the top with a heavy moulding. I was struck by the large number of drawers, which upon counting proved to be thirteen, and I wondered how any girl of those days could have dared venture upon so vital a part of her life's journey with such an accompaniment as a thirteen-drawered high-boy. To me one of the unsolved mysteries of the past is the abnormal height of the high-boy. No woman could possibly see where she was placing an article in an upper drawer without dragging forward some other article of furniture to stand upon. Indeed, as the women of those days were generally shorter in stature and more delicately formed than the

athletic girl of today, many of them must have had difficulty in reaching the handles of the uppermost drawers, to say nothing of the feat of pulling out a drawer at arm's length above the head. Perhaps they were like many of the houses built before woman was consulted about their arrangement, beautiful and stately to look at, but most inconvenient from a utilitarian standpoint.

The third high-boy, of the chest-on-table type, was owned by Dr. Elihu Ashley, the son of the Rev. Jonathan Ashley, the fiery Tory parson of Revolutionary days. Dr. Ashley married in 1775, Mary Cook, the daughter of Dr. Thomas Williams with whom he studied medicine. This high-boy has beautiful sun bursts upon the small, central drawers in both the upper and lower parts. Enough of the original brasses remain to show that they were unusually beautiful in design. The curved top has disappeared, but two of the flame-shaped wooden ornaments used upon the top have been preserved.

We have traced the evolution from the simple chest of the 14th century to the high-boy of the 18th century.

The bureau may have appeared when the popularity of the high-boy had begun to decline. It was easily evolved from the high-boy by the elimination of the lower section, the return to the early, flat top, and the shortening of the legs. Early bureaus have been found, made in two sections, the top section containing the drawers, fitting into a frame upheld by the short legs.

The chests described do not by any means exhaust the supply in Memorial Hall.

Mention might be made of two old, military chests carried through the Revolutionary War; and of a ponderous sea chest which had the honor of seeing service on the *Victory*, the flagship of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar.

A study of every thing connected with the past is interesting and profitable, but I always return from a trip back into the so-called "good, old time" with a keener realization of and greater gratitude for the blessings and opportunities of the present.

ANNUAL MEETING—1916.

REPORT.

George Sheldon, the president of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, has long hoped to erect a fireproof building for the housing of the valuable collection of books and manuscripts of the association and his cherished plan is now carried out. At the meeting of the association held April 5, of last year, plans were approved for a new three-story structure 50 by 29 feet in size to be placed at the northeast corner of the present Memorial hall. It will resemble the latter in design and material and will be absolutely fireproof. The Colonial and Revolutionary room will occupy the first floor where furniture and relics of the 17th and 18th century will be arranged. On the second floor will be the library, where there will be placed the thousands of volumes including many rare books and pamphlets which will in time be made easily accessible to historical students through a card catalogue. The third floor will be used for pictures, manuscripts and maps. The valuable collection in Memorial hall will remain substantially as at present.

This new three-story fireproof addition was informally opened Tuesday for inspection at the annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. The extension is modeled on the lines of the old building, even to the tiny square paned windows and the size and color of the old bricks. The interior is of concrete and steel, painted a light gray. This color and the perfect proportions give a delightful airiness and restfulness to the whole edifice.

In addition to the members of the association, the public availed itself of the opportunity of attending both sessions of the meeting. Although he is still the active president of the association, and has directed all detailed work in

preparation for the annual meeting, George Sheldon, Deerfield's famous historian and author, was prevented from attending the exercises because of bodily infirmities which his nearly 100 years of life have brought. He welcomed many friends during the day at his home with his ever-cheerful greetings and hearty handclasp.

The business session of the meeting opened at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon with reports of various officers and election of officers for the coming year. Rev. Mr. Birks, who has given faithful service as recording secretary, declined election. He has taken a deep interest in the association and has spent much time studying the old records, so that though not a native here he has become exceedingly familiar with all the old history. The treasurer of the association reported a balance of \$10,008 on hand. Admission fees had been \$727, interest \$410, and total receipts \$1,648. These officers were elected: President, George Sheldon; vice-presidents, John Sheldon, Rev. Richard E. Birks; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, M. Elizabeth Stebbins; treasurer, John Sheldon; councillors, Edward A. Hawks, Julia D. Whiting, Agnes G. Fuller, Asahel W. Root, Helen C. Boyden, Madeline Y. Wynne, Margaret Miller, John A. Aiken, Franklin G. Fessenden, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, Albert L. Wing, Charles W. Hazleton, Henry B. Barton.

The report of the curator, Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, wife of the president of the association, was very interesting. During the past year 7548 people have visited the museum at Memorial hall, the largest number in the history of the association. These visitors came from all points of the globe, including forty States of this country, the Bermuda and Hawaiian islands, Alberta and lower Canada, Panama, Mexico, Cuba, England, Scotland, Wales, France, Italy, Switzerland, South Africa, Australia, Syria, Korea and China. Schools which have been represented by visiting classes or delegations are Smith, Amherst and Mount Holyoke colleges, Northfield seminary, Mount Hermon school, Wilbraham academy, Athol, Holyoke, and Northampton

high schools, the Capen school, Orange grammar school and Deerfield academy.

The association has received many valuable gifts during the year, including 95 miscellaneous objects, 270 books and pamphlets, and 82 manuscripts, maps, autographs, etc. What is considered the most notable contribution is a portrait of Jonathan Root Childs, a native of Deerfield and prominent resident of Chicopee, painted by George Fuller, Deerfield's famous artist, probably between the years of 1845 and 1850. Another valuable contribution is in the form of a petition to Gov. Shirley, signed by John Hawks of Deerfield and Moses Scott of Hatfield, asking for compensation for losses incurred during the siege of Fort Massachusetts in 1748.

An unique contribution recently received is, as marked, a map of "the world agreeable to the latest discoveries made by Martha Washington Saxton when she was a pupil in Deerfield academy." It is believed that this map is 100 years old.

Mrs. Amanda H. Hall of Ashfield, now in her 88th year, sent a letter with reminiscences of her native town, also a sketch of the birthplace of Mary Lyon which she drew, at the request of Pres. Edward Hitchcock in 1848. This was exhibited Tuesday afternoon, also a curious old cultivator, said to be 150 years old, the gift of Charles Jones of West Deerfield. This has come down from Ezra Packard of Cummington to the Allis family of West Deerfield of whom it was bought by the donor. Miss N. Theresa Mellen gave an interesting talk about this old farm tool.

At the afternoon meeting John Sheldon read an interesting paper on Putnam Field of Greenfield and San Diego, Cal. He referred to Mr. Field's life in Greenfield, where he was first a printer in the Sanborn block, and later associated with E. A. Hall & Co. He spoke of Mr. Field as an independent thinker who formed his own very intelligent conclusions. He referred to his efforts resulting in starting the New England Society at San Diego, and to his former activity in the P. V. M. Association.

A carefully prepared paper on Henry W. Billings, late of

Conway, was read by his son, Edward C. Billings of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Billings was the last male representative of the descendednats of Fellows Billings, who went to Conway from Sunderland 140 years ago. Capt. Fellows Billings was 76 years of age when he removed to Conway, and was a son of Capt. Ebenezer Billings, one of the original settlers of Sunderland.

The interesting fact was brought out in the paper that in 1790 Conway, with a population of something over 2,000, was the largest Massachusetts town west of the Connecticut river, with the exception of Westfield and West Springfield. Henry Billings was born in Conway, December 9, 1826, and died in that town, June 13, 1915. He passed a long and useful life, serving his town in many capacities. Among other offices, he served as a trial justice for the seventeen years preceding the creation of a district court for Franklin county, and in this position came to be greatly loved. He was also one of the original founders, and served as secretary and treasurer, of the Conway mutual fire insurance company, which was established in 1856 and closed its business in 1875. He became a member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association in 1892. His death came a year after the outbreak of the present European war, and he took a keen interest in this great struggle.

A beautifully written paper on Judge Francis McGee Thompson, late of Greenfield, who was vice-president of the association from 1886 to the time of his death, was read by his son, Judge Francis Nims Thompson of Greenfield. A valuable paper on "Canadian missions and Deerfield captives," was presented by Miss Emma L. Coleman of Boston and Deerfield. Miss Coleman, who was a co-worker with Miss C. Alice Baker, the author, previous to the latter's death, will carry on Miss Baker's historical work concerning the New England captives and will publish a book which will include the captives taken from 1677 through all the intercolonial wars. Her paper last evening dealt particularly with the identity of the Indians who came to Deerfield 212 years ago and took captives, why they came, to what missions the captives were carried, and the origin of these

missions. Interesting descriptions of the missions and captives were included in the paper. The missions referred to were those in the vicinity of Montreal and Quebec. It was also brought out in the paper that the Indians in the New England war parties generally came from the missions of Maine and Canada, although the first Indians who took captives at Deerfield were Hudson river braves.

A paper on "Caleb Allen Starr," written by his daughter, Miss Ellen Starr of Hull house, Chicago, was read by Miss Minnie E. Hawks of Deerfield. The choir, dressed in colonial costumes, under the direction of Charles H. Ashley and assisted by Mrs. M. S. Hyde of Springfield, sang a number of old songs.

The meeting was one of the very successful ones that the association has held since its organization.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

It is with pleasure I report that we have had a larger number of visitors this year than ever before in the history of the Museum —7548. The smallest number, 23, came in January, and the largest, 1818, in August.

It is interesting to tell from whence these thousands of people have come:—From forty States of the Union, from Alberta and Lower Canada on the north, Panama, Mexico and Cuba on the south, from the Bermuda islands on the east and the Hawaiian islands on the west. From England, Scotland, Wales, Sweden, Holland, France, Switzerland, Italy, South Africa, Australia, Syria, Korea and China.

The following schools have been represented by classes or delegations: Smith, Amherst and Mt. Holyoke colleges, Northfield Seminary, Mt. Hermon, Wilbraham Academy, Athol, Holyoke and Northampton High schools, the Capen school, Amherst Summer school, Orange Grammar school and Deerfield Academy.

Many parties attending the Northfield Conferences have enjoyed a ride to Deerfield and a view of our collections.

Contributions have been received nearly every week of the year. These consist of 95 Miscellaneous objects, 270 books and pamphlets, 82 manuscripts, maps, autographs, etc. The most notable contribution is a portrait painted by Deerfield's famous artist, George Fuller. It is a portrait of Jonathan Root Childs, a native of Deerfield and a prominent citizen of Chicopee, and was painted probably between 1845 and 1850. This was presented by Mrs. Mary Starr Blaisdell of Chicopee, a cousin of Mr. Childs.

A contribution of peculiar interest is a map of "the world agreeable to the latest discoveries," made by Martha Washington Saxton, when she was a pupil in the Deerfield Academy. The map bears no date, but as she was born in 1800 it must be about 100 years old. We know nothing of its wanderings until Mr. Edward A. Huebener of Dorchester, Mass., rescued it from a bonfire on the estate of Miss Katherine Shepard of Dorchester. Mr. Huebener framed the map and presented it to the Association. It is fitting that after drifting a century the map should find a safe haven in the very building where it was "executed" by Martha Saxton.

Among the rare manuscripts received is one from Arthur Lord of Boston. It is a petition to Gov. Shirley, dated Sept. 5, 1748, by John Hawks of Deerfield and Moses Scott of Hatfield for compensation for losses incurred at the capture of Fort Massachusetts.

Col. David Bryant has presented the Society with Salah Barnard's Orderly Book for 1759 which will be of value to students of the French and Indian wars.

An unique magazine pistol is the gift of Mr. Arthur J. Hawks. It is a wreck of its former self, but nothing certain is known about its original construction. It bears the stamp of "Springfield, 1849." A sketch of the pistol was sent to the Commanding Officer of the Springfield Armory and he wrote that nothing was known about it at that establishment. We are searching for a complete specimen.

By exchange we have come into the possession of Walling's map of Hampden County published in 1855, which has now become rare.

A number of autographs have been added to our collection; the most notable is that of Daniel Webster.

We have received a large number of heirlooms from a Martin branch of the Massachusetts Peabody family now living in Maine. These have not yet been unpacked but there are probably enough to furnish a Peabody room in our Memorial Hall.

This year has marked the completion of the fireproof addition to Memorial Hall, and the rooms are open to inspection. Book and exhibition cases are in the process of making, and with the return of warm weather the library will be transferred to its new quarters.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, has striven faithfully and intelligently to advance the best interests of the Museum.

Respectfully submitted,

J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 29, 1916.

WILLIAMS BILLINGS.

BY EDWARD C. BILLINGS OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The life of Henry Williams Billings, who died in Conway, June 13, 1915, was uneventful but eminently useful to the community in which he lived, and within this limited sphere it covered an unusual range of activities and was signalized for more than half a century by the faithful discharge of the exacting duties of many public offices as well as trusts of a private and personal nature which were often committed to his care.

He was the last male representative in Conway of a family which his great-grandfather, Fellows Billings, transplanted from Sunderland one hundred and forty years ago, and which once numbered its members in Conway by the score. It had its beginnings here in the days when the pioneers of New England pushed their way up the valleys and along the mountain streams until the tide of life rose

to the very hill tops. Like many other New England families, here it flourished for a few generations and from these hill tops sent out streams of influence in many directions—to the city, to our great western country and to foreign lands. There is much in this story that is typical of the origin, culture, and, I may add, the dispersion of New England families of the old stock. A brief recital of it will also reveal the influences by which my father's life was shaped.

In 1776 the town of Sunderland adopted the following resolution: "Voted that the inhabitants of this town are not willing that Capt. Billings should hold the employment of inn holder any longer." This was a revocation of license and was predicated upon the alleged Tory sentiments of Capt. Billings, who thereupon moved with all his family to Conway, then a new and rapidly growing town. In 1790 Conway had more than two thousand inhabitants and there were but two larger towns in old Hampshire county, Westfield and West Springfield. The early settlers who built their homes upon the pleasant hills of Conway could not foresee the fate which has since overtaken so many hill towns. Capt. Fellows Billings purchased one hundred and fifty acres of the best Conway lands with "improvements" thereon, which, no doubt, seemed to him a good investment, and it is idle for me to speculate, as I confess I have often been tempted to do, on what might have been had my ancestor had the prescience to invest the proceeds of his Sunderland tavern in a good Manhattan Island farm instead of improved Conway real estate. But although lands in Conway have never yielded a very large "unearned increment," he established there a home which yielded spiritual dividends to four generations, and I shall always devoutly pray for grace to be contented with the spiritual dividends, and to be worthy of them as well.

Capt. Billings was seventy-three years of age when he surrendered the "employment of inn holder" in Sunderland and began the life of a farmer in Conway, and it is to be presumed that he did not find this change in his occupation and surroundings altogether agreeable. No doubt

he missed the more cheerful life of his tavern and the friends who there gathered around his fireside. He had kept the Sunderland inn since 1737, in which "employment" he had followed his father, Capt. Ebenezer Billings, one of the original settlers of the town. He had also been a successful merchant or trader. Both father and son had been prominent in town affairs, for in those days to hold public office was the prerogative of the inn holder. Both had represented Sunderland many years in the General Court and had been officers in the militia. Fellows Billings had served ten years as representative. In being thus removed in his old age from this position of power and influence, Capt. Billings, like many other men of that day, was paying the penalty for holding Tory sentiments. He died in Conway eight years later, in 1784. Capt. Billings had prospered in life and belonged to that class of men who are satisfied with things as they are, and after all, in the last analysis, men at such times are usually governed by self-interest, many times unconsciously. Prosperous and contented old gentlemen at the age of nearly four score years do not as a rule take kindly to revolution.

Besides being respectable we may infer that tavern keeping was a fairly remunerative "employment" in those days, for Capt. Fellows Billings made money enough to send his two sons to college. There were other taverns in Sunderland during the many years that two generations of the Billings family kept tavern there, but local historians tell us that Billings' was "the tavern par excellence" during all that time. We read of parties going from Deerfield to "drink charry at Billings," and it seems that Capt. Billings made good use of the money which these convivial parties brought him. His son Elisha made the most of his opportunities and was graduated from Yale in the class of 1772 and ordained to the ministry in 1775. Prof. Tyler, in his *History of Amherst College*, of which Elisha Billings was one of the original trustees, says that Elisha was the valedictorian of his class at Yale. His brother, William Billings, was graduated from Harvard, became a lawyer in Sunderland but later chose the growing town of Conway as an

auspicious field in which to practice his profession. He had two sons who became lawyers, William and Israel. The latter settled in Hatfield and was the father of the late Hon. Edward C. Billings, of the U. S. District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana.

Elisha Billings did not long follow the ministry. On account of his health (he had suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs) he retired to the Conway farm purchased by his father, and February 9, 1780, married Elizabeth Williams, a daughter of Colonel Israel Williams of Hatfield. His brother William also married a daughter of Col. Williams. Elisha Billings took an active part in town affairs, and was for many years a justice of the peace, then an important office. In 1812 he was a delegate to the convention which met at Northampton to protest against the second war with England, and, as a Federalist, in 1813, and again in the historic year of 1814, he represented Conway in the General Court.

In his day and generation Elisha Billings was conspicuous in Hampshire County for his zeal in behalf of educational and religious causes. It is altogether fitting that I should mention this fact, for so great was that zeal that it produced a result which directly affected my father's early life, as will be seen a little later. He was a director of the Hampshire Educational and Missionary Societies and his purse was always open to missionary and educational causes. He was one of the pioneers in the movement to found Amherst College and was one of its incorporators. He was also one of the first trustees of the Sanderson Academy at Ashfield. Edward Hitchcock, in his *Reminiscences of Amherst College*, says, "With Deacon Elisha Billings, of Conway, I was quite intimately acquainted, and knew how well adapted he was to be an efficient pioneer. He had received a public education and possessed superior abilities. He had also a remarkably accurate knowledge of men. But his clear views of religious doctrines and inflexible adherence to the faith of the Puritans, made him the steadfast friend of every effort to connect learning and religion and to raise up men qualified to defend and propagate the Gospel of

Christ." When the effort was made to raise \$50,000 to found Amherst College, he gave \$300 in his own name and \$500 more was subscribed in the names of his wife and children. "So liberal were his benefactions," wrote President Hitchcock, "as exceedingly to embarrass his widow and children. But they, too, endowed with the same spirit, struggled through their pecuniary embarrassments."

I have heard my father say that in his youth and early manhood he, too, assisted in the discharge of financial obligations and a homestead encumbrance which were the direct result of his grandfather's benevolence, and so it may be said that he, too, participated in the making of these benefactions. The burden of laboring for others was thus early laid upon his shoulders. Truly he was "to the manor born," and throughout his long life the desire to be of service was the dominant note of his character.

Mr. Billings was the elder of the two sons born to Henry P., familiarly called "Capt. Harry," and Emilia Hitchcock Billings. She was a daughter of Justin and Mercy (Hoyt) Hitchcock, of Deerfield, and a sister of Edward Hitchcock. I have always looked upon the patriotic record of the Hitchcocks (Justin and his father Luke,) as Revolutionary soldiers, as counterpoising the unpardonable Tory record of the Billings and Williams branches of my father's family. I should like, also, to speak of the long record of the Hoyts as scouts and soldiers in the French and Indian Wars, but all of these things are too well known to the members of this association to require an extended notice from me, and to speak of them at length would be to go over ground already covered by those in every way better fitted to tell the story and to whose valuable works I am indebted for whatever I have learned about the subject. Suffice it here to say that my father was ever a frequent guest at "The Little Brown House on the Albany Road," the associations of which have been so interestingly preserved by the pen of Mr. Sheldon. Here, as a boy, he played with his cousins beneath the sheltering limbs of the giant elm which still stands like a faithful sentinel keeping watch over this to him hallowed spot, and so long as he lived Deerfield was his Mecca.

Capt. Harry was in his forty-fifth year when he married Emilia Hitchcock, Jan. 7, 1825. There is a tradition in the family that in early life he was inclined to be gay beyond the point of Puritan toleration, and that his conduct was sometimes viewed askance by his good father, the deacon, who very likely suffered unnecessary anxiety in regard to the matter. But now Emilia Hitchcock's influence becomes apparent. I will not say that she "reformed" him, since that might suggest that he had been the proverbial "rake," and I can discover no evidence, not even hearsay, that he deserved such a harsh epithet. But about this time he "got religion," as they used to say, and ceased to worry the saints as suddenly as did St. Paul upon receiving the light on the way to Damascus. To what extent the light which thus broke upon him at his meridian was due to the lady who became his wife, we cannot know, as the ways of Providence are inscrutable, but I like to think that Emilia Hitchcock was the medium through which God caused this light to shine.

If, however, from the Puritan viewpoint, Capt. Harry's early life showed an alarming tendency to "ill-manag'd merriment," he became a very earnest Christian and took every suitable opportunity to urge young men to embrace the faith. One of his old Sunday school pupils tells how he was exhorted by Capt. Harry. On one occasion, when the Captain had been talking to his class in his peculiarly earnest manner, he suddenly turned to this young man and said: "*You* must become a Christian. I was at your grandfather's death-bed and heard him pray for his children and his children's children. *You* must become a Christian." This earnest and simple plea put the matter in a new light for this young man, who soon decided to accept the faith of his fathers.

Henry W. Billings, or "Williams Billings," as he was commonly called by his kindred and more intimate friends, was born December 9, 1826, on the farm which his great-grandfather had purchased upon coming from Sunderland and which had since been the family home. Judged by the best New England ideals of the time, this home was one of re-

finement and culture, and there were a number of such homes in Conway at that early date. The grandfather had died in the previous year, and his first wife, Elizabeth Williams, had died in 1786, leaving two children, Henry P. and Elisha, Jr. Elisha Billings, Sr. had married, however, for his second wife, the Widow Hovey, a daughter of the Rev. Richard Salter Storrs of Longmeadow. She survived her husband many years, or until 1856, and although a step-grandmother to Williams and his brother Charles, she gave them unbounded affection, was devoted to their welfare, and both grew up to bless her declining years. To complete the picture of his early home I must not overlook the two children born of the grandfather's second marriage, Louisa Storrs Billings and Mary Williams Billings. The latter, as the wife of the Rev. Robert Ogden Dwight, was a missionary to India, where her son, the late R. Ogden Dwight, a well-known Holyoke lawyer, was born. "Aunt Louisa" had been an assistant teacher in Mary Lyon's school in Buckland, where her sister Mary and her cousin Juresha Billings had been pupil-teachers. Her daughter Carrie is the wife of Mr. Charles A. Coffin, of New York, the president of the General Electric Company. The two children of Aunt Mary, Robert Ogden and Mary B. Dwight, both born in Madras, India, came to Conway and were often under the family roof-tree there. Both of the aunts had been carefully educated under the supervision of their father and mother, both of whom believed in education for girls as well as boys.

Edward Hitchcock, who resigned the pastorate of the Conway Church the year before my father's birth, was ever an honored guest at the home of his sister Emilia, and he was with her when she died in 1854. A letter by him, entitled "A Sister's Death Bed," may be found in the columns of the *Greenfield Gazette & Courier* under the date of October 2nd of that year. In his youth my father was sometimes permitted to accompany Edward Hitchcock in excursions afield for the purpose of observing nature. I have often heard him refer to these trips with "Uncle Ed.," from whom he imbibed a taste for natural history.

"Williams," as he was always called in his early home,

received his early education in the district school in the South Center of the town, or Pumpkin Hollow, as perhaps I ought to call it the better to preserve the pictureque local color. This delightfully rural name, so suggestive of sylvan glens and golden fruit, has always stuck fast in spite of well-meaning but ill-judged attempts to cast it off for some such colorless appellation as "South Village" or "Church Green." Pumpkin Hollow was then the business and social centre of the town. Here, fronting on the village green, stood the first church built in Conway. It was of the old-fashioned type of church architecture once so familiar in New England, but now, I regret to say, fast disappearing, an imposing edifice, 60–100 ft. built of heavy hand-hewn timbers, and which served the dual purpose of house of worship and town hall. This type of building, designed for both religious and secular purposes, had its origin in the days when civil and religious affairs were closely identified, and even in the days of which I now speak, the inhabitants of Conway, as I have heard my father observe, "went to town meeting as religiously as they went to church." Perhaps as communities we would be better governed today if we brought more of this spirit into our civil affairs.

After his course of sprouts in the Pumpkin Hollow district school he became a pupil of Deacon John Clary, an educated man, who conducted a select school for boys in Conway. For many years Deacon Clary was one of the dignitaries of the town and my father always had a cordial affection for his old master. Later he attended the Deerfield Academy for some time, after which he had a term or two at the Williston Seminary in Easthampton. Being diligent in mathematics, his favorite study, he became proficient in trigonometry and surveying, and in later life was frequently employed as a surveyor of lands and highways, and in his early manhood he spent some time with a surveying party in the south.

But I cannot pass by Pumpkin Hollow without referring to other associations of my father's boyhood of which I have often heard him speak. Here beside the church and school house stood the "general store," a forum for the dis-

cussion of political and other important public matters, where, incidentally, a farmer might barter butter and eggs. In my father's boyhood his uncle Elisha was master of ceremonies here. Among the leading controversialists who gathered around his stove on winter evenings were Phinias Bartlett, justice of the peace, whose home and judicial chambers were just across the green, and Col. Charles E. Billings, selectman and representative in the General Court. He lived on Billings Hill, a geographical name fittingly bestowed but long since become obsolete for the equally justifiable and obvious reason that no one answering to the name of Billings has lived on Billings Hill for upwards of sixty-five years. There are still extant a few old county maps which show the location of Billings Hill, Conway, but not one person out of ten living in Conway today could direct you to it if asked to do so, and it is safe to say that most of those who could point it out have passed the meridian of life. To the present generation, Billings Hill is Parsons Hill, and, as such, it continues to be one of the "seats of the mighty." Parsons Hill let it remain. Wherever the old stock continues to hold the fort, a mere change in name does not greatly matter. But Col. Charles E. Billings, of Billings Hill, was a local magnate of the very first rank, and that he has been so soon forgotten shows how fleeting is the fairest fame amidst the rapidly changing population of our rural towns in New England. He was the father of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Mead, sometime president of Mt. Holyoke College, and of the Rev. Richard Salter Billings, who is remembered by some in these parts as a former pastor of the Congregational Church in Shelburne.

In his early manhood, I believe about the year 1846, my father taught school in the Cricket Hill district of Conway. This section of the town is today almost entirely depopulated. In those days it was dotted with homes, the decaying hearthstones of which may still be seen, and large families of children kept his school well filled. Some years ago I took a ride with him through this section of the town and he pointed out to me the ruins of half a dozen homesteads from which came his pupils now seventy years ago.

In the early '50's Mr. Billings was employed for a time in the office of the Rutland Railroad at Rutland, Vt. He returned to Conway upon the death of his mother in 1854, and lived upon the home farm until the death of his father in 1856. In that year he accepted a clerkship with the Conway Mutual Fire Insurance Company and soon became a director and its secretary and treasurer, which positions he held until the company wound up its affairs in 1875. The insurance company was an institution of which the citizens of Conway at one time were justly proud. It was organized in 1849 by the late General James S. Whitney, then a citizen of the town. For some years it did a good business, having successful agencies scattered throughout New England. Heavy farm losses and competition from stronger stock companies in large commercial centers eventually forced it out of business. The fact that Conway was a remote hill town did not help it any in large commercial centers where it sought business, and unprotected farm risks have never been the basis of the prosperity of any insurance company. In 1875 my father had become convinced that such an institution in Conway was certain to meet with eventual failure. He favored closing up the business at that time rather than to continue in the face of certain greater loss later on. It took no little moral courage for him to take this stand in which he did not fail to encounter criticism. Furthermore, the closing up of the business meant to him the loss of a salaried position. Conservative business men who were familiar with the situation have always given him credit for sagacious and self-denying conduct in this matter.

In 1856 Mr. Billings married Mary J. Bates of Pownal, Vt., then a teacher in the schools of Conway. She died in 1883. The home which they established was based upon the old-fashioned convictions which make a serious business of life. It was enlivened, however, by music, for which he had recognized talent, which I like to think of as an inheritance from his maternal grandfather, the fifer whose martial music inspired the Deerfield minute men on their march to Cambridge in 1775, and whose bass viol, made with his own

hands, is now silently resting in Memorial Hall. Besides being one of the sources from which my father drew inspiration and to which he turned for recreation and solace, music was a medium through which he ever sought to serve his Master, and, as leader of the church choir, he gave many years of such service. Many of the older citizens of Conway will also recall the singing schools which he sometimes conducted, as well as the old-fashioned "musical conventions" frequently held in Conway at an earlier date, and in which he took a leading part. He also appreciated good literature, and the home library, if small, was well selected. From good books he often read aloud in the family circle.

Much of my father's ability to attend to many exacting public duties so punctiliously was due to the fact that his wife, and in later years, his daughter, made his home a place where he could always find strength and inspiration. But his rest at home was always subject to interruption by the ringing of the door bell by any of his fellow citizens, who always felt at liberty to call on business at any time. It never seemed possible for him to have any hours of the day or evening exclusively for rest, and it was always one of the vexations of my mother's life that she could never get him to be prompt at his meals.

In 1861 Mr. Billings was chosen town clerk and was made town treasurer in 1864, and he continued to hold both offices to the day of his death. During this time he also served many years as chairman of the school board, and as assessor and collector of taxes. He had a remarkable memory which served him well to the end, and he was accustomed to discharge his multifarious duties without depending upon any diary or memoranda to aid his memory other than regular books of account. He had a head for figures and accounts and prided himself upon the neatness, perspicuity and exactness of his books. For about fifteen years, in addition to his other duties, he was the secretary and treasurer of the Conway Co-operative Creamery, which did quite an extensive and successful business, and the farmers of Conway, Deerfield, Sunderland, Shelburne and Ashfield can still bear witness to the fact that their checks for cream

were always received punctually on the fifteenth day of each month, unless it happened to fall on Sunday, in which case they could count on receiving them on the fourteenth. This promptness was appreciated by the farmers who sold their cream to the Conway Creamery and no doubt had not a little to do with its success.

For the seventeen years next preceding the creation of a District Court for Franklin County, he held the office of trial justice and afterwards held a commission to issue warrants. In both of these offices he was most conscientious and painstaking in the discharge of his duties and looked carefully after the interests of parties and of the public. He composed many quarrels where he might have profited in a pecuniary way by letting them proceed to legal action. I have seen many men, smarting under what they chose to consider wrongs or indignities, come to him for a warrant against some neighbor, but who were persuaded by him to think better of the matter. Unless the public interest would be prejudiced thereby, he always preferred to be a peacemaker. He was never too busy to listen to the troubles of others and to advise those who sought his counsel. He would lay aside the task of the moment at any time to serve any one who made a demand upon his time. The result was that it became habitual for him to work at his desk until far into the night in order to catch up with the work which he had cheerfully laid aside to accommodate some fellow-citizen. This was his custom all through his public life, even up to the last year of it. He never had any office hours and was always ready to respond to the call of duty whether it came at noontide or in the night.

He was one of the original trustees of the Field Memorial Library and served as its treasurer. He was a director and the librarian of its predecessor, the old Conway town library, and the books of the same were largely of his selection. He was also a Trustee of the Conway Savings Bank. And he was much employed in the settlement of estates.

He was always interested in matters of local history and research, and joined the P. V. M. A. in 1892 and served as councillor in 1893. I have attended some of its field meet-

ings with him and know that no gala day ever afforded him keener enjoyment. He had a fund of local tradition and reminiscence at his command and was sometimes asked to write, but he was always too busy for any elaborate effort in this direction. However, he often furnished data for the assistance of others for which he sometimes received public acknowledgment.

But I must avoid carrying this sketch beyond the demands of the occasion; and yet, it seems to me that we are apt to undervalue the usefulness of many uneventful lives lived in our midst. It is the fate of the obscure burden-bearers of the world, however useful they may be within a narrow circle, to be crowded off the pages of history and out of the memory of man by those who are called to take a more conspicuous part. And yet it may be a question whether, for most of us, there are not more valuable lessons to be learned from many of the humble and homely lives lived nearer to our own hearthstones.

The thought by which the world is governed is ever in a state of flux, and undoubtedly some would say that the subject of this sketch failed to keep abreast of the advanced thought of his times. But that is not to say that he was unaware of the changing thought and standards. Certainly he noted and often commented on many of the tendencies of modern life. In his latter days he seemed to feel that there had been a dangerous departure from the great convictions and ideals under the influence of which he grew up. The falling off in church attendance and the apparent diminution of religious faith were evil omens in his eyes, and there was a sort of militant fidelity to the old standards in the regularity of his church attendance, in all kinds of weather, when in advanced years it became a physical burden for him to walk so far. In all such matters he belonged to the old guard that never surrenders.

He probably had the ability to fill a larger sphere of usefulness than that to which he seemed called. The circumstances of his early life prevented him from obtaining that liberal education which he would have appreciated and put to good use. Under these conditions he took up the work

nearest to his hand, and the glory of his life is that he never seemed to shirk any task that appeared to him in the light of a duty. I do not desire to picture him as a paragon of virtue. He would not like to be so pictured, for he had a Cromwellian hatred of shams which made him quite capable of saying, "Paint me as I am." But I believe that comparatively few men have endeavored more earnestly to do those things which, according to their light, they ought to do as good citizens and as Christians. Wherever he saw a good work to be done he was always ready to lend a hand. He was, perhaps, too ready for his own good to assume the burdens of a pack-horse. He had a fine perception of duty and of moral obligations and was wont to hold others, as well as himself, to strict accountability. But if sometimes too critical, he was never crabbed. His disposition was sweet and mellow and grew more so as he grew older. His zeal for service did not flag with advancing years. He would have been unhappy if compelled to forego his usual activities, and he was mercifully spared a long illness. Active almost to the very day of his death, he died as he had lived, like a knight of old in the arena, with his full armor on and still bright and untarnished.

CAPTAIN PUTNAM FIELD.

BY JOHN SHELDON.

The life of Putnam Field, commonly speaking, began in Leverett, Massachusetts, on the tenth day of November, 1836, and ended in San Diego, California, on the third day of March, 1915. Between these dates is a span of over seventy-eight years, a length of life far beyond the average granted mankind for its development. It should be noted that he had the heritage of a good constitution and the sense to conserve it. He came of good old Revolutionary stock and at the time of his death held the office of Registrar in the San Diego Chapter of the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Putnam was the son of Moses and Caroline Rhoda Field, life residents of Leverett, and I am told was one of a family of ten children and that he went out early into the world to wrestle with its problems unhampered by inherited riches. When the youth and brawn of the country responded to the call of President Lincoln for troops to put down the Rebellion, Putnam was among them, having enlisted in the 10th New York Volunteers. He served with credit through the term of his enlistment returning with the rank of Captain. I recall his alert, decisive bearing when, acting as Marshall of the Day at our Field meeting in Leverett, in seventy-four, he led the marching organizations on his spirited mount, his soldierly figure and good horsemanship showing well in the saddle.

Putnam Field was a printer by trade and when I first knew him in the early seventies he occupied upper floor rooms in the Sanborn Block on Main street in Greenfield where he conducted a job printing business. Later he was associated with E. A. Hall's printing department in the *Gazette and Courier* building. While living in Greenfield he joined the Republican Lodge of Masons and was an active and loyal member of the Edwin E. Day post of the Grand Army of the Republic.

About 1887, acting under advice of his physician he sought a milder clime and leaving our changeable New England weather behind him he followed the sun till he saw it set in the waters of the Pacific ocean. San Diego, California, appealed to him and there he made his home. During the earlier years of his residence in that city he worked at his trade, conducting a printing establishment on Fourth St. Later he became interested in a match factory in National City.

Capt. Field was a man of sterling worth. An independent thinker, he was ever alive to the questions of the day, arriving at his own conclusions little swayed by external influences or the pressure of public opinion. Public spirited, he was ever ready to assist those municipal projects in which he recognized merit and equally ready in opposition to measures that seemed to him unworthy. Decided in his

opinions, somewhat dogmatic perhaps, he was always a fearless advocate in support of his own convictions.

Despite his long residence amid foreign environment his love and loyalty for Massachusetts and Franklin county never abated. His was the moving spirit in the organization of the New England society that was formed in San Diego for the purpose of getting together the sons and daughters of New England sojourning in that city and vicinity, and when a meeting was called in 1902 there was an overflow of numbers and enthusiasm that resulted in the formation of that society. Capt. Field was twice at its head and always its welfare was a matter of deep interest to him.

When living in Greenfield he was a valued and useful member of our Association and when he was back home for a few weeks in 1908 he visited our rooms and renewed his membership which he maintained as long as he lived. His belief in the value of the work our Association is doing was thus shown as was the interest of his father, Moses Field, who when eighty-two years old walked to Sunderland from his home in Leverett to attend one of our meetings held in that town. He was on our board of councillors for a number of terms, served several times on Field Day committees, where he was reliable and efficient; and was head of the committee appointed to gather relics of the civil war for our collection. He was among the first to urge the erection of the Eunice Williams monument, and acted as grand marshall at the dedication exercises. He also was a generous contributor to our collection, especially to the library where are many valuable books and manuscripts saved by his thoughtful care.

Mr. Field's life was characterized by industry, sobriety and sincerity, and contained many of those essential elements that have made the influence of the native New Englander so large a factor in the shaping of our nation.

A RICH INHERITANCE.

BY FRANCIS NIMS THOMPSON.

In the day when our country yet had a frontier, and at a moment which marked the striking of an hour in its history, a group of pioneers were gathered in the western hills to organize the Territory of Montana—the mountain land. For the emblem and seal of this new political division of the world a gray-eyed young New Englander reported an inspiring design:—the sun rising above those mysterious mountains; the great falls of the Missouri, suggesting the dynamic resources of that new territory; the plow, pick and spade, to indicate the development of the natural gifts of the region; and, under all, the Spanish words ORO Y PLATA—gold and silver—those metals that form the marrow of the great backbone of the mountain land; all together suggesting not only the treasures of that storehouse of Providence and the future of that land; but, as seen by those keen and kindly gray eyes, the beauty of hill, vale and stream; the dawning of a new day of industry and of fruitfulness in field and mine; and the primal purity and magnificent utility of those royal elements named in the tongue of the ancient owners of all that region.

That was back in 1864; but that man saw sparkle at our national capitol, as the representation of a great State, the design which he had roughly sketched in a frontier log cabin; and saw that State transformed as splendidly from its crude beginnings.

That those gray eyes should one day close was inevitable. That they should have been kept clear and kindly these many years; seeing only the beautiful and good things, only the precious metal to be mined from the past, the pleasant harvests to be gleaned from the broad fields of today, and the sun dawning ever on a better tomorrow; is a thing in which to forever rejoice. To live four score years, with clear eyes and brain, unflinching courage and courtesy, and

to be active and useful to the hour of one's dying, is indeed to live; and for that life of service and sharing we who shared with my father his life are most deeply grateful.

He was born in Colrain on the sixteenth day of October, 1833, to John and Elvira (Adams) Thompson, and was the seventh of their eight children. His paternal uncles and aunts had some forty-five children—his cousins—and the rest of Colrain were his kindred of lesser degree,— a substantial Scotch mixture of intricate weave, wrought by the multiplying descendants of those Protestants who for liberty of conscience fled Scotland, and a century later left Colrain, Ireland, about 1849, and soon after founded a new Colrain in the Massachusetts hills. Joseph Thompson and his wife Janet, her father, Michael McClallen, and the Millers, Smiths, Wilsons, McGees and many more, were among those emigrants.

Francis M. Thompson came to "Country Farms," on the Leyden road in Greenfield, in his boyhood; and, though he lived near the school house (and took care of its fire for the wood ashes), he carried his dinners to school and ate them with the other boys. Like other boys and men he lived and loved; but few did either as well as he. His ring (now become thin) Mary Nims wore from her teens until last February, and her husband then wore it for a few months next a ring made from the early Montana gold, until the first day of 1916 dawned for him upon heights loftier than of any earthly mountain land.

I believe it was wise Doctor Holmes who set down the fact that the training of a man begins generations before his birth. It is not probable that any one of my father's ancestors had all the varied experiences suitable to fit their descendant to play the many parts allotted him on life's stage. "One man in his time plays many parts," and to have played them all well,—to have played the poorer parts with the same conscience, care and cheerfulness as the better, and to have played the better parts as sweetly and as simply as the poorer,—is to deserve a final "well done" from the Author of life.

How Francis M. Thompson played the successive parts of

boy and man; pupil and schoolmaster; clerk, manufacturer and banker; pioneer, explorer, store-keeper and legislator; hunter, fisherman and lover of nature; town clerk, treasurer, assessor and selectman; lawyer, trial justice and commissioner; official of societies and corporations; register and judge of the probate court; student and historian of the past; active man of present affairs and hopeful builder of the future; tender, devoted son and husband, and best of fathers:—how he played all these parts and others, is outlined upon the records or its detail impressed on our hearts. “He was a man, take him for all and all. I shall not look upon his like again.”

I think of him as of some wayside spring which often refreshed me in other days than these. Not found by all, but good to know, clear, equitable and unfailing: constantly renewed from a source pure and higher, and ever freely giving itself to all who came that way.

LETTER FROM MRS. AMANDA H. HALL OF
ASHFIELD.

HON. GEORGE SHELDON,

President Deerfield Historical Society, Deerfield, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Acknowledging the courtesy of invitation received on the 19th inst., I regret to reply, that, while my life-purpose has been to “lend a hand” whenever occasion and ability harmonized, I am sure I cannot worthily respond with contributions for Deerfield’s approaching Memorial services from Ashfield’s pithy traditions “*not yet made public.*”

Our little town on these beautiful heights has enjoyed unique history of which there have been so frequent public reminiscences—including recently, very full history of its “life and times” that most of its interesting or amusing

characteristics having been sifted for publicity, I am impressed that other bright excentric features still in memory should, perhaps, be accorded continued retirement.

However, one incident, so far as I know, has escaped public rehearsal, which touches very fairly the conservative atmosphere of "back-country meeting house" experience in New England, years ago. This date must have been in the dawn of the last century,—when Ashfield's tuning-fork and bass viol had fought their supremacy in a large choir of quite remarkable ability, as well as distinction among surrounding towns. Peace having succeeded their conflict with the general worshippers of this branch of assemblies, and week after week the well-trained singers were pouring forth most satisfactory praises;—when one Sunday morning an ambitious young member aroused the consternation of a large congregation of the devout, by introducing a violin to help the volume of psalms and anthems.

One well-known saint, ever constant and prayerful during the expounding of the Word covered her eyes, and deadened her ears; till "meeting" over she administered open and scathing rebuke, before retiring to her home four miles away, where, she declared, she would worship in solitude till that "carnal instrument" no longer desecrated the House of God.

On the morning of the sixth Sunday thereafter, her son, preparing as usual for meeting, said to his widowed mother how sorry he was that she was losing so many good sermons,—and added "that Violin is a great help in the singing."

Suddenly springing to her feet she exclaimed with astonishment "V-i-o-lin?—V-i-o-lin!"—"Why I thought it was a *fiddle!*"—and hastily making ready, she was soon seated beside her son in the waiting wagon—and soon after, in her accustomed pew, where with a contented, smiling face she beamed not only upon fellow-worshippers—but upon the choir and its violin!

Somewhere about 1828, an organ of good quality was introduced—for a long time the first among the hill towns of the county:—but, before that innovation, death had removed this good woman and others, to be hidden in the

secret of His presence, before Whom, the choir above, "with timbrel, trumpet, harp, psaltery, and an instrument of ten strings" are continually paying their vows to the most High.

A. H. H.

CANADIAN MISSIONS AND DEERFIELD CAPTIVES.

BY EMMA L. COLEMAN.

The Indians who carried the first New England captives to Canada, taking them from Hatfield and Deerfield in 1677, were not Canadian Indians. They were so-called River Indians—probably from the Hudson and Housatonic rivers,—who had fled to the French at the end of Philip's war. Some of them had previously lived in a friendly way near Hatfield. Now they came back to carry off their old neighbors that they might sell them to the French.

On that September day, they took from Hatfield seventeen persons; one man, three women and thirteen children; all under six years of age but one;—he was eight. At Deerfield, there were no women; four brave men, who had come back to rebuild their homes, and one little boy were taken away.

This proportion of adults and children was common in Indian warfare, for the weaker captives could more easily be held for ransom. We are all familiar with the story of the redemption of this first group. Waite and Jennings, aided by the Governor of New France, effected their ransom with over three hundred pounds, raised by a general appeal.

It was the policy of our Government not to offer money to redeem prisoners, thereby setting a price on women and children, but individual ransoms made their capture attractive to the Indians, and these River Indians told Benoni Stebbins, who was captured, but soon escaped, that if they "had success," the French Indians intended to come with them next time. Doubtless if they had *not* had success; if these ransoms had *not* been paid, much suffering in late years would have been averted.

But tonight we are thinking of the French and Indians, who came down upon us two hundred and twelve years ago. Who were they? Why did they come? The story has indeed been told more than two hundred and twelve times. I repeat it to show the connection between Canadian Missions and New England captives.

These Indians, like most who fought in our intercolonial wars, came from the Missions, from those that had been established on the rivers of Maine, by priests going to Indian villages; and from those in Canada, to which Indians from Maine and New York had been urged to emigrate. And why did they come?

In June of the year 1703, the Governor of Massachusetts—which included the Province of Maine—went to Casco to meet some Indian chiefs. He told them that he came “as to friends and brothers to reconcile all differences,” and the chief replied, “Brother, the clouds fly and darken, yet we still sing the songs of peace. As high as the sun above the earth, so far are our thoughts from war.” But the Governor of New France dared not allow this friendship, doubtful as it seemed. We are apt to forget that New France, also, had Indian enemies;—the fiercest of all, being the Iroquois, as she called the Five Nations of New York.

These tribes were allies of the English;—the friendship, doubtless, being based upon trade. The French and English colonies were both eager to buy the Indians’ furs. Each was jealous of the other. Indeed, the chief cause of intercolonial trouble was trade. Then, as now, men killed each other to get what didn’t belong to them.

In reports sent to France, the Canadian Governors constantly fear that the English and Dutch “by means of the cheap bargains they can give,” * will become masters of all the peltries;—thereby destroying the industry upon which Canada subsists.

Here are some of “the cheap bargains.” In 1689, at Orange (Albany) the Indian pays only two beavers for a gun, which in Montreal would cost him five; for eight pounds of powder, he gives one beaver instead of four, and for each

* N. Y. Col. Docs., IX, 405.

of the following articles, "a Blanket of red Cloth, A White Blanket, Four Shirts and Six pairs of Stockings" he gives in Orange one beaver and in Montreal two. Tobacco and "other small wares" are supplied at the same ruinous rates, and alas! the English, for one beaver give six quarts of "Rum or Spirits * * distilled from the Sugar Cane imported from the West Indies" while the French have no fixed rate for brandy but "never give as much as a quart for a beaver." And so it was, as Bancroft says that "religious sympathies inclined the Five Nations to the French, but commercial advantages brought them always into connection with the English." *

In the early eighteenth century, there was peace between Canada and the New York Indians, but whenever they had made invasions into her country, she believed they were instigated by New York, and as she counted all the English colonies as one, she revenged upon New England—the weaker colony—the sins of New York.

Therefore, to counteract the intrigues of western tribes, the Governor of Canada must use desperate remedies in the east. The relations established between the eastern Indians and the Boston government must be broken. The Indians, always ready to fight, must be thrown into war. A French historian says "the very existence of the French people demanded and justified it."

The priest of the mission on the Kennebec river assured the Governor that his Indians would be ready to take up the hatchet whenever he commanded; and very soon after that June meeting at Casco, the song of peace was forgotten, the hatchet was taken up, and the coast of Maine was ravaged from Casco to Wells.

In the autumn, after the English had killed a few Indians to revenge this treachery, the savages appealed to Gov. de Vaudreuil for vengeance, and he, to satisfy them, was obliged, he says, to send in the winter, the Sieur de Rouville, to attack a fort,—that "fort" being Deerfield.†

* Hist. of U. S., III. 193.

† But Vaudreuil found satisfaction himself in this attack. Writing in March to the Governor of Acadia, he said: "I assure you I shall do my best to ravage

An official report in the Parkman manuscripts says that the Indians of the party came from the St. Louis Mission. We know that with them were others from the missions of the mountain, St. Francis of the Lake and Lorette. And that is why they came: To avenge the loss of a few Indians of Maine. That is why these christian converts of mission villages came to Deerfield on this Tuesday of two hundred and twelve years ago, and back to their mission-homes they carried our people. Because of this connection of missions and captives, I hope my subject may hold some interest for you.

For the beginning of Canadian missions, we must turn back to 1535, when Jacques Cartier, seeking always the passage to Cathay, sailed up the Great River of Canada. At the point where his course was barred by rapids, he found an Indian town, called Hoehelaga. Greeted by "one of the principal lords of the said city," he gave to him "two hatchets, two knives and a crucifix, the last of which the Indian was invited to kiss." These were gifts many times repeated in Canadian history. He called the hill behind the town Mont Rial because of its beautiful outlook, and from it, island and city have both been named Montreal.

It was not only to seek a passage to India, nor to build a New France, nor yet to trade in furs that many Frenchmen followed Cartier across the sea. Religion urged them onward to strengthen the church, by converting the heathen of the New World.*

Champlain came sixty-eight years after Cartier, and found Hochelaga deserted. He saw that here was a beautiful site for a settlement and here, in 1642, was made an extraordinary one;—conceived in mysticism and executed

the English on the side of Boston" (Boston was all New England.) "I have a party of three hundred commanded by M. Rouville, a man very proper for such an expedition. As soon as this party shall return, I shall send forth another company. I believe you will be surprised that I always send towards Boston:—I have many reasons for it, but the strongest is that the Court will in no wise have a war with the Iroquois, which I should apprehend, if I sent towards Albany. Until this time the Maquas remain quiet; I shall do all in my power to continue it."

* John Calvert had made many converts in France.

by religious zeal. No human agency was acknowledged, but Champlain's narrative, describing the place, had already been printed—when, at La Flèche, in Anjou, a pious man, Jérôme Le Royer de la Dauversière, heard a voice, commanding him to consecrate himself, his wife and their six children to the Holy Family; to found a hospital, or Hôtel Dieu at Montreal,—a place wholly unknown to him,—and to establish a new order of nuns in honor of St. Joseph, to conduct that hospital.

On the same day, at Parisâ, a young priest, Jean Jacques Olier, heard a voice commanding him to form a Society of priests and to establish them at Montreal. The two, strangers until then, met in the Château of Meudon, and, as by a miracle, each knew the other's name, his secret thoughts and hopes. To complete the mystic number of three, they proposed to add a third community "to teach the Faith to the children, white and red." Then and there Montreal was founded. But this place of the miracle was a wilderness; and to supply patients, congregation and pupils, it must be peopled.

A society was formed in Paris to provide money. The Island of Montreal was bought and a plan made to send out forty men to build a house for the priests, and two convents for the nuns who were to be nurses and teachers. When it was time to embark, Olier had not founded his Seminary of priests, and the Jesuits of Quebec were asked to take spiritual charge. Of course teachers were not needed, but there might be sickness, and for that the miracle did not fail. Jeanne Mance heard her divine call, and hurrying to La Rochelle, she met Dauversière, as by chance at the church door, and they knew each other, as Dauversière and Olier had done before.

The leader of the company which sailed from La Rochelle was that "devout and valiant gentleman," Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve. They approached Montreal (in May 1642) singing all together a hymn of praise. Parkman asks "Is this true history or a romance of Christian chivalry?" and answers, "It is both."

Later, in Paris, settlement was consecrated to the Holy

Family and was called Ville Marie de Montreal; a sacred town, built for the honor of Christ, St. Joseph and the Virgin, typified by three persons on earth, the founders of the Seminary, Hôtel-Dieu and the school.

The little colony had been almost annihilated by the Iroquois when in 1653, M. de Maisonneuve went back to Paris for more men and more money. He went also to Troyes, where his sister was Superior of the Congregation nuns. These Sisters were eager for the Canadian mission, but cloistered women were not fitted for the work. Connected with the community, working outside, and of course without having taken vows, was a very gentle and devout woman, Marguerite Bourgeoys; not a mystic, yet destined to be the third in the sacred number, and to found in New France the order of the *Congrégation de Notre Dame*, for which high purpose, she crossed the ocean with *Maisonneuve*.

The Sulpitian priests, sent out by M. Olier, from his Seminary in Paris, were called in Canada, as are their successors, "The Gentlemen of the Seminary." The great seigniorship of the Island of Montreal and its adjacent places was later transferred to them, and makes them one of the richest Societies in America. Part of the building which they, in 1675, constructed out of Laurentian stone, brought by glaciers from the farther north, is still standing. In it the priests keep the parish registers where Miss Baker found records of many lost captives.

Marguerite Bourgeoy's sisterhood, consecrated to the Virgin, love to remember that her work began in a stable. In it, cattle had been housed, and doves flew in and out of the cote above. It was opposite the Hôtel-Dieu, the two communities, then as always, being close friends and neighbors. They taught little boys and girls,—all there were to teach! In the first fifteen years, sixty children were born, and one survived. She, their first pupil, stayed with them until she married. The first Indian given to their care, was a baby neglected by its mother, who sold it for a string of beads. *Maisonneuve* was the god-father of this little Marie des Neiges (Mary of the Snow), the first Iroquoise to receive

baptism. The annals say she died a holy death at the age of six!

Marguerite Bourgeoys came to the New World, bringing only "her blind confidence in God." She had not the fraction of a farthing; for her own use, she brought only a little bundle under her arm. The first building of her Order was begun with a capital of forty sous. We have spoken of the first pupil. In this February of 1916, a nun of the Order tells me that there are over forty thousand pupils, and more than three thousand sisters to look after them.

It is interesting to note that Sister Bourgeoys established, too, the first school of domestic science in America. It was called "La Providence" and there the sisters instructed some twenty older girls—New England captives among them—"in all the work of their sex, in order that they might earn their living."

The Mission of the Mountain.

The Gentlemen of the Seminary, not making many converts when they went to Indian villages, determined to bring the Indians to the town, and they established—just outside it—the Mission of the Mountain.

The wigwams of the Iroquois and Hurons, some of them already converts, surrounded the palisade, which enclosed a chapel and some huts of bark. In one of these huts lived the two Sisters sent by Marguerite Bourgeoys to teach little Indian girls—and later the little English girls.

When, in 1669, some hospital nuns came out from France, the parish priest took them, through forest and marsh out to the Mission, and the Indians, to celebrate their coming, made a feast. The Sisters found the food very strange, but they tasted it out of consideration for the Savages, and did their best to show their gratitude.

The "strange food" was corn on the cob, pumpkin cooked in the ashes, and sagamite, a kind of gruel, made of coarse hominy.

The priest taught the Indian boys, who, when baptized, assisted in the celebration of mass.

It was reported to the Government at Versailles, that at all the missions the youth were "brought up à la Française, except in the matter of their food and dress, which it is necessary to make them retain in order that they be not effeminate, and that they may be * * * less impeded whilst hunting, which constitutes their wealth and ours."* They were also taught to be tailors, shoemakers, masons and farmers—thus ante-dating our Hampton School. The girls were taught to speak French; to read, write and recite their creed. They were taught also to spin, knit and make lace by special teachers sent from France which was made possible by the gifts of Louis XIV, who was much gratified by this work of the Sisters.

The Superior of the Sulpitians in Paris, when writing in 1685 to the Superior at Montreal said: "If you could introduce skirts for the women and underclothing for the children and make them follow the *mode*, you would make yourself famous, for I think * * * nothing would have greater effect." This was accomplished, but it was not a lasting fashion. It has always been more difficult to Christianize a savage than to Indianize a white.

A drunken Indian set fire to the wooden buildings within the palisade, which there, as here, were called a fort. They were rebuilt in stone.

Those of you, who have been to Montreal, will remember the two old stone towers at the entrance of the great Seminary, which is built upon the site of the fort. These towers were set apart by the priests for the nuns and their pupils. Standing beside them, we may imagine that some of our own little captives may have here looked upon the sweet face of Marguerite Bourgeoys. She lived until 1700.

The mission, built near Montreal as a defence against the Pagan Iroquois, was too near the white man's brandy, so in 1696, the fathers transferred it to the other side of the Mountain, leaving for a time, the Sisters and some Indians behind. The new station was at the Sault-au-Récollet, on the Rivière des Prairies. The river was not so called because of its physical features, but in memory of a sailor of Saint

* N. Y. Col. Docs., IX. 150.

Malo, who followed Champlain up the river, taking this route to avoid the rapids beyond Montreal. The name of Sault-au-Récollet recalls the tragic fate of the first martyr of Canada, Father Nicolas Viel, who descending from the Huron Country, was here, where the current is swiftest, thrown from a canoe by his vicious Indian companions.

The church of the new mission resembled the Santa Casa of Loreto in Italy, and from it, the mission was named, Our Lady of New Lorette. One of the nuns in charge of the school, which was brought here in 1701, was Soeur Marie des Anges Mary Sayward of York—chosen, perhaps because of her English speech.

But, as the first post was too near civilization and brandy, so was the second, and to prevent greater demoralization, it was again moved, this time in 1721, to the Lake of the Two Mountains, where the Ottawa river, near its mouth widens into a beautiful lake.

With the Sisters, came their pupils, Indian and English. They lived and held their classes in a bark hut; the fire in the middle; with its smoke rising from a hole in the roof.

In the comfortable stone convent, in which the Sisters now live, Miss Baker and I heard another gentle Marie des Anges teach her little Indian pupils their catechism.

The direct connection between Deerfield and the Missions began in 1704 but eight years earlier, when John Gillett and Nathaniel Belding were taken to Canada and either "given or sold to the French" they worked for the Holy Sisters as servants at their farm, which was probably near Lake St. Joseph.

In 1704, the Mission was at the Sault-au-Récollet. To this place, on the northern shore of the Island of Montreal, Abigail Nims and Josiah Rising, aged respectively three and ten, were brought by their Indian masters. She was taken to the wigwam of Ganastarsi, who very soon carried her to the parish church in Montreal, where she was made a good Catholic and named Marie-Elizabeth.

Josiah, named for his god father, Ignace Kanatagariasse, was known as Ignace Raizenne and after his baptism, dressed in a short surplice, he must have swung the censer during

mass. You know that when Abigail was fifteen, they married. The only civilization they knew was that of priest and nun; and it was natural that their home-life and that of their children's families should be modelled upon that of a religious community. Many of their descendants became priests and nuns. Indeed, of one family of eight daughters—Abigail's granddaughters—only *one* was bold enough to marry! The maternal grandmother of the seven nuns was Sara Hanson, who in 1724, was brought from Dover to the Lake of the Two Mountains. In this case, three of the four grandparents were New England captives, the fourth being French. Among their descendants can be counted several priests and nineteen nuns, so rich a gift has the Roman Catholic Church received from these captive-converts!

From 1712, when John Nims went to the Sault-au-Récollet, seeking his sister's redemption, the family probably had had no connection with New England until Miss Baker and I went to Oka, as, for post-office convenience, the Lake of the Two Mountains is now called, and saw Abigail's great-great-grandson. He, Jean Baptiste Raizenne, lives in the oldest house in the Mission, on land granted to Ignace in 1730. From that land, we brought the Canada fir tree, which grows so bravely in front of Memorial Hall, on the old homestead of Abigail Nims.

To the Sault-au-Récollet was brought also Thomas Hurst and his little sister Hannah. You will remember that they were two of the six children captured with their mother, the widow Sarah, whose home was in Wapping. Thomas, married to a French woman and already established at the Sault, stayed there, when the Mission was moved. The historian of the parish says it is easy to identify the land, granted to him in 1711, which at his death, passed to his son-in-law.

Hannah was eight. As Anne, they made her a citizen of New France. As Marie Kaiennonni, they made her a Catholic. Then she was sixteen, and the very next day they made her an Indian, by marrying her to Michel Anenharison, a widower, of thirty-two.

The priest, doubtful about this marriage, wrote in the

register "I proposed to her to leave the savages: She has declared that she wishes to live with them always. Soeur des Anges has often heard her say this," but doubtful still, he adds: "I have spoken to M^r. de Belmont" (who was his Superior) "and he told me I must treat her as if she were an Indian. I notified M^r. Meriel" (he was the English-speaking priest, who had most to do with our captives) as well as her brother Thomas, who heard published the bann of her marriage."

Parson Williams, writing of the efforts made to convert captives, said: "Some they industriously contrive to get married among them." This marriage suggests some "industry," in spite of priestly scruples. It took place at the end of Queen Anne's War, when prisoners were about to be exchanged. There was but one bann instead of the customary three. May they not have used a little haste in their desire to keep this young girl? We know nothing more of her. Probably her descendants live at the Lake of the Two Mountains.

Some captives stayed in Canada because they preferred the wild life. Children, of course, knew no other. The French records say that when in 1698 the Iroquois surrendered certain French prisoners, they brought all "except the little children, who are become almost Iroquois since their captivity." As has been already said, it is easy to Indianize the white.

Some of our captives preferred to remain:— not as Indians with the Indians, but as Catholics with the French. Many married Frenchmen, and were, says a modern author, "enchanted to remain, having had the precious advantage of allying themselves with our best families." I quote literally.

The Mission at Caughnawaga.

You will remember that there were Indians with Hertel de Rouville, who came from the Sault Saint-Louis. This was the mission of Saint-François Xavier. Nearly ten years before the Gentlemen of the Seminary established their Mission of the Mountain, the Jesuits invited seven

Oneidas, who had followed some missionaries eastward, to tarry and be made Christians. They tarried, and were sent to Lorette, near Quebec, to be instructed; for the Father at that Huron mission, knew their language. After being baptized at Quebec they returned and were given land at La Prairie de la Madeleine, south of Montreal, on the other bank of the river. The mission grew rapidly with recruits from the Five Nations, especially from the Mohawks, whose dialect prevails to this day. Because of the continued intercourse between these converted Mohawks and their New York kin, Albany was often able to warn Massachusetts of intended attacks, as we know, she warned Deerfield.

But La Prairie was not good for Indian corn, and was too good for brandy, so the mission was moved. For these and other reasons, it was moved four times along the river. From 1696 to 1715—the period of their most disastrous war-parties against New England—the village was at Sault Saint-Louis (St. Louis rapids), and the Indians were described as belonging to the Sault-Au-Sault, the Frenchman would say and the New Englander spelled it *Oso*. (In 1707 John Sheldon paid a ferryman two livres “to going to Oso fort to see the captives.”) Since 1716, the mission has been fixed at Caughnawaga, which is higher up the river, opposite La Chine. La Chine, so named in derision of La Salle’s expectation of finding China.

From the beginning in 1667, its Iroquois name has been Kahnawake, changed by poor English spelling into Caughnawaga. A great many of its inhabitants are descendants of captives, both red and white. The Latin registers name many Indians “taken in war” and many whites “formerly baptized by the English.” Unfortunately family names are not given; and unfortunately, too, the records are incomplete, but there must be more New England blood here than in any other place in Canada, and more lost captives. Mr. Forbes, the painstaking priest, to whom we are indebted for what we know of Eunice Williams’s family, says there is not in Caughnawaga a single family of pure Indian blood. There are many named Tarbell, Rice, Williams, Jacobs, Hill, etc.

It was at the fort called Oso that "Mr. Belding & Company * * * were obliged to run the Gauntlet," which cruel practice is thus described: "As soon as a war-party approached their village they uttered as many death-cries as they had lost men, and at the distance of a musket-shot, they began the funeral chant and repeated it as many times as they had killed enemies. Then the boys, between twelve and sixteen, armed with sticks, formed in two lines, to strike the naked backs of the prisoners when the warriors made their entrance." *

Perhaps in 1704 the victorious party bringing Deerfield captives, were received in this manner. We know that many were brought and that some remained forever.

Mr. Williams gives a pathetic picture of them when he visited the Macqua fort, as he calls it in "The Redeemed Captive." The Indians whom we called Mohawks were Macquas to the Dutch, the French using the general name of Iroquois. Eunice Williams was here and her father wrote: "When I had discoursed with the child, and was coming out of the fort, one of the Jesuits—our parson called all priests Jesuits, but this time he was right—went out of the chamber with me and some soldiers, to convey me to the canoe. I saw some of my poor neighbors, who stood with longing expectations to see me, and speak with me, and had leave from their savage masters so to do. I was by the Jesuit himself thrust along by force, and permitted only to tell them some of their relations (they asked after) were well in the city, and that with a very audible voice; being not permitted to come near to them." All the Williams children were at first with the Indians here at the Sault, or elsewhere, but through the kindness of Gov. De Vaudreuil all but Eunice were redeemed.

To be ransomed by the French was the best thing that could happen, for in their hands, a captive might expect exchange or release, but not when left with the savages, who adopted them in the place of relatives or friends who had been lost or killed. The ceremony of adoption is probably as elaborate now, as it was then.

* La Houtan.

Eunice Williams gave more trouble to the two governments than any other captive child. In the appendix of Miss Baker's "True Stories" are transcripts from the Caughnawaga records. It happened, wrote Mr. Forbes, that Eunice like many Indians, had more than one name. "It is a cause of confusion, but it is a fact," and he identifies her as Marguerite and Maria, as Aongote (with various spellings) which may be translated, "They took her and placed her as a member of their tribe" and also Gannenstenhawi, meaning "She brings in corn."

In 1785, she died and the mission priest recorded "I have buried Marguerite, mother-in-law of Annasategen"—"So," Miss Baker says, "after all the vicissitudes of her life, it is only as the mother-in-law of the Great Chief Annasategen that Eunice Williams's death is noticed."

With her, there lived always at Caughnawaga several of her Deerfield playmates. Abigail French, aged six; Mary Harris, nine; Mercy Carter, ten and Joanna Kellogg, eleven. Abigail did not marry. The others married Indians—Chiefs of course! Eunice came four times to New England, but there is no record of her ever coming to Deerfield. None of her people were here. Some members of her family came afterwards. Mercy Carter's sons visited their New England kindred and there are references to "the Sachem Hendrich and Mrs. Kellogg" being in Massachusetts. Who can this be but Joanna? From the narrative of a prisoner of a later war, we learn that Mary Harris's son was a war chief. She adopted this New England captive as her grandson, and was, he says, very kind.

In connection with Caughnawaga should be mentioned the mission at St. Regis, on the New York border. It was founded in 1752, by thirty families from the older place, which had become crowded. Its chief was the son of a Groton captive. The name brings to mind the legend of the bell;—said to have been carried thence from Deerfield in 1704. In truth, there was at that time no bell and there was no St. Regis!

The Missions near Quebec and the Abenakis of Maine.

Older than the missions of the Mountains and Caughnawaga, were those near Quebec, and it was to them that most of the eastern captives were brought.

Oldest of all was Sillery,—about four miles from Quebec, on the strand between the river and the wooded hills. It was founded by Noel Brulart, commandeur de Sillery, in 1637, before the sacred city of Ville Marie was conceived. Brulart had been a very great gentleman at the Court of France. Turning to a religious life, he sold all his princely possessions, and devoted his fortune to good works in France and to the conversion of American savages.

The Sillery mission “may be called the Mother of all the Christianity of the New World, because the Algonquins and Montagnais being converted here, inspired other nations to hear the word of Jesus Christ,” but the Algonquins proved unworthy, and the mission was almost deserted when, in 1677, there came to it some Abenakis from Maine.

These eastern Indians—their name Wobanaki means “those whose country is near the sun-rising,” were first taught by a Jesuit, who came to the Kennebec region eight years before the *Mayflower* came to Plymouth. He “found them,” says Charlevoix “a tractable people, who seemed to be not far from the Kingdom of God.” No immediate result followed this first Christian teaching in Maine. Frequently these Indians went as far north as Quebec on their hunting parties, and some who visited their Sillery friends became Christians. They, in their turn, made converts in their own villages, and then they asked that a missionary be sent to them.

Charlevoix says that in granting this request, there was, besides the religious motive, the strong desire of Canada to keep these people as friends—for if not friends, they would be dangerous enemies. Father Gabriel Druilletes was sent to them in 1646. He was the priest, who came to Boston, in 1650 and in 1651;—to answer a request from our colonies for free trade, and to secure assistance for the Abenakis against the Iroquois, Canada making the trade

concession dependent upon the consent of Massachusetts to fight. Had his errand been other than political, he could not have entered the colony, for Massachusetts prohibited the coming of a Jesuit who, says Parkman, "was next to the Devil and an Anglican bishop, most abhorred." *

Probably the first mass said in Boston was in Father Druilletes' chamber, to which his considerate host had given him the key, that he might not be disturbed. He says that the Boston people were very kind to him. Gov. Bradford in Plymouth, whom he visited on a Friday, gave him "a dinner of fish," and our own Apostle Eliot was so pleased to receive a fellow-worker that he urged him to stay all winter, says Druilletes. Picture these two men:—the black-gowned priest and the Puritan parson, conversing perhaps in Latin, and surrounded by Eliot's Indian pupils. Because of the failure of the priest's errand—Boston being unwilling to help the Abenakis, they were irritated; their hatred for the English increased, and their alliance with the French was strengthened. So useful was this alliance that opinions differed about asking the Indians to leave the villages to come to Canada. Perhaps they were a better defence if left in Maine.

Because of Iroquois incursions, the Kennebec mission was temporarily abandoned by the Jesuits. Later in the century, flourishing missions were established on the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers—the remnant of the latter is at Old Town, served today in their church of Saint Anne by a French Canadian priest.

About 1680, there began a large emigration of Abenakis to Canada. They asked for land to plant their corn. Plainly Sillery was not large enough to take care of so many; and a new mission, Saint François de Sales, was established at the falls of the Chaudière. This is the river, which with the Kennebec, made the most direct route from Maine.

In a few months, the new village was larger than that at Sillery. The priests used often to send the converts to Maine, to invite their compatriots to join them. The pic-

* New York and New England made laws against the coming of priests and friars, believing that they instigated the Indians to fight.

tures they made of Canadian security, contrasted with the dangers of their own villages, subject to attack from the English, largely increased the emigration.

Soon a few savages pushed up the river, to its widening at Lake St. Peter. Selecting a site, they told the Seigneur that they would like to stay there, and were vexed, and possibly failed to understand him when he explained *his* rights to the land.

However, when he gave them all the milk they wanted, as the story goes, they went away satisfied, which would prove that they were gentle savages. The Seigneur, by the way, was M. Crevier, whose wife was Hertel de Rouville's aunt. After two or three moves, the village was finally fixed on the St. Francis river, about five miles from its mouth, and a hundred and twenty from Quebec. In 1700, Father Bigot transferred the Indians from the Chaudière mission to Bécancourt and to this new village of St. Francis of the Lake, and here still dwell their descendants, in whose blood is mingled that of some of their New England captives.

The St. Francis Indians took part in all the New England expeditions. Their militant priest believed he was performing a sacred duty when he urged them onward. (I quote this statement from the French Catholic historian of St. Francis.)

Most of the Deerfield captives were taken first to Chambly, thence following the Richelieu river to Sorel, and on to St. Francis. The redeemed captive wrote: "That night we arrived at the fort called St. Francis, where we found several poor children, who had been taken from the eastward the summer before, a sight very affecting, they being in habit very like Indians, and in manners very much symbolizing with them.

"One of the Jesuits asked me to go into the church to give God thanks for preserving my life. I told him I would do that in some other place." Our parson was a little stiff, and certainly rude in his intercourse with the St. Francis priests, as he himself describes their interviews.

Stephen Williams was kept at St. Francis until redeemed.

He lived, of course, like an Indian, his hair, like theirs, "was one side long and the other short," and he was, when redeemed "almost quite naked and very poor." It was here that he spoiled the barrel of sap, which his mistress set him to boil over night, by failing to stir it at the moment "when it comes almost to sugar,"—for which, he was not beaten, but he received "no vituals."

Mission at Lorette.

Another Canadian mission to which our captives were carried was at Lorette. When the Hurons, who were sometimes called "the nobles among the tribes," were driven out of their country by the Iroquois in 1650, a missionary brought some of them—terror-stricken as they were—to Quebec. After many vicissitudes, they were fixed in a seigniory, which belonged to the Jesuits, a few miles north of the town. With them, were some of their Sillery friends. In 1697, lured by hopes of more abundant game, they moved to the plateau above the rapids of Saint Ambroise on the Saint Charles river— now known as "Jeune or Indian Lorette," and their former homes became "Ancienne Lorette."

Indians from Jeune Lorette were also of Rouville's party, and Deerfield captives were taken there.

We have the names of Jonathan and Sarah Hoyt, children of Deacon David, who lived where Mr. Andrews now lives, and of Ebenezer Nims. We remember how in 1706, William Dudley saw Jonathan Hoyt, who had come with his master, to sell vegetables in the market-place at Quebec, and how he bought him for twenty silver dollars. The Indian, regretted his bargain, but could not recover his useful young prisoner, who had been hurried to the English brig. In after years, the Indian visited him so often in Deerfield, sometimes bringing his sister, that Hoyt petitioned the General Court for reimbursement for their support.

This is not a unique request. As late as 1734, Ebenezer Sheldon and his sister Mary, children of Ensign John, were granted land on their representation that: "In their long

captivity in Canada, they contracted an acquaintance with the Caghnawaga Indians, who now put them to an extraordinary charge to entertain them when they come to Deerfield."

At Lorette, Sarah Hoyt and Ebenezer Nims were married. As the story goes, they were trying to force Sarah to marry a Frenchman, when she, to free herself, offered publicly to marry any one of her fellow-captives. Ebenezer was her knight. Let us hope that they were already lovers.

Both priests and Indians made their departure difficult, when, after the peace of Utrecht, all prisoners were to be returned. Parson Williams and Col. Stoddard were then in Quebec, and the Colonel's journal tells the story.*

Ebenezer feared to let the Indians know how eager he was to leave them. The government finally demanded that the young captives be brought to Quebec without priest or Indian, and since—as they represented—the woman was unable to walk, she should come on horseback or in a cart. Restraint at Lorette caused delay, but finally Ebenezer, Sarah and their child were safely on board. She having walked, and being "as well as generally, women are" says the journal.

The next day "a great number of the Indians" with the squaw who had adopted Ebenezer, hurried to Quebec, and demanded their return. Two of these were taken to the ship, where Nims assured them of his fixed determination to return to New England. Then they demanded that the child be left behind, which, naturally, he refused. This baby, grown to manhood, became dissatisfied with the baptism he had received at the mission altar,—which, says tradition, was adorned with vestments embroidered by ladies of the court of Louis XIV. So, Parson Ashley baptized him again and preached *two* sermons to prove that *none* of the administrations of the Catholic Church could be valid.

It all depends upon the point of view. Protestant or Catholic, Catholic or Protestant,—but we must acknowledge that the language of the Catholic was less emphatic than that of the Protestant. Their second baptism was

* Gen. Reg. V. 41.

always "Sous condition"—a *conditional* baptism, which did not ignore the first. This is plainly shown by a Jesuit asking Mr. Williams if all the English at Lorette were baptized, saying: "If they be not, let me know of it, that I may baptize them, for fear they should die and be damned if they died without baptism." And let us look upon two pictures of these Indians of the Canadian missions.

We need not describe our own. It has been the same for two hundred and twelve years, but look upon this, made by Monseigneur de Saint-Vallier, the Bishop of Quebec, a few years before our massacre. He is describing the missions of the Mountain and of Sault Saint-Louis, where, he says, the Indians live as in a cloister; "almost always some one is praying in the chapel, and after they have spoken to God in prayer with a charming simplicity, they sing hymns of praise while at work, and when together, they talk about holy things."

To the zealous priest, *this* is who they were—these Indians of the Missions who came to Deerfield. Do you recognize them? It all depends upon the point of view.

CALEB ALLEN STARR.

BY ELLEN STARR, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

Caleb Allen Starr was born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, on March 3, 1822, of ancestors who had been residents of New England since 1632, Dr. Comfort Starr, the founder of the family in America, having left Ashford, County of Kent, England, and landed in Boston in that year. Dr. Comfort Starr was a member of the first Board of Trustees of Harvard College. A tablet to his memory has in recent years been erected by his descendants in the churchyard of King's Chapel, Boston. There are still many traces of the Starrs in Kent (in Canterbury Cathedral and St. Martin's Churchyard, Canterbury), though few in Ashford.

William Starr, the grandfather of Caleb Allen Starr, after serving four years in the Revolutionary War, walked home

from Valley Forge, his bare feet sometimes upon the snow. My father's maternal grandfather, descended from Edward Allen of Ipswich, 1658, was Samuel Allen of The Bars, who as "all the world" (his boyhood world) knows, died bravely defending his children against the Indians who had attacked them while at work in the fields. When, in 1901, a boulder monument bearing the historic inscription was put in place to mark the spot, my father, then in his eightieth year, on a visit to his birthplace, made the dedication speech.

Near this dramatic background his childhood and boyhood passed—the last of his school days at the Deerfield Academy under the far from commonplace instruction, one must believe from local tradition, of the widely beloved Luther Lincoln. Among his school fellows were the painter, George Fuller, Gen. Saxton, Rev. Dwight Mayo, and the antiquarian, George Sheldon.

It is characteristic of the atmosphere of the noted town which produced these and many other notable characters that when the *Waverley Novels* were coming out a copy was separated into several parts and distributed. The village was like one large family. Unnecessary duplication of books was not to be thought of in those days of careful spending. Yet the avidity for *Waverley Novels* was far too keen to wait for a volume to be finished, entire, in single line.

At the age of nineteen, conceiving, as so many before him had done (there had been sea captains among the Starrs), that the life of a sea captain afforded possibilities of interest and variety beyond that in a New England farm village, with possibly a road to greater prosperity, Caleb took to the high seas and followed them for five years, visiting ports of South America and Asia, as well as of Europe. The shells, corals and inlaid work which he brought home were a source of unceasing delight to his children in after years, and the fascination of his nautical instruments an unfailing diversion for rainy days on the farm. His sea journal still retains its charm for them in middle age, with its fresh, self-respecting New England lad's view of ship discipline and the common sailor's life. Ships in that day had the charm of rigging sails, and the strenuous life on deck, in calm and

storm. Likewise each sailor had every alternate forenoon "to himself." An interesting indication of the difference between the life of a sailor today and that of a sailor lad of seventy years ago is suggested in the episode of one of his captains having "dropped in" one morning, as he lay in his bunk reading a novel—of Jane Austen. The captain looked at it, inquired if he had more, and if he would lend him one, and ended by borrowing the literary contents of his sea chest.

Many pages of the sea journal are filled with descriptions, in nautical terms, of the good ship's progress and the haulings and tackings incident thereto. His conversation frequently embodied more or less of it, in later life, together with humorous illustrations from sayings of old seamen. Once in bidding good-by to his youngest daughter, who was about setting forth for a sea-voyage, he smilingly quoted an old sailor, who was wont to say, during a storm, "It's lucky we're not on shore, chimneys blowin' down!" He used to write their love letters for illiterate sailors; and never ceased to marvel, genuinely, over their superstitions. No hard work seemed to him ignoble, but when bidden ashore by "the old man" to carry his laundry parcel "like a servant," his gorge rose. And on a Thanksgiving night, sitting on his chest in the forecastle and dwelling in memory on an oyster supper and sleighride home, a ship of his own seemed very far away. He had only reached the grade of second officer when his little brother of fifteen died, leaving Caleb the only son as well as the oldest of the family; and he soon after left the sea and went home to help his father struggle with an inherited debt.

Young Starr was considered a good farmer, though inclined to be visionary; and he worked out a number of improvements in method, which, though common enough now, were innovations then.

In 1848 he married Susan Gates Childs, of Wapping, descended on her mother's side from another old English family, the Gateses, of Essex. Two children, a daughter and a son, were born to them at "The Mill."

The lifting of the inherited debt seemed a slow process.

Old neighbors, who had moved toward the western frontier, wrote of the great farms and enlarged scale of operations there, and in 1855 three generations of the family moved to Laona, Illinois, which consisted of a postoffice, blacksmith shop and farms. The eldest daughter, then six years old, distinctly remembers the crowded station at Deerfield, the whole town having turned out to see the Starr family depart for the "distant West," to console and to be consoled.

The rather forlorn little farm house at Laona soon became a most attractive home, surrounded by a great oak grove on one side and a brilliant garden on the other.

Fine horses were one of my father's chief interests here. His elder children always had a good mount and were known about the country side for their fearless riding. Two children were born at Spring Park, as the farm was named, a daughter and a son. His gifted sister, Eliza Allen Starr, passed most of her summers with her brother at her much loved Spring Park, bringing into the lives of the younger children a knowledge of art and literature which the more or less frontier life of an Illinois farm and the attainable school advantages of that day did not afford. My father used to read aloud to my mother (and until eight o'clock to us) of winter evenings, while she sewed and mended. Curiously enough, "Pope's Essay on Man" (the cover principally) remain fixed in my memory as evening reading of that period. But his spirited reading of the border minstrelsy of Walter Scott gave us the greatest joy and pleasurable terror. My elder sister relates that her most vivid memory in this connection is of being sent to bed while the reading of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" was in progress. A sort of register had been cut in the ceiling to temper, in some slight measure, the rigors of winter in the otherwise unheated bedroom. To this aperture she was wont to apply an eager ear, stretched upon the floor, and thus continued, unknown to the reader, to be part of his audience, until driven to bed by cold.

A slight infirmity, as well as his family obligations, prevented my father's enlisting for the war with the South; but he was tirelessly enthusiastic in every other kind of service in his country's behalf. The following letter to a

friend in Deerfield is from the *Greenfield Gazette and Courier*, which published it with comment, February 1, 1864, "to show the feeling of the West in regard to the war." His own feeling in regard to war changed very much in later life:

Laona, Ill., December 31, 1863.

Old and Dear Friend: The wind is howling a sad and terrible requiem to the departing year, and the fast gathering snow is furnishing a pure but cold and ample winding sheet. The sad thoughts raised by the season and the tempest are rendered all the more sad by the thought that our brave and patriotic soldiers may be, and doubtless many are, suffering from the severity of the weather. Tongue cannot tell nor pen write the thousandth part of the suffering experienced by our brave boys in this cruel war, brought on by the pride, ambition, and heartless selfishness of a set of the most damnable demagogues the world ever saw, or, it is to be hoped, ever will see. From what S. tells me, I judge there is little of the enthusiasm at the East that there is here in regard to the war. . . . Your young men have had the highest advantages for mental and moral training, but where is the enthusiasm that should be the result of all these privileges, when our beloved country stands in such dire need of men? In need of men to carry on this war, which of all wars that were ever waged, not even excepting the war of the revolution, is a war of principle, for the rights of humanity, for the mental and political freedom of mankind The West believes in the war. They believe that we ought to win, that we can win, and that the only way to do it is to fight, and that the fighting can't be done by proxy. . . . And win we surely shall. The army of the Potomac never will do anything more than guard Washington; but the grand army of the West will turn the flank not only of the army, but of the whole Cottonocracy—sweep from New Orleans to Richmond, wiping out not only rebellion, but slavery.

One of the hard things to bear in connection with that trying period was the loss, by weevils, of the wheat crop,

then the principal crop of northern Illinois. At the same time tobacco, the crop in Massachusetts, by reason of the war, rose to almost four times its normal price. My father had sacrificed old ties, old surroundings, always dear to him and especially so to my mother, in an unquestioning loyal effort to clear his father from debt. And now he had the bitterness of knowing that, had he been more selfish, he would have been nearer his goal. Still he did not lose heart, or, for long, his perennial cheerfulness. He threw himself into every movement for bettering conditions in his community. One of his chief interests was the Grange, an association of farmers for the purpose of discussing improved methods of farming and stock raising. My father made an unceasing effort to inspire the members of the neighboring granges to embrace and create more opportunities for self-culture and for the wider education of their children. In a written address to one of the granges he says, "The most heinous sin American farmers have been guilty of is the neglect of intellectual culture. All may do something to redeem themselves from the consequences of that error. Even old men may at least learn to do their own thinking, and perhaps some talking." In another address, on the occasion of a harvest festival, he traces the festival back through Italian to Roman feasts, and to the Feast of Tabernacles; and urges upon farmers the importance of recreation and of cultivating the sense of beauty. He also, in this address, outlines the kind of schools which ought to be established for farmers, adapted to their needs, as to the season, length of term and content of courses. Speaking of the exceptional farmer who goes to college, he says, "When your son returns from college, will you have your farmer left to you?"

His eldest daughter had been sent back to Massachusetts to school at an early age. Later his oldest son followed; and as the younger children drifted away, life became too isolated, as it had long been too strenuous, for the parents, now no longer young. My father once more ventured a change, sold his farm and bought a pharmacy in the neighboring town of Durand, whither he moved, and where he

lived for thirty-eight years. Here as heretofore, he disinterestedly concerned himself in the community welfare. His public spirit carried him forth to elections until within the last years of his life. "The night of the school election was pretty rough, but William got a carriage for me, and we elected our man."

By nature my father was consistently democratic and opposed to privilege, and was therefore an equal suffragist. I remember, when a little girl, seeing him introduce Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony on a primitive stage; and my eldest brother, born in 1851, remembered his calling out in an audience (probably in the early sixties), "Give the ballot to women." In answer to a letter of mine after the Illinois Legislature had given partial suffrage to the women of the State, he wrote, June 17, 1913: "Yours received. I rejoice with you and congratulate the women of Illinois that they have received a few crumbs of the full loaf which is their due. But that seems to be the way this world is run. Every man seems possessed with the idea that a right which is restored or is given to another is a right taken from himself, when, in reality, it is a strengthening of his own." (Aetat 91.)

He had a gently humorous philosophy which served him and others well: "E. has had a very friendly and nice letter from Mrs. ———. You know at one time she was very offish. Thank the Lord, grass has a tendency to grow over all kinds of graves."

Almost no letter was without some reference to natural beauty and very few ever contained any personal complaint or note of self-commiseration: "I have broken my glasses and cannot see to write, but I send you some pussy willows, the first of the season." After a very hot and trying summer, when he was far from well and must have endured a great deal of discomfort, he writes (August, 1910) not of himself, but of the state of the crops, closing with, "Still, there will be food enough for all the people." That may be said to strike the keynote of his mind and character—concern for "all the people."

As my father advanced in age, he was constantly on

guard against allowing himself to become exacting. At eighty-seven, he wrote: "People who have their work to do and their bread and butter to earn frequently have reasons for the time of doing and not doing things which others have no right to ask to have explained."

There was nothing timid or narrow, even in his extreme age, about my father's attitude toward situations and ideas which were outside his experience. He had passed all his years, except the sea-faring ones, in the quiet of the country or small villages. But the intimate concern of one of his children in the modern labor problems of a great city was not at all outside his sympathetic grasp. (Perhaps the five years of unbroken horizon had released his imagination.) At the age of eighty-eight he writes, during the great strike of garment workers in Chicago in 1910: "Will the strike be settled? And will it be anywhere near right? There is a class threatening that if they do not settle they will get no more help. I think they are people who have not helped much." And in 1911: "I was not much surprised to learn of your decision to join the Socialist party. . . . Socialism I have always looked upon as a theory to aim at, and to be worked up to as an ideal." Perhaps, after the age of eighty-nine, it was hardly to be expected that he should enter upon it as the practical road to his ideal of community welfare.

He continued to read incessantly to very near the end of his life, for the last two or three years, in contrast to his earlier habit, largely novels. One day he stated, in connection with some comment on his eyes holding out, that he had read a book in 24 hours. "A novel?" "Of course, the only thing worth reading. Treatises and disquisitions!" (In a contemptuous tone) "No reality in them. But in a good novel you get the clash of mind and mind, and that's real!"

My father was much addicted to writing obituaries and memorials of persons whom he esteemed, and as he esteemed and outlived many, it became quite a fixed habit. He was much concerned lest he should himself depart before a certain neighbor, dying of a lingering, painful disease, a

man of originality and character, not generally understood by those among whom he lived. My father was much worried lest, failing him, this excellent man should have no adequate recorder of his virtues. He at length wrote the appreciation and deposited it in safe hands, to be published after his neighbor's death.

In place of the proverbial querulousness of old age, praise of others was his increasing habit. Probably no human effort ever met with more praise than that of the nurses and attendants whom he required at intervals. "What should I do without that admirable woman. She is strong and she knows how. Most people don't know how, and many of those that do know how kill themselves doing it!" To a neighbor calling to inquire after him: "I'm the happiest man in the town. Look at the women about me; and women are the joy of the whole earth." The praise of women generally, was a favorite theme: "Men are lazy creatures. They do their work when they must. But women are always busy doing something, even in their leisure moments. Eunice was industrious with her needles, Eliza with her pen and pencil." "One of those excellent people that are always helping the rest of the world to enjoy themselves." This habit of dwelling with approbation on the traits of others extended itself to the drawing of mental pictures of friends of his family whom he had never seen, but spoke of admiringly as though from personal knowledge: "Give my love to Louise. I take a great interest in her. I think there is a couple who can and do live an ideal life. He has the poetic qualities to attract and the substantial ones to retain her regard." It had never been his good fortune to encounter this lady and gentleman in the flesh.

On one of the last mornings of his life he greeted a devoted member of his household with "Good morning. There is nothing so comforting to me as folks." So ingrained was this trait that he was willing, until very near the end, to go on suffering almost constant pain for the ineffable consolation of seeing ordinary, every-day "folks," of whom Lincoln said that the Lord must have liked them best, He made so many of them.

The horrors of the European war had afflicted him greatly. After a long period of unconsciousness he murmured some very sorrowful words concerning it, followed, quite distinctly by "Joy and peace over the whole earth." This was the last of his articulate speech. He died on the evening of May 26, the day following the sixty-sixth anniversary of his marriage, having been separated for fifteen years from his always faithfully loved wife.

In closing what I have here tried to express of my father, these words, from the letter of a friend who had seen part of it, come to my aid: "We are grateful for the glimpse you have given us of a life and personality which is now almost extinct among us. From a close acquaintance as a child with another example of the same type and generation . . . I have always felt that for such finer stuff as there is in us Middle-Westerners, for any distinction of mind and character we may chance to possess, we have to thank the best men of that early time for their high way of living and thinking amid difficulties, and for their gallant idealism, which rough and sordid fact never seemed to discourage. . . . I congratulate you on having that fine association and that fine memory as part of your spiritual possession. Mourning and bereavement become very transient in the presence of such vital and enduring things."

SPECIAL MEETING—1916.

DEDICATION OF BRONZE TABLETS, REUNION OF THE PLIMPTON FAMILY.

THE SHELDON COLLECTION.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association on Saturday, Aug. 5, dedicated a bronze tablet in honor of George Sheldon. The dedicatory address was given by Herbert C. Parsons of Boston, and was a tender and appreciative tribute to Mr. Sheldon. Mr. Parsons recalled the time when he, a boy of ten "saw two old men—patriarchs—in Northfield. They had come to study the history of the town—Mr. Temple and Mr. Sheldon—much younger now than then."

Mr. Parsons reviewed the admirable work of the association as recorded in its five volumes of "Proceedings." He felt it was eminently fitting that the vast collection of the museum, now acknowledged as the finest of its kind in America, should be called henceforth the Sheldon Collection, and so recorded in bronze.

In behalf of the association Mr. Parsons welcomed the Plimpton family, who had come to Deerfield to hold its reunion and to form an organization which will be known hereafter as the "Plympton Family Association." George A. Plimpton of New York was chosen president and Miss Frances Plimpton of Boston, secretary.

Mr. Plimpton is a life member of the P. V. M. Association, and has placed a tablet in the memorial room to his ancestor, Sergt. John Plympton, who came to Deerfield in 1673, was captured and put to death by the Indians in Canada.

The meeting was held in the spacious "Colonial and Revolutionary Room" in the new wing and Mr. Sheldon's presence was an inspiration to young and old.

INSCRIPTIONS ON TABLETS.

THE SHELDON COLLECTION.

The relics of the Fathers and other objects of historical value contained in this Memorial Hall, the result of the personal initiative, original research and wide knowledge of

Hon. George Sheldon
Founder and President of the
Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association
is hereby thus named in his honor by the Society
1916

A bronze tablet in the Wing dedicated at the same time reads:-

This fireproof Wing to Memorial Hall
is erected and given to the
Pocumtuck Valley Association
by
George Sheldon
and
J. M. Arms Sheldon
in fulfillment of a long cherished hope
Placed by the Society
1916

TO GEORGE SHELDON.

BY MADELINE YALE WYNNE.

(Read at the dedicatory exercises, Aug. 5, 1916.)

In olden times the laurel wreath
Was deftly made, and placed upon
The victor's brow.

Today the laurel
Leaves are leaves of history.
And on their printed pages
A story shall be read,

Through all the coming ages;
Of him who gathered lore,
And many a precious store
Of long forgotten treasure,
To tell us how our fathers lived,
And nobly toiled and died:
He threw a light on all the past.
His laurels shall not fade, but last
As long as Deerfield bears her name.
All honor here to him, and tribute to his fame.

ANNUAL MEETING—1917.

REPORT.

A glowing tribute to the late George Sheldon of Deerfield, president of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association from 1870 to the time of his death on December 23, last, given by Herbert C. Parsons of Boston, featured the 47th annual meeting of the memorial association, held yesterday at Deerfield. Mr. Parsons spoke with the authority of a life-long acquaintance with the famous man of Deerfield, and his tribute to the historian's memory was particularly fitting. The meeting itself, held afternoon and evening, was largely attended, interesting and of significance because for the first time in almost 50 years George Sheldon did not serve as president.

At the business meeting, presided over by John Sheldon, son of the late Historian Sheldon, with William L. Harris, clerk, the reports of the officers were read and approved. The reports showed that the year has been a very successful one. The following officers were elected: President, John Sheldon; vice-presidents, Richard E. Birks, Franklin G. Fessenden; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, M. Elizabeth Stebbins; treasurer, John Sheldon; Councillors, Edward A. Hawks, Margaret C. Whiting, Agnes G. Fuller, Helen C. Boyden, Asahel W. Root, Margaret Miller, Madeline Y. Wynne, Lucy Emerine Henry, John A. Aiken, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, Albert L. Wing, Charles W. Hazelton, Henry B. Barton.

The report of Mrs. J. M. A. Sheldon, curator of the association and wife of the late president, was of particular interest. During the year, 7712 persons visited Memorial hall, the largest number in the history of the association. These visitors came from forty States of the Union, from British Central and South America, from Europe, Asia,

Africa, the island of St. Helena, from Hawaii and Japan. There were not as many European visitors as in some former years, believed to be due to the war.

During the year there have been many interesting and valuable gifts to memorial hall. The most notable of these is the Peabody room. This room is a memorial to Miss Laura A. Martin of Bridgton, Me., a descendant of John Peabody, 1st. Valuable old newspapers to the number of 171 copies have been presented the association.

A portrait of Eli Wright, done by Mrs. Caroline Negus Hildreth, wife of Richard Hildreth, the historian who at one time lived in the Willard house in Deerfield, has been added to the association's collection. Two commissions of Gen. Rufus Saxton of Washington, D. C., who was eminent in the civil war, have been presented by Maj. S. Willard Saxton. One of these is signed by U. S. Grant. Many small articles and manuscripts, and 333 books and pamphlets, have been added to the Museum during the year. Much of the curator's time has been devoted to moving the valuable collection of books from the old library to the new fireproof wing where it is being arranged according to the plans made by Mr. Sheldon before his death. Mr. Sheldon had followed this work with keen interest and was always ready to suggest and help. A catalogue of the library has been started by Miss Jane Pratt of Deerfield, who will continue the work this summer.

Following the business meeting a beautifully written paper by Miss Margaret C. Whiting on the life of her sister, the late Miss Julia D. Whiting, was read by Rev. George W. Solley of Boston. The paper was a revelation of the inner characteristics and the noble qualities of Miss Whiting, known fully but to her most intimate friends. Mr. Solley, in reading the paper, added many personal incidents which were of much interest to those present. Mr. Solley was for five years pastor at Deerfield and had close associations with Miss Whiting and George Sheldon, of whom he spoke with much feeling. A sketch of the life of the late Mrs. Mary E. Stevens of Bridgton, Me., by Ernest N. Stevens of Boston was read by George A. Sheldon.

After the reading of the papers there were informal remarks by John Sheldon, Rev. Mr. Spooner, Rev. Mr. Roys, Mr. Solley, Mr. Root and Eugene A. Newcomb. Judge Francis Nims Thompson read some anecdotes connected with the life of his father, the late Judge Francis M. Thompson, relating to his association with Abraham Lincoln and other notables of that period, also the record of a trip through the western wilderness. Judge Thompson is engaged in writing the life history of his father, which will be a most interesting biography. Few men had the rich experiences that filled the life of Francis M. Thompson. At the close of the afternoon meeting there was a session of the council, at which Mrs. J. M. A. Sheldon was re-appointed curator.

The visitors were shown through the finely appointed new fireproof addition and the "Peabody" room with its wealth of valuable relics and heirlooms.

The supper, served at candlelight in the town hall, was another exposition of the fine culinary accomplishments of the Deerfield women.

At the evening meeting Rev. Richard E. Birks of Bernardston presided. The meeting opened with interesting remarks by the presiding officer. The first paper was a tribute to George Sheldon. Following this tribute, Mr. Sheldon's plans for the evening program were carried out completely. Rev. Mr. Birks read a very interesting paper on "Deerfield names which carry us through Britain to Belgium." The paper on "Brook Farm" by Maj. S. Willard Saxton of Washington, a former Deerfield boy, was read in a charming manner by Miss M. E. Hawks. Gen. Rufus Saxton's paper on "Reminiscences of a quartermaster in the early days of the Civil War" was read by Herbert L. Childs. There was delightful singing by a double quartet composed of Charles H. Ashley, Jonathan Ashley, S. W. Cummings, F. M. Hammond, Miss Mabel Brown, Miss Reed, Mrs. W. L. Harris and Mrs. G. Spencer Fuller, with Mrs. Charles H. Ashley accompanist. The male quartet also sang "Tenting on the old camp ground." The selections given were favorites of Historian Sheldon.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

This has been a busy year at the Museum and much has been accomplished.

The number of visitors has been larger than ever before, amounting to 7,712. They have come from forty States of the Union, from British, Central and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, the Island of St. Helena, Hawaiian Islands and Japan.

The largest record for any one month in the history of the Museum was made in August, when 2054 persons viewed the collection.

This increase in attendance and in historic interest has given Mr. Sheldon keen satisfaction.

Among the organizations that have visited the Hall are the Dorothy Quincy Hancock Chapter, D. A. R., the Plimpton Family Association, the Civil War Veterans, (27th Mass. Vols.,) and the Massachusetts Library Club.

The most notable addition to the Museum this year has been the Peabody Room. This room is a memorial to Miss Laura Ann Martin of Bridgton, Maine, eighth generation from John Peabody, first. Miss Martin's great-grandfather, Lieut. John Peabody, was at the siege and capture of Louisburg, 1758; a Lieutenant at Ticonderoga, 1759, and a Captain of a company that marched from Andover, Massachusetts, on the news of the battle of Bunker Hill. He removed from Andover to Bridgton (then a part of the State of Massachusetts) in the winter of 1783-'84, and was one of the founders of the town.

The room contains about 440 articles, many of them belonging to the 18th century; Some of the most noteworthy are,—a tall wine glass brought from France, 1775, a high-backed chair and a rocker carried from Andover to Bridgton, 1783, pewter platter marked A. S. (Asenath Stevens, grandmother of Miss Martin,) 1794, tureen 1798, a mirror of the Revolutionary period, a "rose blanket," a "rising-sun bedquilt," a blue and white "rug," an old chest with many pieces of finely woven linen, "great-grandmother's silver sugar tongs," a Peabody sampler, etc.

The rag carpet upon the floor made by Miss Martin's mother in the fifties, the tall clock in the corner, the flax wheel and reel, the light-stand with the family Bible, the knitting-needle sheath pinned to the curtain, "as mother always did it," the old almanacs sewed tightly together, all give a quaint, homey air to the room, so that many a visitor this summer has exclaimed, "I wish I could stay right here the whole day," and one enthusiastic gentleman remarked, "I would like this room for my own." The collection is placed in our Museum by the sister of Miss Laura Martin, Miss L. Rebecca Martin of Boston.

In addition to the Peabody Room the Association has received 333 books and pamphlets, 171 old newspapers, 124 other articles and numerous manuscripts.

In May Mr. Clarence S. Brigham, representing the American Antiquarian Society of Worcester, visited Memorial Hall for the purpose of examining our old newspapers. He said we had some rare papers, a few which even the Antiquarian Society did not possess. In his article entitled, "Bibliography of American newspapers, 1690-1820, published in the *Proceedings* of the Antiquarian Society, full credit is given our Association.

During the year Mr. William W. Taylor, representing the Department of Archaeology in Phillips Academy, Andover, made an examination of our "problematical" Indian relics. He found two rare specimens of banner stones different from anything he had seen elsewhere. Drawings were made of these which would appear in the work of Warren K. Moorehead, an authority on Indianology.

We have received by the will of Mrs. Caroline Newton Stevens of Newport News, Va., various articles belonging to two granddaughters of Rev. Roger Newton of Greenfield.

Maj. S. Willard Saxton of Washington, D. C., has contributed two commissions of Gen. Rufus Saxton whose distinguished services in the War of the Rebellion are well known.

The crayon portrait of Eli Wright by Mrs. Caroline Negus Hildreth, wife of the historian, Richard Hildreth, who once occupied the Manse, is a valuable addition to our collection

of portraits. This was contributed by Miss Anna M. Sears of Millbury.

Our book of autographs has been enriched by the names of Henry Clay, Wendell Phillips, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John G. Whittier and others.

Miss Emma E. P. Holland of Concord has given more than a score of articles which belonged to her grandmother, Hannah Dawes, daughter of William Dawes Jr., the Patriot, 1745-1799, "the first messenger sent by Warren from Boston to Lexington on the night of Apr. 18-19, 1775, to warn Hancock and Adams of the coming of the British troops." That same night William Dawes' friend, Paul Revere, was taking his famous ride through Cambridge and Lexington, rousing the country side.

Mr. Sheldon has contributed to the Library the valuable publications of the Massachusetts Historical Society since 1906.

From May to November much of the curator's time was spent in the library. With the efficient aid of the assistant, Miss Mellen, all the books were properly cleaned and transferred to the fireproof wing. The admirable classification of Mr. Sheldon was followed, both in spirit and letter, so that we simply adapted the books to the larger alcoves. All this work was directed by Mr. Sheldon, who took a deep interest in it, and was ready to answer every difficult question.

In September a card catalogue was begun by Miss Jane Pratt whose able services the Association is fortunate in securing.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 27, 1917

JULIA DRAPER WHITING.

BY MARGARET C. WHITING.

When I try to put into words some impressions of my sister, Julia D. Whiting, I am checked at the outset by a quick sense of her own inevitable comment: "Why say anything about me," she would exclaim, "Those who knew me have their opinion already formed, and those who did not will have no interest in discussing me!" Yet I find in this little clean-cut sentence the very qualities which made my sister so individual and interesting a character; for a power of clear thinking was in her joined to a rare, sensitive modesty of spirit. It is not a usual combination—this spiritual shyness is not often linked to a robust, critical faculty, such as hers, and it made her difficult for unimaginative people to understand, and because of it she was sometimes aloof in manner and reticent in self-expression. Few therefore guessed her varied gifts, for she rated them herself so modestly that she showed them as little as she could—covering her talents as though they were worthless, and revealing her heart only to those who divined its impulses.

Julia Draper Whiting (she was named for the paternal cousin who kept a "finishing school for young ladies" in Greenfield years ago) was born in St. Albans, Vermont, in 1843, but our father, Calvin Whiting, belonged exclusively to Massachusetts, being descended from the first Nathaniel Whiting who was admitted to the newly formed town of Dedham in 1638; and practically all his life was spent in his home State. It has been said of my sister that she was "a typical New-Englander," yet this was not wholly true, for though our mother, Mary Goodrich, was of the Connecticut Goodriches, her mother was of pure Holland blood, in direct descent from Philip van der Tatur, who came to Troy, New York, before the Revolution, to escape from the old-world institutions of State and Church. It was from this

Dutch inheritance that my sister drew many of her most marked traits.

I cannot find many outward facts about her life that materially differ from those usual to her generation. School played an unimportant part in her education, as it often did among families then, who yet rated culture far more highly than people do today. The mental and moral training of a home where books and music and endless talk about politics and religion and world-affairs were the daily interests and pre-occupations, formed the real training for her mind; she was a great reader, and there were plenty of grown-up books and few written exclusively for children. She had her piano early, and knew Beethoven and Mendelssohn. She had a country-girl's out-door life, riding horses bareback, and roaming where she would. More than all else she had the satisfying companionship of the older brother, with whom her life-long friendship has been her greatest delight. From all these influences her mind drew its strength, its vigor; her wit, its savor, and her fine conscience its high ideals.

It was natural that my sister's literary training should have prepared her for the work she contributed for over 30 years to the *Springfield Republican*; for some five years she was the book-reviewer on the paper, with a desk in the editorial office, where she spent three days a week, later she became the editor of the "woman's department," contributing six or more columns every week, besides an occasional editorial on different subjects, only ceasing to fulfill this duty about four years ago. Besides these regular labors, mostly performed at night, when all her household tasks were accomplished to her exacting liking, my sister wrote many short stories, studies of New England character full of acute understanding of its tragedy and its humor. A few of these she was induced to publish in the *Century* and *Harper's* magazines, and through Mc'Clure in his international syndicate of story writers; but, with requests from the editors in her hand, she held back her MSS, after awhile, the reason she gave being, that "It was a pretty game to play, but shouldn't be played too long!"

Here again we come to the quality which made my sister's character so unique. To write anonymously for a daily newspaper, to give of her best without stint, even for a review of a third-rate book by an inferior author, to put all her conscience, all her literary skill, and discriminating thought to the task which brought her no personal recognition—this was the use she preferred to make of her intellectual gifts. Here she was unknown, neither mentioned nor praised, concealed, and here was her happiest field of work.

In the same way my sister hid her other talents; only her family knew the lovely muted touch with which she played her piano, and the true, sweet melody of her ballad singing; or the dramatic power of her reading of the Bible and Shakespere,—all these faculties she secreted as though they were worthless, instead of being charming adornments to her character.

We come back, at last, to Julia Whiting's character,—the integrity, and goodness which were its essential elements. They lay at the root of all she did, of her self-denying family life, of her strong religious convictions, of her tenderness for helpless suffering. (Many a brutal teamster has felt the force of her wrathful tongue!) There remains, also, to be mentioned the quality that welded all her many virtues and her few faults into an interesting whole—this was her sense of humor, that delightful ironic humor which existed in the very body of her thought and made her one of the most entertaining of companions. If it sometimes lead her to excoriate humbugs and expose liars and ridicule prigs, if it made her impatient of bores, it was her humor that tintured her sympathy with bracing wit, that overlaid her generousities with personal whimsey, that gave flavor to her simplest speech.

If I have dwelt little upon the actual incidents of my sister's life, it is because they were less important than the spirit with which she met them. Her early years, spent in the various country towns where our father's business of paper manufacture took the family; the middle part of her life in the busy city of Holyoke, and the last two decades in Deerfield were full of the activities belonging to each

situation. She was never idle, and all she did was entertaining to herself because of that story-teller's instinct which dramatized the smallest act of work or play. The poor of Holyoke whom she befriended, the Consumers' League and the Child Labor Reform societies, the cause of Equal Suffrage and, later, the parish business of the old Brick Church here in Deerfield, her Sunday school class, the development of the P. V. M. A., the growth of the Academy—to each of these interests in turn she responded with sympathy and willingness to serve. Since I have mentioned her capacity for work I must also touch upon the delight my sister's two English trips gave her; they were the only "treats" her unselfish disposition allowed herself, and she enjoyed them thoroughly.

These last years, spent in Deerfield were very pleasant to my sister; for many of the elder generation she had a strong affection,—the loss of those who have gone, Miss Baker, Mrs. Laura Wells, Miss Fanny Wilson, Mrs. John Stebbins and Mrs. Jenks was never dulled to her,—while she cherished the few who remain among those early-made friends with steadfast friendship. Beyond these human relations, I think she most loved the wide spread fields, the encircling hills, and the old trees which make our Deerfield Valley exquisite to the eye. The sunset light upon the meadows, the moon rising behind Pocumtuck—these were her consolations in the last years of her failing health, and she loved them still to the end, even when her slackening hold had let slip all the other things of life she had loved and served so well.

MARY ELIZABETH STEVENS.

BY ERNEST N. STEVENS OF MANILA, P. I.

Mrs. Mary E. Staples Stevens was through and through a New England woman. Peter Staples, the first of that name in this country, seems to have come from England to the Isle of Shoals about 1660 and, later, to have moved to

Kittery, Maine, where he and his descendants were intimately associated with the Pepperills.

A grandson of the original Staples served as captain in Sir William Pepperill's expedition against Louisburg, and a great-grandson, Nathaniel Staples, married Lady Marjory Frost, a descendant of Sir William Pepperill. The Peter Staples born of this union married Sarah Dingley, a descendant of the Dingleys, of the Holmeses, and of Elder Brewster. It is natural that a woman of such descent should take the warmest interest in the purposes and activities of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

Mary Elizabeth Staples was born May 20, 1856, in Naples, Maine, where her father, Charles M. Staples, had moved from the adjoining town of Raymond. He himself had been born in Raymond, in the so-called Manning house, built by the grandfather of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

She was a very thoughtful and studious little girl and the times into which she was born were times for thought and study. While she was still very young her father volunteered and went off to the Civil War. The mother and three small children carried on the farm as best they could. A fire that destroyed the buildings had the welcome effect of bringing the father home on a furlough, but his stay was short and the little family was again left to their own resources till the end of the War.

The regiment in which Charles Staples served, the First Maine Heavy Artillery, saw much of the heaviest fighting of the War and news from the front was eagerly awaited. The little girl walked the long distances through the woods to the post-office and store. In after years she used to tell with amusement of how she went one day for indigo. She had not been told the quantity to buy, but lest she fail to get enough she bought half a pound, nearly the whole stock, and was humiliated on reaching home to learn that an ounce would have been ample.

But finally the War ended and one day, among the happiest of her life she saw her father coming home to stay. A new home was bought in South Bridgton. It was a fine old house, even then nearly forty years old. It became and

always continued to be a source of interest and pride to Mrs. Stevens.

The schools of the vicinity were very good and Mary Staples attended both the High School and the Academy. Bridgton Academy was even then a venerable institution. Its principal was Isaac Bassett Choate, the poet, now living in Boston. To him and to Mrs. Choate, Mrs. Stevens always felt that she owed great debts. They were teachers of the heart and soul as well as of the mind and none was quicker than she to recognize their nobility of character and of attainment.

That was in the day of drinking at many founts of learning. From Bridgton Academy Miss Staples went for a year to the Coburn Classical Institute at Waterville, Maine, and then for a final year to Mount Holyoke.

She had been preparing herself to be a teacher. And few were better equipped for that great calling. She was a young woman of deep moral purposes, of enthusiasm, of sympathetic interest in all about her, of attractive and interesting personality, of public spirit and concern in the problems of the day, and of much learning for one of her years. She taught first in the schools of her home town.

While a teacher in the Bridgton High School she met and was wooed by Benjamin W. Stevens. They were married in 1879; two sons were born within the next three years, and their proper bringing up was her chief interest henceforth. She labored as few mothers ever have. By prayer, by example, by precept, by constant watching and guidance she gave her whole self that her boys might be good men. Yet she was far from being austere. Her code emphasized expression of the true and fine quite as much as repression of the base. Her theory was that sufficient activity for good precluded much activity for harm. Her bringing-up of her boys did not cease when they went to college or even when they came of age. She was always their best friend and their best guide.

Her husband died in 1889 and she returned to teaching. Her longest service at one institution was at Kimball Union Academy in New Hampshire, where her memory is still green.

To her travel was a great delight. She had the broad sympathy that puts one in the place of all those one meets. Her journeys to the West and particularly her stays in California were sources of great pleasure. She understood strangers at once and they her. To mistrust or to be mistrusted was all but impossible to her and wherever she went she made friends among high and low and rich and poor.

But while she went about radiating good will and happiness she bore great sorrows. They preyed upon her and at times she feared lest she lose her reason. In 1898 or 1899 the interest she had long felt in Christian Science developed into active study and thence into firm belief. Her whole after life reflected her new health and happiness and she was able constantly to do great good to others.

Her love of books and of learning led to her work with Mrs. George Sheldon. First she assisted in Mrs. Sheldon's scientific and literary work in Boston and some years later passed a very happy winter in the Sheldon home in Deerfield.

It was then that her great interest in this association began. She became a member in 1907. Under Mr. Sheldon's guidance she did much of the cataloguing of the various exhibits. It was work after her own heart, and after her own heart, too, were the people of Deerfield. Among the friendships she valued most highly not a few were made here in this fine old town.

After her sons left college both of them went to the Philippines. Her wish was to go there too, and plans for the trip had been made when the sad news of the death of the younger reached her in San Francisco. It was a staggering blow but her fine spirit rose from it unembittered. She set sail some weeks later.

Hawaii, Japan, China, and the Philippines were strange lands but it was typical of her that she carried from each something of real value and left in each some new but enduring friendship. Her way home led through India and Egypt and Europe; the sights she saw and the thoughts she felt she shared generously with her friends through her wonderfully vivid letters.

The four remaining years of her life she spent in caring for

her aged father and aunt in Maine. With their passing to another sphere her great duties seemed to have been performed. Her future life promised more of ease and comfort and less of need for service.

But her life was to be one of service only and soon after her burdens were lifted she finished her course. Her life ended very suddenly on June 26, 1916. Few if any have striven so hard and with such success to make those about them happier and better.

GEORGE SHELDON.

BY HERBERT C. PARSONS OF BOSTON.

Not at this time with its first realization of his physical absence from familiar scenes; nor in this place, linked closely in our thought to him; least of all by any of us, with whom personal attachment draws away from the task of calm estimate of his peculiar service to his time and his race—is it possible to speak of Sheldon, the historian with detachment from George Sheldon, the man, the friend, the inspirer and brightener of our lives. It is but a moment since, at an age that for most of the few who reach it is weariness and weakness but for him was serenity and activity, fruitfulness and expectation even, there came the end of earthly life. It came not as release but as interruption of his work and as denial of an almost youthful ambition. We are standing just outside Memorial Hall, the temple of his achievements. But for him and his appropriation of its bare chambers to the enduring storage of priceless relics of the past, that building whose rigid plainness bespeaks the substantial spirit of a practical generation, would have been long since a mournful ruin or turned to the least graceful use of a cheap housing for a forgetful people. Every precious item in its vast collection of memorials felt the touch of his hand, reflected his searching gaze of appraisal and remains as a token of his care. And who are we? His friends, his companions in a comradeship

which had no discriminations of age, or of gifts, the beneficiaries of his personal kindness quite as much as of his ardor for historical truth and biographical accuracy.

Yet we would not leave to future hands which never felt his firm grasp the unaided task of estimate and tribute. In the same fashion as the appreciations with which each of these meetings year by year marked the departure of his co-laborers, we will turn from the grievous fact that he is gone to the recollection of the service that makes certain his continuing presence in the minds of Americans who have a care for the heroes of one of the signal epochs of their country's past. No appraisal made here and now need be restrained by fear that it will exceed in terms the valuation that the future student of historical foundations will place upon his work. What he did is permanent, and not only of lasting but of gaining worth as the people draw farther away in time from the heroic era whose chief recorder he was.

Fifty years ago a significant period of American annals awaited its historian. Hitherto its events had so far mingled in the common thought with those of the earlier experiences of the first settlements on the New England shore and, on the other hand, were so blended with the quickly succeeding period of the Revolution that their distinct meaning was obscured. The men who were its early heroes were pioneers from the newly established plantations of the coast and their lives were intertwined with the Pilgrim villages. Only time which dimmed their relationships could establish the distinctness of their contribution to history by their advance into the Connecticut Valley. Again their sons were the youth of the Revolution, the strength of the army that won American independence. Only a perspective which lessened kinship and association could lend to this period its distinctive place. It was but sixteen years from Plymouth to the first outpost in the Connecticut Valley. It was but nineteen years before Lexington and Concord that the last Connecticut Valley farmer was struck down in the field by the Indian foe. More than a century intervenes,—and with what import? What in a people's advance did this period mark? The gaining strength of the shore towns, to be sure; the

broadening there of the foundations of a free state. And, as definitely, in the later years, the developing sense of nationality, the symptoms in the colonies from Massachusetts to the Carolinas that foretold a birth in the family of nations. But in all the intervening centuries the supreme fact of the maintenance in this valley of a frontier. At what cost, against what odds, with what bravery, displaying what persistency—unaccountable save in the pioneer spirit that seems now a divinely planted obsession,—and leaving us what examples of heroism and what record of suffering, of sacrifice, of defiance of the most treacherous of foes! Out of it, what? Concretely the American frontier,—and Deerfield its centre, the point of the extremest suffering, the bloody field of its most horrible experiences, the scene of its stoutest resistance and the base of its most daring pilgrimages, for where else shall we find a parallel for the deliberate facing of peril to the journeys of Deerfield men through the wilderness into the hostile strongholds of distant Canada.

Out of it, what? The American frontier,—held, beaten back, reasserted, held again and at last established,—the first forming and the heroic holding of that line which a later century advanced to newer outposts, one after another, until they encompassed a continent.

A century of unconscious, vital service to civilization, two and three generations of hardy and resolute men and women,—no element of heroism or romance lacking,—and its story unwritten! Given, indeed, a place in the all-embracing volumes of the nation's histories, but only a line or a paragraph. No true writer of America overlooks the contribution of this valley frontier. No American youth is taught of his country without some instruction in this pioneer stand of the New England interior. But only with a passing glance,—to the neglect of its personal examples of heroism, its united defense of homes through years of unceasing peril, its romance and its tragedies. Here was an unmined field of riches awaiting its explorer. Here were heroes whose very names were fading into oblivion,—great examples of valor and endurance little known,—sweet stories of devotion passing from memory, and withal fanci-

ful traditions needing correction at the hands of a keen searcher and a faithful teller of the truth.

Such was the opportunity that awaited, half a century ago, the man with the imagination to sense its charm and with the industry and patience to pursue its paths. The opportunity found its response,—not in the avowed student of history, exploring new fields, not in the cultured scion of university, not in the romancer seeking new heroes, but in a Deerfield farmer, one in whose veins flowed the blood of the frontier heroes, one whose youth had been spent in the fields they wrested from the wilderness, one who had come to that time in life when men begin to lay down their burdens and little think of new enterprises.

Almost exactly, the life of George Sheldon divides into two equal periods. Had it ended at fifty years, there would have been occasion for tribute to an exemplary citizen of a country town, the worthy descendant of its resolute settlers, who had pursued the task of the common, wholesome New England village, played his part in the community life, allied himself with good causes, made his stand for human freedom in the great issue that divided men in the days before the Civil War and won the respect of his neighbors and the rewards of an upright and diligent rural life.

Born in Deerfield, November 30, 1818, in the house which had been the home of his ancestors since 1708,—four years after the massacre that was the most direful event in the town's history, he was educated in the Deerfield academy, working on the ancestral farm, and not until he was thirty-five was there the slightest variation from the common country life. Then for a period there was a change to employment in a cotton factory down the valley where he spent five years in industrial employment of a kind that commanded in those days the labor of the native youth of its vicinity. The factory experience brought new contacts and stirred a civic interest that was to continue throughout his life. It found expression at the time in his active share in the new political movements of a stirring period. He joined the Free Soil party, which was beating the path for

the republican party as the instrument of freedom for the slaves and the preservation of the union. He was in the "Know Nothing" organization which in its time was one of the great forces in politics and which included in its membership aggressive leaders of an intense Americanism. In this contact he came to know men like Sumner, Wilson, Andrew and others whose names are illustrious in the country's history. It must be taken as an extension of this political interest that he came to serve in later years in the House of Representatives at Boston (1867) and the State Senate (1872) and to receive a minor reward by appointment as assistant United States Marshal (1870).

These are items in a familiar sequence in the career of New England country citizenship of the best sort. They seem not at all premonitory of the service which was later to make the life of this citizen distinctive. Possibly the one act which forecasts in this first half century the interest which was to command the second like period was his leadership in causing Deerfield to take steps while the Civil War was still in progress to raise a monument in honor of her soldier sons, reputed to be the first of the memorial shafts which came to mark nearly every village green. The period of Mr. Sheldon's life in which we think of him as the typical country town citizen needs but the additional domestic note, his marriage at twenty-five to Susan Stuart Stearns of Dummerston, Vermont, and the blessing of their home with two sons and a daughter.

This was the man upon whom was to light the spirit of historical research and commemorative leadership. The new interest came, for aught we know, without his own intent. He has told us of the incident, the chance meeting in the street at Greenfield,—daughter town of old Deerfield,—of three men, and the development in his conversation with them of a common thought that the spot where Eunice Mather, wife of John Williams, was slain by the Indians on the march with their captives from their raid of 1704 should be fittingly marked. There the association which was to be the organized instrument for carrying forward the work of research into local history had its birth. There

came new devotion of Mr. Sheldon's life, the fruits of which we contemplate today in reverence and in gratitude.

The opportunity and the man to meet it were by this simple incident brought together. There is no ground for belief that Mr. Sheldon regarded himself as called to be a historian, that he even saw in the event any departure from the manner of life he had hitherto led. It was but another act of public spirit, natural, commonplace, expressive of the respect he had always felt for real worth either in his contemporaries or in the men of historic memory. In what follows the development of this historian in the modest citizen was but the sequence of one after another chance to mark a deserving event, to honor a worthy hero, to clarify a record, and to write down for all time the product of patient, interested search. The title historian of the first frontier, is his by virtue of no single work whose pages bear the consecutive record of a century of struggle. Such a volume may yet come, but its writing was never essayed by him. The nearly fifty years which were to be his were greatly fruitful,—fruitful in varied works, which in their sum include the entire story of the times of which he wrote. Upon them rests the claim for him of all the name historian implies,—patient research, just estimate, clear and accurate writing, sparingly adorned but made alive and engaging by a well balanced appreciation of the merits of men and their deeds.

He found a bibliography with hardly more than two titles: Hoyt's "Indian Wars," somewhat as fantastic in its meagre contents as in its steel engraved title page with the aborigines, surprised by Turner, being swept down the falls in canoes of a size to seem secure carriers over any cataract; and the priceless story of "The Redeemed Captive." He left a store of historical treatises, his own and those inspired by him which encompasses the whole field of this region in its distinctive period. He found hardly more than a single monument, that at Bloody Brook, marking the scenes of pioneer events, plus a rough inscription on the face of a ledge at Northfield showing a place of one of the last murders in the long list of sacrifices. He left a territory strewn

with memorials as permanent as stone and bronze may hope to be. He found the relics of colonial days scattered in neglected attics, precious insignia of men and events; he found mouldering documents, veracious records beyond the bounds of price in obscure corners or on their way to destruction. He left them housed, classified, interpreted in a collection dedicated to the use and inspiration of pilgrims from every quarter of the earth. The product of his middle-age devotion, modest, even unconscious as it was, is broad enough foundation for the title of historian. It seems, rather, to uphold a higher designation,—shall we say,—of historic generalship.

As the instrument for assembling the people who shared his newly aroused interest in the annals of the towns and giving permanence to their contributions, the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association has itself become a historic institution. Formed in 1870, early housed in the disused academy building, it has reflected Mr. Sheldon's developing purpose in a thorough-going study of local history. The volumes of its proceedings, five in number, have made its researches and discussions permanent. The lore that is stored in their pages is both a final treatment of many a great event and a foundation for general historical knowledge. The association's own record is that of a contemporary appreciation of Mr. Sheldon's leadership and of that democracy of interest which he happily inspired. He lived for it. It was the daily beneficiary of his searching. Whatever he gathered it received. He was in all these forty-six years its president, but presidency was never more modest. The functions of the office became two-fold; to labor and to induce others to labor, the preference in public appearance always being given the other. It has always prospered financially; in an almost mysterious way finding its treasury fuller with each year and equal to every need and an exponent of New England thrift at its best, a reflection of another of its founder's fortunate traits.

Mr. Sheldon had the rare faculty of command without commanding. Tasks he assigned were never refused. Men

and women of national distinction in letters lent themselves to his programs as if newly honored; in the *Proceedings* are the contributions of Charles Dudley Warner, George William Curtis, G. Stanley Hall, Albert Bushnell Hart, Bishop Huntington, Mary P. Wells Smith, college presidents, statesmen, authors, and many another notability. Alongside these are the productions of that group of historical writers, poets and romancers whom he developed or called to his aid, pre-eminent among them the woman who adorned the first annual meeting and many a succeeding one with her lustrous treatises, C. Alice Baker. And in the same array with these are the efforts of those of us who found a crowning distinction in being called to the association's platform.

In the field day, first held in 1870 at Turners Falls, and thereafter in its yearly migrations reaching every town within the field, ceremony had its only place. There was the procession, if room were afforded it, there was always the "address of welcome," and always the "response," giving play to formal reassertions of hospitality and equally formal admissions of joy in arrival,—all this in fulfillment of a quiet but shrewd design to stimulate local pride and interest. These are but items in the working out of a project in Mr. Sheldon's thought to make sure that whatever was undertaken should come to a permanent result.

In Mr. Sheldon's own written work the pre-eminent features are the town histories of Northfield and Deerfield. The former was his maiden effort, in collaboration with Rev. J. H. Temple. The *History of Deerfield* was the product of his riper years, well deserving the place that has been given it as the triumphant model of local historical writing. In a score or more of lesser works, some of them to be found in the *Proceedings*, others separately published, the evidence is complete of his thorough manner of study and search, his accuracy of expression, his keen appreciation of values, his impatience with sham, his discriminating sense of proportion, his humor of a quaint, restrained sort,—qualities which ripened with years and lent a romantic interest to his never fanciful work.

"The Little Brown House on the Albany Road" needs no local acquaintance to give it charm. The pursuit of "Goffe, the Regicide" has delight in its puncture of false tradition. The "Conference at Deerfield between Governor Belcher and tribes of western Indians" is graphic history. There are, too, the variations into work of simple human interest, such as "The Passing of the Stall Fed Ox and the Farm Boy." And so comment might run on as to the others of his personal productions. It would but lend detail to the picture of the citizen-historian in the well balanced enduring enthusiasm of forty odd years of substantial labor. Nor is that picture complete without the figure that stood at his side in the last twenty years of his life, to whom every beneficiary of his life work owes another debt, not solely for the wifely care she gave but for her aid to his ripest writing, for modest co-labor and editorship, and for the bounteous generosity with which she carried out even his unspoken wishes in enlarging and bettering the treasure house of the "Sheldon collection," as it has been happily named, and other less conspicuous but not less real ways.

We cannot disassociate George Sheldon from his work. He has made real the heroes and the charming figures of the past of this region. We seem to have him here and with him comes a host of those whom he made to live anew; his pioneer ancestor, Ensign John Sheldon, builder of the Indian House, four times a pilgrim to Canada for rescue of the captives; his grandfather, Captain Joseph Stebbins, who went from the house where the grandson has just died to march to Bunker Hill; Captain Lothrop, Captain Turner, Major Treat, Quentin Stockwell; John Williams and Eunice Mather, his wife, and the girl, Eunice; Captain Moses Rice, Phineas Arms; the child figures, Sarah Coleman and the others,—these and many another whom he made us know as flesh and blood,—while there seems to be vanishing in swift flight the shadowy forms of regicides whom he made us realize were figments of fancy in our neighborhood.

All life is richer hereabouts, and we cannot say to what boundaries, for the faithful service of George Sheldon, historian and inspirer of history, in painting strong and real and true its background of heroism and worth.

A FEW REMINISCENCES OF BROOK FARM.

BY MAJOR S. WILLARD SAXTON OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

I enter upon the writing of this paper with great hesitation and fear, because the subject is so great and so unique that it needs the pen of a more fluent writer than I am to tell the story as it should be told. It needs the scholarly attainments of a George William Curtis to make this story the beautiful picture that is in my mind, but which I cannot paint in language that will make you see it as I do.

“The period between 1840 and 1850 was one of intense social, intellectual and moral agitation; the greatest probably in our national history. It began with the anti-slavery movement, an attack upon an institution fortified by the Constitution of the United States and connected with the great commercial interests of the country. It was carried on with great fierceness and intensity of feeling on both sides.”* There was a party of non-resistants who believed it was wrong to use force, and they became a large and influential party. There were many differences and dissensions in the churches, and many who graduated from our colleges to enter the ministry soon broke loose from the churches because there was not sufficient liberality among the people to permit full freedom of thought and speech. Among this class were Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley, John S. Dwight, and others.

During those troublous days there was great unrest in social matters, and many experiments were started in different parts of the country to reform the whole social

* From Life of Charles A. Dana, by Gen. James H. Wilson—Harper and Bros., 1907.

fabric. There was one called the North American Phalanx in New Jersey, not far from New York. Another was started in Skaneateles, N. Y., and several in other States of the West.

In my judgment, one of the best and most unique of those associations was the one that was established in West Roxbury, Mass., of which Mr. George Ripley was the leading spirit. He and Mrs. Ripley had spent a summer on the farm he selected, about nine miles from Boston. They were pleased with its location; it was purchased, and early in 1841, they moved out and took possession, followed by the several congenial spirits who had been studying with them the social problems of the day; among them, Marianne Ripley, Mr. Ripley's sister, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the distinguished writer, Mr. John S. Dwight, a Unitarian minister from Northampton, Mass., Charles A. Dana, who, on account of the failure of his eyes, was obliged to leave Harvard College, and Minot Pratt, for some time foreman in the office of the *Christian Register*. They organized a society called "The Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education," and began work. Most of them belonged to what was known as the Transcendental School. Theodore Parker, Mr. Ripley's intimate friend, lived only a mile away, and preached then in West Roxbury. Francis George Shaw, father of Robert G. Shaw, who was killed at Fort Wagner, lived in the same village.

It was started as a milk farm at first, one of the number taking the milk into Boston every morning. There was much hard work for both women and men, but it was a new life and all entered upon their duties with cheerfulness and energy.

A school was set in operation at once, and it drew together many promising pupils, the corps of teachers being of unusual quality. Every pupil was expected to spend from one to two hours daily in manual labor, being credited with the amount earned.

Hawthorne's stay with the school was quite short, for as James T. Fields once said of him, "He was a man who had, so to speak, a physical affinity with solitude," and he wished to be back with his books. So he returned to Boston, which

soon brought out the fact that other interests called him there, and the next year he married Sophia Peabody of Salem.

A passage from "Blithedale Romance," wherein he speaks of his "old and affectionately remembered home at Brook Farm," is of interest; "Often in these years that are darkening around me, I remember our beautiful scheme of a noble and unselfish life, and how fair in that first summer appeared the prospect that it might endure for generations and be perfected as the ages rolled by into a system of a people and a world. Were my former associates now there—were there only three or four true-hearted men still laboring in the sun—I sometimes fancy that I should divert my world-weary footsteps thither and entreat them to receive me for old friendship's sake. More and more I feel we struck upon what ought to be a truth. Posterity may dig it up and profit by it."

Pupils came from New York and New England, and some from foreign countries, and the school flourished until the small accommodations were filled and a neighbor's cottage was hired. It was not large, but select. Among the pupils were two brothers, George William and Burril Curtis, one of whom has achieved a splendid fame and a choice place in the literature of our country. George William Curtis was, in my judgment, an ideal American. It was always hoped by his friends that he, as the most competent to write the story, would write the history of Brook Farm. But, as the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and with his many other interests in public and private life, he never reached the time when he could; and quite likely, he did not care to undertake the burdensome task. Mr. Curtis later in life married the daughter of Mr. Francis George Shaw, brother of Colonel Shaw, the hero of Fort Wagner; and another sister married General Francis Channing Barlow, a gallant hero of the Civil War, and also a student at Brook Farm in his younger days.

The organization was continued for two or three years with varying success, when it was decided to make some changes, and add some of the mechanical industries, in

order to increase the finances. More money was needed to bring about such great reforms as this ambitious association aimed to accomplish. So in 1844, the Association was re-organized, and some of the principles and methods adopted which were taken from the works of Charles Fourier, a French philosopher and writer of great prominence in the last century. He wrote a great deal on social reforms and laid out the most elaborate schemes for the organization of labor, methods of improving the condition of the laborer, and his home. His works were largely translated into English by Albert Brisbane of New York, who was an enthusiastic believer in Fourier's schemes for the betterment of all the races of the world. A sympathetic chord was touched in the hearts of the Brook Farmers when Fourier argued that "there was a sublime destiny for mankind on this earth, that the Creator was infinitely good, that all the instincts of our nature, when not subverted by bad conditions, pointed toward that destiny, and that humanity was on its way upward; that the past progress argued what the future might be."

The Association was reorganized under the name of Brook Farm Phalanx, with Mr. George Ripley as President, and Mr. Charles A. Dana as Secretary. Mr. Dana was a young man of marked ability, who was matriculated as freshman in 1839, at Harvard College, and at the end of the first year stood seventh in a class of seventy-four. At the end of his second term, he was obliged to give up his studies on account of his eyes, which he ruined, as he himself confessed, by reading *Oliver Twist* until three o'clock in the morning. He was recommended to go to Brook Farm and work on the farm. He was received very kindly by Mr. Ripley, they became close friends, and he was the principal manager until the close of the affairs in 1847. He was a fine writer, both of poetry and miscellaneous articles on all current topics, had a special aptitude for all foreign languages, several of which he spoke fluently; was quick in his judgments and most agreeable in manner. After being connected with the *Boston Chronotype*, the *New York Tribune*, and being one of the editors of the *Appleton*

Encyclopedia, he became the owner of the *New York Sun*, of which he was the editor until his death. He married while at Brook Farm Miss Fanny McDaniel, sister of Osborn McDaniel.

It was in 1844 that correspondence began in reference to my going to Brook Farm. My father, Jonathan A. Saxton, of Deerfield, Mass., was a friend of Mr. George Ripley, of Greenfield, Mass., and he was deeply interested in every sort of reform that was started in those times of intellectual and moral tumult. He belonged to the original Garrisonian Abolition party, and fought valiantly with tongue and pen, until he had the happiness of seeing every slave in our land made free. He was especially interested in all the social experiments which were started, and was, therefore, a firm believer in the one of which his friend Ripley was the head.

As they were about to start a paper at Brook Farm, and I, a boy of fifteen, had begun to learn my trade as a printer in Greenfield, my father wrote to Mr. Ripley and asked about the chances of my being admitted to work on the new organ, *The Harbinger*. In due time, a reply came that the matter had been laid before the Board, and that I had been admitted on probation. If at the end of two months I proved satisfactory, I would be admitted to juvenile membership.

As part of the story of my first going to Brook Farm, I copy a portion of a letter of my father, who was at that time in Boston, to his father, Rufus Saxton, who was in the old home, Deerfield, Mass.

Boston, April 3, 1845.

My dear Father:—

I received the promised letter from Mr. Ripley yesterday afternoon. The Brook Farm Association have agreed to accept Willard as an associate. He is to come at first on a probation of two months, and if at the expiration of the time, either party is not satisfied, the connection will cease. After that he will be admitted as a juvenile member. . . . and in view of the moral and intellectual advantages he will enjoy, I could have no hesitation in accepting them for him, even if he should not finally become a member of the

association, but should prefer to engage in the rivalries and competitions of the world.

My views of the scheme of society attempted to be carried out at Brook Farm have undergone no change, but rather are confirmed by more reflection—by every new experience (of which in my present position I have abundance) of the evils produced by the false, disjointed and unnatural modes of life which everywhere prevail. . .

The Association wish that Willard should come down as soon as convenient. His fitting out need not be at all expensive, for all the styles of the association, of living and dress, are plain and simple. A man or boy is not regarded for his coat, but for *himself*.

I wish you would make the necessary arrangements and inform me when he will come. I will meet him at the depot or elsewhere. He will want to spend two or three days in looking around this new world of Boston and then I will go out with him to Roxbury. I long much to see him and to introduce him into the way to a truer life.

Aff'y your son,

JONA. A. SAXTON.

This was an exciting period to a boy of fifteen, who had scarcely ever traveled out of his native county. I was soon made ready for the wonderful journey to Boston, where my father was already. I was placed in charge of his friend, Major Dickinson, and we left Deerfield on a pleasant morning in April, 1845, were driven to Cheapside, where we transferred to the old-fashioned stage coach that ran to Fitchburg about one or two o'clock, if I remember rightly, and there we had dinner. We then took a train for Boston, which was my first ride on the steam cars, and was full of excitement. And it was still more startling when we arrived on the edge of the evening in the huge Fitchburg station, which was then located across the bay in Charlestown. Seventy-one years have brought all the endless railroad traffic into the North and South Stations, which accommodate millions, where there were then but thousands.

My father met me at the station and I shall never forget

that we stopped with some cousins at No. 11, Minot St. A few days were devoted to showing the young man the sights, and I am sure the good father was very glad when my curiosity was satisfied.

It was on the 18th of April, 1845, I think, that my father and I took the one-horse 'bus that made daily trips from the Brattle Street Hotel, out through Roxbury, Jamaica Plain and West Roxbury to Brook Farm. We were received cordially, for that was a Brook Farm habit, with Mr. George Ripley especially. I was made to feel so much at home from the first that I have no remembrance of having been homesick on my first experience of leaving home. And it was a delightful change from being a "Printer's devil" in the Greenfield *Democrat* office to the pleasant surroundings, physical and social. I went into the office of the Brook Farm *Harbinger*.

One of the first families with whom I became acquainted was that of Mr. and Mrs. John Codman, their only daughter, Rebecca, and two sons, John and Charles. They were all true and genuine friends from the time I went to Brook Farm through all the years that elapsed until each had finished life's task and wrapped "the drapery of his couch about him," and laid "down to pleasant dreams." Charlie, as we all called him, was a high type of both boyhood and manhood, refined, intellectual and pure-minded. He became my companion in the printing group, and my roommate in all the Brook Farm life, and in after years as well, when we took up the outside life again and worked together at the case. He was the dearest friend I ever had, not excepting my widely scattered brothers, and our confidential intimacy lasted until his untimely end came through a sad accident in Boston.

His sister Rebecca became the wife of one of nature's noblemen, Jonathan Butterfield, who was a true Brook Farmer, and later foreman of the State Printing Office, Boston, where I read proof for some years. Dr. John Codman became a prominent dentist in Boston, and wrote a volume of reminiscences of Brook Farm.

When I arrived, they had completed quite a large building near the Hive for the purpose of carrying on the various

mechanical trades that had been introduced. It was a two story and attic building, with a steam engine in the basement for driving the machinery. On the first floor was the carpenters' shop, devoted to the making of shoe boxes, sashes, and blinds, which were taken by the thousands to the wholesale houses of Boston. On the second floor there was a shoemakers' shop, and a Britannia wareshop. On this floor was also located the large and airy printing office, with an old-fashioned Franklin hand press, on which the *Harbinger* was printed, and mailed to its one thousand eager readers. The top story was used as a dormitory where a number of the men and boys slept and had their daily ablutions. There were none of the modern conveniences for water, and the pump had to do its share of the work, with a water carrier who went from house to house filling pitchers and pails.

All the labor of the Farm, including the domestic part, was organized on the plan of Charles Fourier, into groups and series. The domestic series had the care of the house and all domestic work, and was divided into Consistory, Dormitory, and Kitchen groups, also washing, ironing, and mending groups, many of the people belonging to several groups. The mechanical series covered the shoe and box shops, and the printing office. I, of course, belonged to the Printing group, and was also often detailed to assist in the washing group, the haying group, and not least of all, the waiters' group, where though I say it who should not, I consider we all did ourselves proud. Our waiters' group was made up of some of the best talent at Brook Farm, such as Charles A. Dana, the good-natured Fred. Cabot, of Boston, "unique of face and beard," John and Charles Codman, and myself. A new chief of the waiters' group was elected each week, as rotation in office was the rule. They had their dinner after the others were through, and the scintillations of wit that came from those bright men, the stories that were told, and the bad puns that were made, brought forth shouts of laughter that almost lifted the roof, and brought the ex-diners back to the windows and doors to learn the cause of all the hilarity. Pity it is that Dana could not

have made and preserved a short history of that unique group at Brook Farm.

I recall here an incident that occurred in the domestic department one evening when the chief, Miss Ripley, requested all who felt inclined to meet in the room next the kitchen to assist in shelling the peas for the next day's dinner, the peas having been picked from our own vines. There was a liberal response from male and female, old and young, until twenty or thirty had gathered. Rev. Wm. H. Channing was among the number, serene and beautiful of face, and always genial in manner. The dishes and peas were handed around; and the work began in the most social, cheerful manner, some of the girls shelling into the same dish with the boys, to add more joy to the work, and agreeable talk went on naturally. When it was about completed, and some dishes had been handed in, some of us younger ones wanted a little more fun and began by pelting a near neighbor with two or three pods. This was quickly answered by the return of a dozen pods square in the face, and then whole handfuls; and quicker than it can be told, whole dishes of pods were flying through the air in every direction, making a scene of wild confusion and laughter that it is hard to picture in words. And the sedate and lovely Mr. Channing was one of the liveliest of the party.

About the time of my arrival, "*The Harbinger*, devoted to Social and Political Progress," was started in our pleasant office, with the following text at the head: "All things, at the present day, stand provided and prepared, and await the light." It was printed in quarto form, sixteen pages, with clear type and in excellent style. These names appear as its editors in New York:

Albert Brisbane,
Wm. Henry Channing,
Christopher P. Cranch,
George W. Curtis,
George G. Foster,
Parke Godwin,
Horace Greeley,
Osborne McDaniel.

The New England editors were:

Otis Clapp, Boston,
William W. Story, Boston,
Thomas W. Higginson, Boston,
James Russell Lowell, Cambridge, Mass.,
Jonathan A. Saxton, Deerfield, Mass.,
Francis G. Shaw, West Roxbury, Mass.,
John G. Whittier, Amesbury, Mass.

The Brook Farm writers were:

George Ripley,
Charles A. Dana,
John S. Dwight,
Lewis K. Ryckman.

The printing group was composed of Jonathan Butterfield, foreman, Chas. H. Codman, Edgar Palisse, whose father and mother were members, and part of the time, Thomas Treadwell, from Exeter, N. H., and myself.

It was a congenial and harmonious group that Chas. Fourier himself would have approved. Mr. Butterfield and I did most of the press work each week, and we had the help of some of the young ladies to fold and address the completed paper ready for the mail. Of course, the editors were in daily communication with us all in relation to their articles and all matters pertaining to the papers, and never was a printing office more agreeable to printers and editors. The editors were all high-toned, agreeable gentlemen, and working for the same great cause in which we had enlisted, and we all stood on common ground. Mr. Ripley and Mr. Dana wrote most of the editorial associative articles; Mr. Dana was principal reviewer of new books; Mr. Dwight was deeply interested in the principles of the associative life, and wrote some articles on that subject; but his great forte was music and poetry. In later years he started a paper in Boston called Dwight's *Journal of Music*, which was greatly enjoyed for many years by all who were fond of the higher class of music.

In the first number of the *Harbinger*, there was commenced

a story called "Consuelo," by Madam Dudevant, whose nom de plume was George Sand. It was a fine translation from the French by Mr. Francis G. Shaw, of New York, who was then living in West Roxbury. So he was a frequent visitor to Brook Farm and the printing office. We boys were always glad to see Mr. Shaw's manuscript, it was so perfect, written in a fine business hand, and with no erasures or interlineations to mar its beauty.

Though there was much hard work at all times, there were willing hands and cheerful hearts accompanying it, so it was never burdensome. We had many amusements during our leisure hours, and it was easy to have a dance after the labors of the day were finished. Some one might suggest it while at supper, and there would be enough to acquiesce to make it go. It was a simple matter to get dishes washed and piled up, and the tables moved out of the way. The fiddler was usually brought over from Dedham, when it was "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined." We had the country dance, the waltz, the waltz quadrille, the plain cotillion, etc. All joined very heartily in them; there were no wall flowers, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Between nine and ten o'clock we finished; the tables were put in place again, everything made ready for the morning meal, and all retired early, at peace with all the world.

There were many impromptu dances, when the younger girls and boys would meet at the Cottage for a social sing, when one of the girls would start a favorite waltz on the piano. This would be a signal and an inspiration for all the others to join in a waltz. None of the foreign dances, such as the Fox-Trot, and Tango, had come into our simple life at that time.

But we did have a great deal of music at Brook Farm and of the best kind. Mr. John S. Dwight was the most musical soul there, and played the piano and the flute. He would often sit down to his piano and improvise in the most delightful manner, and he would seem to be lost in the musical world where his thoughts had led him. His sister, Fanny, was also an accomplished pianist, and there were a number of others who were fine performers. A Miss Harriet Graup-

ner, of Boston, spent a good deal of time with us, and she was a "star" performer. At our meetings on Sunday, we always had a competent quartette, who would give us the grand masses of Mozart and Haydn in the most splendid manner.

When Mr. Curtis would make his occasional visits to the Farm, there was sure to be a gathering at the Eyry to hear him sing. He had a marvelous voice, in singing, and in his public addresses he was most fascinating in both voice and in his choice use of the English language. Mr. C. P. Cranch also came occasionally. He was a poet, an artist, and a musician. He played the flute, and the wonderful imitations he made with the flute and his voice, appealed to the imagination so strongly that we could almost see the barnyard filling with every bird, fowl or animal on the farm, each joining in its own language in the grand rural oratorio. It was an interesting and unique performance, and brought the house down.

In religious matters, there was the greatest freedom of thought and action. Some went to church and some never went. Some nearly always went to hear Theodore Parker, a mile and a half away in West Roxbury. Some preferred their own room for quiet reading or writing. Or small parties would go to the beautiful pine woods nearby and sit around on the ground or rocks, and take turns in reading aloud. Mr. Ripley often had classes in history on Sunday, each one taking turns in reading aloud.

Mr. William Henry Channing would often spend a good deal of time there; and when he did, we would have regular service in the Eyry or Pilgrim House, when we would have sung some of the grand masses of Mozart or Haydn, and then hear one of Mr. Channing's inspired sermons. We had a fine choir which interpreted the masses in beautiful style, the soprano being a charming lady from Boston, Miss Mary Bullard, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. John S. Dwight.

Music was a prominent feature in the Brook Farm life, and we had a great deal of it at all times. And being young, I imbibed it so freely (although I was no musician) that my

whole system seemed to absorb it to such an extent, that next to my dear wife and children, I have loved it the most of anything in life. It was no unusual thing for a small party of us to go into Boston toward night, to hear some of the grand operas that were frequently given there by talent that cannot be surpassed even now. They were then given in the old Howard Atheneum. When the opera was over, we would all gather in Higgin's Oyster Saloon on Court St., indulge in a liberal supply of oyster stew and crackers as the preparatory part. We were then ready—the boys and girls—for our walk back to Brook Farm, a distance of about nine miles, reaching there about one o'clock. And all would be on hand for breakfast and the duties of the next day.

It is hard to stop talking of that beautiful life, now so far away in the past. And I have no one left now with whom to talk about it, as I am the last but one surviving working member of that unique body of men and women. There is one lady in San Diego, Cal., who was in the Brook Farm School when I was there, Mrs. Kate Sloan Gaskill. We had not met for over fifty years. Kate and I were good friends at the time, being nearly the same age. During my visit to San Diego last Summer, I went to see her, and we spent one day at the Fair together, reviving many a pleasant reminiscence of those ancient days.

They were building a Phalanstery when I arrived at Brook Farm, on the plan of Charles Fourier, which was designed to accommodate a large portion of the association, and in a way to be a model for those that might come after. It would have permitted quite a large addition to the membership, which at that time was about 130. Funds had come in for finishing part of the Phalanstery in March, 1846, and all were happy that the work was to be resumed. Carpenters had put a stove in for the purpose of drying out the building. It was thought best to celebrate the renewal of the work by a social dance at the Hive, and it was not long before everything was in readiness for the maidens and their swains to trip the "light fantastic." The dance had begun and there was a joyous crowd present. But suddenly there was a chilling damper thrown over it by a cry through the

window, "The Phalanstery is on fire!" There was a rush from the Hive to see it, and I never saw a more magnificent spectacle, when the whole building was enveloped in flames, and not a stick could be saved. The house stood on the side of a hill in front of the Ery, which stood on the highest ground. So efforts had to be directed to the Ery, to keep that building from taking fire, and they were successful.

The light from the fire brought people from all directions, even as far as Boston, and engines came from several adjoining towns. But it was of no avail, and the stately pile, on which so many hopes were based for the benefit of humanity, was a black mass of ruins. The firemen were invited in for refreshments, for it was a cold night with snow on the ground. Dear old Peter Baldwin, our baker, round-shouldered and ungainly, had just taken out of the oven a big batch of bread, which was for our breakfast. They ate it all, and the faithful Peter worked all night to make good the deficit. Miss Ripley had abundant coffee made for them, which disappeared as rapidly as hot cakes.

In the midst of the lunch Mr. Ripley mounted a bench and with his usual beaming face, thanked them for their efforts. Their visit, he said, "was very unexpected to us," but he was very glad to give them the poor hospitality we had. "But had we known," he said, in that bright, pleasant way he always had, "or even suspected you were coming, we would have been better prepared to receive you, and given you worthier, if not a *warmer* reception." "Good enough, good enough," shouted the firemen.

It was a tragic disaster, but it did not affect any belief the Brook Farmers had in the social projects that had been formed.

It was a crushing blow to the Association, for nearly all the money the stockholders possessed was involved, and it had at last gone up in smoke. There were talks of revival, and the different works at Brook Farm went on for something more than another year. Then it finally developed that the beautiful experiment of a new social scheme of society, under new and improved conditions, must be given up, and the different members began to depart. The funeral

dirge seemed to be sounding there for months, as one by one they "folded their tents and silently stole away," to become part of the "outside world" again, at the end of an idyllic life. Mr. Ripley's beautiful library became a part of Theodore Parker's library, and the two most valuable libraries in the United States are now a part of the Boston Public Library.

The *Harbinger* was moved to New York and was followed by Mr. and Mrs. Ripley. He became identified with the *New York Tribune*, and later joined the staff of the *American Encyclopedia*.

My dearest friend, Charles Codman, and I went to Boston to work at our trade of printing, going first into the office of the *Voice of Industry*, an organ of the workingman. There are a thousand more reminiscences that come to my mind but time does not permit my giving them to you at present.

As Hawthorne and Dwight were so closely identified with Brook Farm, permit me to close this desultory paper with a short extract from James Russell Lowell's "A Fable for Critics," which I recommend all to read who have not, even though it is ancient literature. After paying his compliments to Whittier and Richard H. Dana, he goes on to say:

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so lithe and so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet;
'Tis as if a rough oak that for ages had stood
With his gnarled bony branches like ribs of the wood,
Should bloom, after cycles of struggle and scathe,
With a single anemone trembly and rathe;
His strength is so tender, his wildness so meek,
That a suitable parallel sets one to seek,—
He's a John Bunyan Fouque, a Puritan Tieck;
When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted;
So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
From some finer grained stuff for a woman prepared.
And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
For making him fully and perfectly man.

The success of her scheme gave her so much delight
That she tried it again, shortly after, in Dwight;
Only, while she was kneading and shaping the clay,
She sang to her work in her sweet childish way,
And found, when she'd put the last touch in his soul,
That the music had somehow got mixed with the whole."

George W. Curtis, in the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1869, said this of Brook Farm:

"But beneath all the glancing colors, the lights and shadows of the surface, it was a simple, honest, practical effort for wiser forms of life than those in which we find ourselves. The Friendships that were formed there were enduring. The devotion to noble endeavor, the sympathy with all that is most useful to man, the kind patience and constant charity that were fostered there, have no more been lost than grains dropped on the field. It is to the transcendentalism, that seemed to so many good souls both wicked and absurd, that some of the best influences of American life today are due. The spirit that concentrated at Brook Farm is diffused, but not lost."

It has always seemed to me that purity and virtue were two of the most striking characteristics of the Brook Farm life; without any preaching, that was the natural atmosphere we imbibed. The prevailing influence was elevating to the intellect and heart. There were sermons for us in the fields, there were love and confidence for us in the wash tubs; there was poetry for us in the pine woods, and in the dormitory; there was mental and spiritual culture in the dining room and in our Sunday meetings; there were wit and humor in our waiting group; there was industry in the shop and kitchen, and there was music everywhere. I might say there were hard times; but we young people did not know very much about it then.

One word I wish to say in closing is, that one of the best stories of Brook Farm was written by one who was never there, my friend Lindsay Swift, of the Boston Public Library. It was published by the MacMillan Co., New York in 1900, and is a fascinating story to all interested in Brook Farm lore.

OLD DEERFIELD NAMES THAT CARRY US
THROUGH BRITAIN TO BELGIUM.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

What's in a name? Much or little. We should be unworthy members of this Association if such names as John Sheldon, John and Eunice Williams, Jonathan Wells, Benoni and Joseph Stebbins, Godfrey Nims, Hannah Beaman and Sergeant Stockwell did not mean much to us and remind us of perilous times and stirring events here 200 years ago. And to those who come after us and read the records of our meetings and our doings the names of George Sheldon, Judge Thompson, Alice Baker, and others will mean much. So there may be much in a name.

We remember what new light beamed upon us through the labors of Professors Max Muller of Oxford, Whitney of Yale and others, who by the careful study of the common speech of the nations of Europe, the science of comparative philology, proved that those nations were originally of one race and language—the Aryan—whose old home was on the plains of Asia. “In the beginning was the word.”

The study of names and surnames is also interesting and instructive. An old writer said: “The subject of surnames involves many curious questions of antiquarian interest bearing upon the language, habits and pursuits of our countrymen in bygone days. It is one also that immediately concerns every man who feels an honest pride in being called by his father's name.”

In looking up records of the time of Robert and John Williams and the early Deerfield settlers in the Old Castle Museum at Norwich, Eng., I found some interesting facts about the names of some of the emigrants and pioneers.

When you ask New England people about their ancestors they often tell you of a tradition of three brothers of their name who came over here from England about 1630-36 and there the tradition ends. When you look up the records of those families in England you sometimes discover that

the ancestors of those brothers were spoken of there and recorded as Alleyns (strangers—aliens) or as Newcomers (Newcomes) whose original home was Scandinavia, Friesland, the Netherlands, Flanders or Normandy. In East Anglia (especially Norwich) Saxon and Dane, Fleming and Walloon, Frank and Norman had mixed and blended into a sturdy race, and it is only through the names and family records that you can distinguish them.

Surnames came into general use in Britain after the Norman conquest, and fortunately we have many lists of names carrying us back to that period.

The Roll of Battle Abbey, Domesday Book (a carefully compiled census of England in William the Conqueror's day), lists of new settlers from the Continent, in London, Norwich and other cities, records of landowners and tenants. From these sources careful students have compiled and published lists of over 10,000 family names, giving the varieties of spelling, and of what stock they came.

Here we find most of our Old Deerfield names and whence they came, unless the names are mere trade names as John the Smith, William the Taylor, Robert the Fuller, and Thomas the Farmer.

Some of the Old Deerfield names carry us through Britain to Belgium, a fact of no little interest in our day. Of these are such well-known names as Arms, Childs, Barnard, and Hawks.

The early records give various forms of spelling these as all other names. Arms appears as Armis, and Harms and is allied to Armes, Harmer and Hermer—all derived from Har or Hare—a soldier man. Barnard is Flemish, Bernard the Norman form is in Domesday Book. Childs is from Schilde, a local name in Belgium, Child is the Flemish form. There are many ways in which it is spelled—all derived from Schilde,—which means a Shield—or Shield-bearer, or Shield-man. Hawks appears as Hawke, Hawk, and with the s—and is found in a list of names of Protestant Refugees from the Netherlands,—1622. They are all Flemish and carry us back to that part of the Netherlands, Flanders, what is now Belgium.

It is safe to presume that the ancestors of the Deerfield Armses, Barnards, Childses and Hawkses emigrated from Flanders to East Anglica (Norwich district) and from England to America, and they remind us of a very interesting fact in English History, the commercial connection and close intercourse for many centuries between Flanders and England.

There are two races in Belgium, the Walloons, allied to the French and speaking a similar language, and the Flemings more allied to the Teutonic races, and their language is much like that spoken by Saxons (Schleswig and Holstein) Frisians and Anglo Saxons. This accounts for the close intercourse of these people in early times.

Charlemagne (who was of the Belgian race, his ancestors being of the province of Liége) did much to bring light and order out of the darkness, anarchy and barbarism which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. He had the weakness of his age and we are shocked as we read of some of his actions; but he was a great warrior, a great administrator, a restorer of learning and a patron of Arts and Letters.

The administrative system which he established over his Empire, setting up local governments in various districts, laid the foundations of the countries of Flanders, Brabant, Hamault and others into which Belgium was divided in the middle ages.

He gathered scholars and artists from Italy, Spain and England, and wherever they could be found, and for a time his court was the nucleus of culture in the West, and architecture was reborn, as the Royal chapel at Aix, (the only one of the many structures he raised remaining to our day) clearly shows. He removed a large number of Saxon families from their homes in Saxony to the plains of Flanders.

After his death his empire went to pieces and we have the second "Dark Ages," as it has been named, lasting 150 years, from 850 to 1,000 A. D.

Then appears Baldwin, the first Count of Flanders and we see the beginnings that issue in great things. He successfully fought the Vikings, a continual source of danger, and

drove them into the land, where for a time they remained content, and which they made immortal as Normandy. Baldwin married Judith, widow of Ethelwolf, King of England, who inaugurated the industrial greatness of Flanders, introducing into it a great number of workmen skilled in the manufacture of woolen and other goods. He granted a Charter to the Guild of weavers. He died in 879.

His son married a daughter of Alfred the great. The Counts of Flanders became more powerful and wealthy than many European Kings.

Meanwhile the industrial prosperity of the citizens of Flanders had become so great that they began to feel their own power and claim independence.

They formed republican communities, like the free cities of Germany and some centuries before the Pilgrims and the "three brothers" arrived in New England, they had reached a high state of civilization, manufactures and commerce in such old cities as Antwerp, Liège, Ghent, Bruges and Ypres.

As the great cities arose and trade, commerce and manufactures increased, it became necessary that the workers should be secure from attack and plunder, hence strong walls were built around the towns and unions of workers were formed for self-defence and protection and these Unions met in their trade or Guild Halls. By the 13th Century, great, rich and defiant cities such as Ghent came into prominence, with over 50,000 enrolled craftsmen and artisans, and Bruges, with its four great trade guilds, and 52 guilds of craftsmen.

These guilds in times of war and rumors of war became for protection, military organizations, and at the ringing of the great bells in the lofty towers, such as still may be seen in the older cities of Belgium, the workmen would rush to arms, and it is said that the weavers of Ghent alone, could put an efficient army of 40,000 men in the field.

Ghent, as you remember, was the birth place of "John of Gaunt, time honored Lancaster," a great figure in English history.

"Flanders in the middle ages,"—says Dr. Crane, played a part in Europe strikingly disproportionate to its size, which

is less than half that of the State of Connecticut, though it contained over 1,200,000 people, and cities like Ghent, with 250,000 population, Ypres with 200,000, and Bruges and Courtrai with 100,000 each at the time when London could boast only 35,000 citizens. In trade, industry, wealth, culture, and the standard of learning, Flanders was far in advance of the rest of Europe, while it was marked by a perfect passion for liberty, not only for the State but for each individual member thereof.

England owes much to people of Belgium and Normandy who from the time of King Alfred to the end of the sixteenth century settled in Britain.

From early times the supply of wool came from England, where an important market for the furnished wares was also found, and as a result a close community of interests sprung up between Flanders and East Anglia. There is little that now remains of the England of the early Britons and Saxons, but the arrival of William of Normandy brought a great change.

When he landed at Hastings and claimed the Throne there were many knights and soldiers of Flanders among his followers, one of whom became the first Earl of Northumberland, and another, the first Earl of Chester. William was son-in-law to Baldwin the fourth Count of Flanders.

To the Normans we owe the Feudal Castles, great Cathedrals and fine old parish churches, Universities and solidly built old Manor houses. To the Flemings and Walloons we owe the manufactures, industrial centres, quaint Guild and Trade Halls, and mansions in stately rows for Burghers, and citizens and Craftsmen, and also we owe to them the elevation of the toilers and handy-crafts men from a state of slavery to that of independent citizens and lovers of civil and religious liberty.

Time will not allow me to mention more than a few of the migrations from Flanders to England in early times. These were encouraged greatly by both the Guild system and the Crusades.

The Crusades did much to lessen animosity among the nations which had been leagued in a common cause, and a

kindlier feeling among people who had shared common dangers and hardships.

They also opened the East to commerce, and brought samples of its riches to their own commercial cities. They drained the country of the turbulent and restless spirits whose broils constantly convulsed society, they weakened the power of the nobles, whose estates passed into the hands of wealthy commoners, and they elevated the industrial workers.

The Guilds sent out skilled craftsmen in stone, wood, and metals, weavers and clothiers, who were welcomed by Prince and noble and all who wished to promote the prosperity of their country and they helped to erect those wonderful structures for worship and work which are still the admiration of the world, and to organize industries which have made possible our modern civilization.

Edward I. settled a dispute which had long interrupted the trade in English wool, a commodity highly prized by the Flemish Cloth merchants.

Edward III. brought 70 families of Fleming and Walloons in 1331,—and in 1383, during a troublesome period in Flanders, many weavers from Ypres settled in England,—Ypres then had a population of 200,000, and 4000 looms. Its great Cloth Hall, a noble Gothic building with a front 433 feet in length, its tower 230 feet high, was one of the masterpieces of the Civic Art of the Middle Ages. That remarkable and priceless example of Architecture, Masonic Art and skill, (and the Hotel de Ville at Arras,) after escaping wars and revolutions for 600 years, is now a mass of ruins, and Ypres, a city of desolation.

The Reformation troubles, the attempts to introduce the Spanish Inquisition into the Netherland, and the persecutions under Philip, and the Duke of Alva caused an exodus to England.

Antwerp, we are told, which in 1566 had 130,000 inhabitants, in 1589 had no more than 55,000; a large proportion of the citizens and their families had sought and found homes in England.

In the Norwich record we read of the arrival of 330 Dutch

and Walloon families who settled in that city in 1565, and the grant of St Andrews and Black friars Halls to them for their meetings for worship and other purposes.

The old mansion of the Sotherton family was also made into a home for refugees, and called Stranger's Hall. In 1571 the Strangers numbered 3925 in Norwich, and introduced the manufacture of baize, silk and worsted goods. In 1582 they had increased to 4679.

And today in the old Guild hall, Andrews and Black friars and Strangers Halls, and many old stately mansions in the "Stranger's Rows," you may see where Saxon and Dane, Norman and Dutch, Fleming and Walloon wrought as fellow-craftsmen, worshipped as bretheren, and dwelt in neighborly goodwill, and became blended in one common stock.

When I was asked by our revered President to prepare a paper for this meeting, every day brought news of the suffering, and deportation of the people of Belgium,—of the destruction of their ancient cities, with their historic halls, Libraries, Cathedrals and mansions,—I thought of those times, far distant and almost forgotten when Belgium families settled in England.

And when the persecutions and civil war, under the Stuarts broke out in England, and many of the best people of Britain left their homeland to seek a larger freedom and greater opportunities in New England, among those emigrants was the Williams family, who sailed in the *Rose of Yarmouth* from Norwich, and along with them Norwich weavers, and in other ships came others from East Anglia, finding their way at last to Old Deerfield, whose names show of what stock they came originally, and so we have here this evening Arms, and Childs and Hawks, who like their ancestors, are clever at arts and crafts-work and skillful weavers whose honored names carry us back through Britain to Belgium.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A QUARTERMASTER IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY GEN. RUFUS SAXTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have chosen for my paper *The Reminiscences of a Quartermaster*, in the hope that a brief review of the incidents and actors in those early days, when our country was drifting into civil war, might be of some interest. Some *then* were *youthful dreamers*,—

Building castles fair with stately stairways,
Asking blindly of the future
What it ne'er could give them;
But *now* they are *old men*,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly of the past
What it can ne'er restore them.

A quartermaster had many trials. He may emulate some of those qualities that adorn his protégé; *The Mule Backbone* is one. When the army mule is sure it is right, it goes ahead; when not sure, it wont. Endurance is another virtue the quartermaster should copy from his humble assistant, whose thick skin, since the days of Balaam, enables him to bear in silence the language and blows incident to times of excitement. The mule has a long memory for friends and enemies, is sure-footed, knows when to kick. And so should the quartermaster.

In the flaming forge of Life,
Our fortunes must be wrought.

After ten years of the vicissitudes of life in the army, I had drifted to West Point as Instructor of Tactics.

In this pre-historic epoch, James Buchanan was the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy; John B. Floyd was Secretary of War; Major William J. Hardee, Commandant of Cadets and my immediate commanding officer; Lieu-

tenants Dodge, Williams, McCook and Fry were my associates in the tactical department; Cadet John M. Wilson was the 1st Captain in the Corps of Cadets; Horace Porter was Cadet Adjutant of the Academy. Major Hardee became Lieut. General Hardee, Confederate Army; Lieutenant Dodge, Colonel Dodge, famous for his interesting works on Indians; Lieutenant Robert Williams became the Adjutant General of the Army; Lieutenant McCook, Major General and representative of the government at the coronation of the Czar of Russia; Lieutenant Fry, Provost-Marshal General; Cadet Wilson, a distinguished engineer, and as Commissioner of Public Buildings widely known and honored; Cadet Porter became General Porter, President of the Union League of New York.

There are many other striking characters that crowd the tablets of memory. The Corps of Cadets was filled with men who achieved distinction on both sides of our family quarrel. Senator Jefferson Davis was the President of a Board of Visitors to the Academy, of which Major Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter memory, was Secretary. Colonel Samuel Cooper, Adjutant General of the Army, was a visitor, and passed a great portion of his time in my tent, reading *Pickwick Papers*. He became the Adjutant General of the Confederacy.

Senator and Mrs. Davis used to visit my tent to listen to the band. Mrs. Davis was a cultivated and accomplished lady, and Senator Davis was a gentleman possessing rare intellectual and social qualities, with a high sense of dignity and honor.

As the peaceful, happy days passed away, few dreamed of the impending whirlwind that would tear asunder our political fabric, wrecking millions of lives, fortunes and homes. I doubt if Mr. Davis himself believed that any *great* conflict was impending. But there was one patriotic old soldier who was fully alive to the serious condition of affairs. One bright morning General Scott appeared, an interested spectator, at a light artillery drill that was being given to a class of cadets. At its close, he most graciously complimented me upon its success, inviting me to dine with him

at Cozzens Hotel. Over our claret he said, "We are upon the eve of the mightiest and most bloody conflict that has ever convulsed a nation. The South will soon attempt to secede from this Union; the North will never consent." He spoke impressively and as a military leader who understood the temper and make-up of both sections. He continued, "I am an old man, and may not live to see it; if I should not, you may say, 'General Scott said it was coming.' " What then appeared as the pessimistic forebodings of the brave old veteran was the voice of a prophet.

About this time Major Hardee was relieved from duty at the Military Academy by Captain J. F. Reynolds, afterwards Major General Reynolds, killed at Gettysburg.

Upon being relieved from duty at West Point I received an order from the War Department to go to Europe for the purpose of making investigations in regard to improvements in artillery service. While in New York preparing for my mission abroad, I parted with Colonel Hardee. He said, "Good-bye; our next meeting may be on the field of battle." Three years later he was driven out of his headquarters in Charleston by guns which I had trained on them from Morris Island. He was an accomplished soldier, and a most agreeable companion. Our friendship was unchanged by the vicissitudes of the war. I wrote him a personal note from Morris Island, saying that my brother-in-law, Captain Lewis Thompson, 2nd Cavalry, was slowly dying in a Charleston prison, and that I had one of his staff officers, of the same rank, in my camp. He responded promptly and cordially, and the two officers were exchanged, and the life of *one* brave officer was saved.

But to return to my story. The war clouds were gathering rapidly. At my own request, my order to go abroad was revoked, and I was directed to take recruits to my company at Fort Randall. While passing through Washington, on my way to St. Louis, I met my esteemed friend, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who asked me to accompany her to the Senate Chamber. We arrived there when the great war-senator, Ben Wade, was speaking. The scene was dramatic. It was stamped on my brain, because it was my first complete

realization of the gravity of the crisis before the nation. Grouped around the speaker, and within a few feet of him, sat Wigfall of Texas, Tombs of Georgia, Davis of Mississippi, Mason of Virginia, and others. This was Wade's field day. There was blood in the glance of his eye. Facing these representatives of the South instead of the Vice President, he said, "Gentlemen of the South, what do you want? We have passed a resolution, through both houses of Congress, that it is not our purpose to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States. The Supreme Court has given you its Dred Scott decision. The old man who sits up there in the White House, you own him as much as you do the niggers on your plantations. You propose nothing but to destroy this Union." Pointing upward, he said, "My father fought for that flag, and with the blessing of God I will die under its folds," and the eloquent old patriot sat down. Wigfall, most ostentatiously, stretched himself and gave a great yawn. Mrs. Davis said, with a glance of amusement, "Demosthenes has fatigued Mr. Wigfall." She then spoke very freely of the determination of the South to establish a separate government, with Mr. Davis at its head. Four years later, President and Mrs. Davis, as prisoners of war, passed through South Carolina on their way to Fortress Monroe. Mrs. Davis sent me a little colored boy, Jimmie Brooks, with the following letter:—"General Saxton.—My dear Sir: I send to your special care a small boy in whose welfare I take a very warm interest. He is free-born, and was a waif in the streets of Richmond, where he had taken refuge from the ill-usage of a free negro woman to whom his mother had left him on her death-bed. Upon examination, I found that he had been severely whipped, and I took him with the intention finally to bind him out to some one who would take care of him, and, for the time, separate him from her influence. Have since kept him because we had become attached to him. Circumstances have now rendered it impossible for me to do justice by him. I therefore send him to you, with a confident assurance that you will take an interest in his welfare and give him a little personal supervision. He is very bright and

brave, is eight years old, and of good constitution. Very respectfully yours, Varina Davis."

Jimmie *was* a very bright little fellow, and very loyal to his benefactors, President and Mrs. Davis. The night of his arrival, he was rescued from almost a mob of the servants in the kitchen of the headquarters. He had been singing for them, and this was his song:

"Jeff Davis rides on a milk-white steed,
And Lincoln, he rides on a mule;
Jeff Davis is the President,
And Lincoln is the fool."

His audience had been hanging "Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree" for some years, so poor Jimmie's song of loyalty to his benefactors was not appreciated. When the situation was explained, he sang his song no more, and, except to myself, declined all interviews upon the subject of his life with the Davises. He never swerved from his loyalty to them.

To return to my story. My journey to Fort Randall with recruits for the 4th Artillery was interrupted at St. Louis by the closing of navigation on the Missouri. Reporting to General Harney, commanding Department, he ordered me to report to Captain Lyon, at the St. Louis Arsenal. Lyon was there with another batch of recruits for the infantry. He directed me to drill the recruits, and get them well trained for active service. But when the river navigation opened, the country had gone too far on the war-path to care much for Fort Randall. At this time, Captain McCown, to whom I was to report with recruits, called upon me at the Arsenal to say good-bye. He had resigned, to share the fortunes of his State, and was on his way to Tennessee. He was a rough diamond; brave, energetic, and an accomplished soldier; and also noted for his strength of limb. He also fancied that his talents were not appreciated at headquarters. On one occasion he said to Lieutenant Vodges, the mathematician of the old army, "Vodges, can you tell me why it is that *you* are always on fancy duty at West Point, while *I* am forever roaming over

the frontier?" Vodges replied, with his peculiar nasal twang, "Certainly, McCown, when they graduated you and me at the Academy, they looked us over and seeing that *you had legs* and *I brains*, they have given us duty according to our different capacities." McCown became a Major General in the Confederacy.

The firing on Sumter caused intense excitement in St. Louis. The officers of our ante-bellum army enjoyed a great popularity among its four-hundred. It was a southern city, closely linked to New Orleans; all its sympathies were with the South.

General Harney was loyal to his country, but his environments were of the other side. Such stalwarts as Colonel Blair and Captain Lyon distrusted his actions; he was removed, and Captain Lyon reigned in his stead. Lyon was a unique character; no braver soldier ever lived. He had the extremest courage of his convictions. In religion, an Atheist; in politics, an Abolitionist; disloyalty to the flag was an unpardonable sin. Excitement ran high at headquarters. General Sherman, in his *Memoirs*, gives a description of Lyon, which is graphic. He writes, "I remember going to the arsenal on the 9th of May. Within the arsenal walls were drawn up on parallel lines four regiments of home guards. I also saw General Lyon, with his hair in the wind, his pockets full of papers, wild and irregular, but I knew him to be a man of vehement purpose and determined action. I saw, of course, that it meant business." The Arsenal was filled with arms, and it was feared that the two hundred recruits in charge of Lyon and myself were not a sufficient force to guard them. Lyon decided to remove them. He sent me to Springfield, Illinois, to arrange with Governor Dick Yates for their custody. They were "corn in Egypt" for the great war-governor, who needed arms for the thronging volunteers at the home of Abraham Lincoln. Upon my return to the Arsenal we worked all night and by daylight the arms were far on their way to Springfield.

The organization of the 1st Missouri Volunteers was a notable event of those days. The field officers were Colonel

Frank Blair, Lieut. Colonel Andrews, Majors Schofield and Saxton.

Blue blood in St. Louis curdled at the sight of loyalty to the Union. No quarter was to be given to Frank Blair. Slouched-hat veterans, imbibing Dutch courage at the bar of the Planters, or in the clubs, threatened to shoot him on sight should he dare to ride about the streets in the uniform of a Union Colonel. But the fearless Frank had donned his uniform for the war, and continued to wear it in public places.

A confederate camp was established at Linden Grove, called Camp Jackson. General Frost of the Missouri National Guard, was in command. One morning he said, "I suppose you people at the Arsenal are acting strictly on the defensive, and will not object to our moving our camp into the open field above you." I assured him that we were fond of good company, and that the place selected was a fine, sightly one, where they could overlook us. Upon reporting my interview to Captain Lyon, he ordered me to pitch tents, at once, for a regiment, on the proposed confederate camping grounds, and before sundown the starry flag was waving over the white canvas of a regiment. Captain Lyon became General Lyon. For so earnest and excitable a general, the position of a chief quartermaster was no sinecure, but involved untiring activity, night and day.

My tent was pitched by the Arsenal gate, to be convenient of access. General Lyon came there in the middle of one night, and said, "We must have reinforcements in here from the loyal element, or we cannot hold the Arsenal." He gave me orders to go at once to Turners Hall, in the city, and give passes for the loyal Germans to enter the Arsenal, with instructions to enter singly, to avoid the notice of the police, whose loyalty could not be relied upon.

I went to Turners Hall and wrote passes all night. By daylight 1200 loyal Turners were inside the Arsenal. They immediately armed and equipped, and marched out to the new camping ground. This movement was a complete surprise to the city, and increased the excitement.

General Lyon then determined to break up this camp at

Linden Grove. He gave me the command of the recruits I had been drilling, and we were expected to charge the Confederate batteries.

We started out from the Arsenal at gray of dawn. As we moved up towards the camp, instead of the expected greeting of grape and canister, we saw, with a sigh of relief, the white flag of surrender hoisted. The duty of escorting these prisoners to the Arsenal devolved upon my command. As the grim procession moved, excited crowds gathered; cheers for Jeff. Davis showed their politics. Several shots were fired at us; one struck the sergeant at my side. I notified the crowd that I should fire if this continued. This gentle admonition increased the row. A rough seized the 1st Sergeant, but the raw recruits behaved with perfect coolness. At the command, *ready, aim*, every man responded in perfect time, aiming low. Had the order *fire* been given, the slaughter would have been terrific. But the presence of numbers of women and children in the mob induced the order *recover arms*, and every musket was withdrawn. Scattering shots, however, came from a German regiment that followed the regulars, and about thirty were killed. A man named McDonald said that he had fired three shots at me from his revolver at ten paces.

The prisoners were escorted to the Arsenal, where quarters were provided for them. General Frost complained of his accommodations, and, as we had been friends, he was invited to share my bed; and the captive and captor slept soundly after the fatigues of the day.

Camp Jackson broken up, the Quartermaster's Department was fully occupied with the procuring of transportation for an expedition into the interior of Missouri, and this proved to be General Lyon's last campaign, as he was killed at Wilson's Creek. General Lyon and Colonel Blair were brave and patriotic soldiers. It was their prompt energy and sagacity that kept Missouri in the Union. Before I had completed my task of preparing transportation for poor Lyon's last campaign, an order came for me to report without delay to General McClellan, as chief quartermaster for his West Virginia campaign.

The affairs of the Quartermaster's Department there were in a most unsatisfactory condition. It required time, patience, and nervous energy to bring order out of the chaos. There was transportation enough with the different regiments but each one was reluctant to give up any it had brought to the field. There was one regiment moving to the front, with the greater portion of the boys gayly riding in their wagons. It was suggested to the Colonel that he should invite them to dismount and march. But the Colonel said, "The boys prefer to ride, they won't walk, and I will not undertake to make them." This early conflict between the staff and the line resulted in the dismounting of the boys, however.

McClellan's short and brilliant campaign in West Virginia culminated in the capture of General Pegram's command at Rich Mountain. Our forces, led by General Lauder, attacked by daylight, and after a short bloody engagement Pegram surrendered to McClellan.

After this success it was General McClellan's intention to move at once to Staunton. He was sitting on the ground in my tent, looking over the maps and pointing out our route, when an orderly brought him a telegram, which he read and handed to me. General Scott had telegraphed: "McDowell's army is retreating, a disorganized horde, come at once to Washington and take command of the Army of the Potomac." We drank to his success, and folded up our West Virginia maps. Wider fields had opened before him. He then remarked, "Saxton, you have been with me through all this campaign, and I shall esteem it a personal favor if you will go with me to Washington." Upon my explanation of the unsettled condition in which my affairs in St. Louis had been left, he kindly gave me an order to return thereto, settle up my business and then to report to him in Washington. By the time of my arrival in Washington, the organization of the great Army of the Potomac was far advanced, under the direction of its able organizer.

Upon reporting in Washington according to my orders, at General McClellan's headquarters, and being denied admittance to his presence, through a great misunderstanding, as I learned after the war from General McClellan himself, with

youthful arrogance, and a chip on my shoulder, I applied to be relieved from duty with the Army of the Potomac, and was ordered to report at once to General T. W. Sherman as chief quartermaster of his Expeditionary Corps. He directed me to go to New York and organize transportation for 14,000 troops, infantry, artillery and cavalry with supplies for a six-months campaign in a hostile country, providing boats and other facilities for rapid landing. For obvious reasons the destination of the great expedition was a profound secret. My requisitions for over a million dollars were honored to the extent of \$800,000 being placed to my credit with the Assistant Treasurer in New York. Provided with the sinews of war, my task appeared easy, but until the details are worked up it is difficult to realize the vast amount of war material required for such an expedition. It required but a single mathematical demonstration to show that it would severely tax the entire maritime resources of New York to supply the necessary sea-going craft. The owners of the great ocean lines, the Vanderbilts, Collins, Roberts and Lowe Brothers, responded promptly to an appeal to their patriotism and pockets. Their prices appeared high, but in view of the peculiar condition of affairs they were not exorbitant. The owners were anxious to sustain the government in its struggle for life, and all the sea-worthy steamers were chartered.

At this time, Commodore Vanderbilt owned the largest number of ocean steamers. He was talkative, and fond of exploiting. He was very proud of his great line of steamers, which he declared were better equipped than any that sailed in the world. Wishing to neglect no means of safety where so many lives were concerned, I appointed a commission, consisting of Captains Eldridge, Comstock and Grey, the best known sailors of the merchant service, to overhaul every steamer I had chartered, and to make a complete list of all the additional appliances necessary for the comfort and safety of transports loaded with troops and supplies in the heaviest storm that ever raged off Cape Hatteras. They did their work well, and prepared lists of everything required upon every ship that I had chartered. The lists

were long and expensive, especially so for the Vanderbilt steamers.

One morning, when the Commodore was speaking of his conquests on the sea, I asked him, "How is it, Commodore, that you, who aspire to be the King of the Ocean, have the most economically furnished vessels that sail out of New York?" He indignantly denied the charge, and declared that his ships were the best equipped. I then quietly handed him my list of articles that were lacking, and which he must put on his ships before I could accept them. Looking it over carefully he said, "I'll not do it." "Then I'll not take your ships." He pondered over the list again and put it in his pocket, remarking quietly, "Say nothing about it, I will put them on." He carefully supplied every article called for on the lists. The *Vanderbilt* was his pride. He considered it the finest steamer in the world. It was the fastest ocean greyhound of that day.

Before leaving New York with the Expeditionary Corps, he said to me, "Captain, I have about done with the ocean. My future conquests will be on the land. I intend to present the *Vanderbilt* to the government, and am going to own the New York Central, Hudson River and Harlem Railroads. Uncle Sam will never do much for you, come with me and I will do far better for you than he ever will." He presented the *Vanderbilt* to the government, succeeded in all his railroad enterprises, and laid the foundation of his colossal fortune.

But to return to the preparations for the expedition. It became necessary to provide a camping and drill ground, in the near neighborhood of New York, easy of access for the troops of the expedition awaiting embarkation. A camp was selected on Hempstead Plains, L. I., the present site of the Stewart Cathedral, then a barren waste of sand. Fourteen wells were dug, and all the essentials for a camp provided. As each vessel received its quota of troops and supplies, it was ordered to sail from New York and rendezvous at Fortress Monroe.

At length the preparations for the Expeditionary Corps were complete. On board were horses, mules, beef cattle,

building materials, saw mills, steam engines, engineering tools, ordnance, medical supplies, clothing, camp equipage, provisions,—everything for a six-months' campaign.

In these early days of the war the regiments were made up of intelligent, patriotic men. Such officers were there as Colonel Terry, who was afterwards Major General Terry, U. S. A., Colonel Hawley, now Senator Hawley, ever brave in action and wise in the councils of the nation. The soldiers of the Expeditionary Corps were in for a principle. Exposed to great discomfort, packed like sardines on the crowded transports, where there was much sickness, including small pox, they bore all these unaccustomed hardships like heroes.

The long delay in sailing from Fortress Monroe was disheartening. But at last, on the morning of October 29th, a signal gun from the flagship sent a thrill of delight through the vast fleet. It was the welcome announcement that the hour for sailing had at last arrived. The bands played, the soldiers and sailors cheered, as the army and naval squadrons, with 20,000 souls on board, moved out to sea. Never had the flag of the free floated over such an expedition. In those dark days of treason and rebellion, it was a sublime spectacle to see the mighty army of the Great Republic stretching out over the ocean. The *Wabash* was the flagship. At this time, there was no superior war vessel afloat, nor one commanded by a more accomplished set of officers. Commodore Dupont was the flag officer; Davis, fleet captain; Rodgers, captain; and Corbin, executive officer. This superb man-of-war led the fleet, flanked on the right by the *Ottawa*, *Pawnee*, *Isaac Smith* and *Curlew*. On the left were the *Umadilla*, *Seneca*, *Pembina*, *R. B. Forbes* and *Penguin*. The above-named men-of-war spread out at convenient distances, to give sea-room, and at the same time to observe all the signals from the flag ship. Behind the leading vessels of the fleet sailed the army transportation in three distinct columns, with one brigade in each column. The centre column was lead by the steamship *Atlantic*, with General Sherman and staff and the 3rd New Hampshire Volunteers on board. In this column was

also General Veile's brigade. The transports in this column were the *Atlantic*, *Vanderbilt*, towing the *Great Republic* with 1200 horses on board. The *Ocean Queen* towing the *Zenas Coffin*; the *Potomac*, *Winfield Scott*, *Union*, *Ericson* and *Cahauba*. The right column had General Steven's brigade, headed by the *Baltic* towing the *Ocean Express*; *Illinois* towing *Golden Eagle*; *Locust Point*, *Star of the South*, *Parkersburg*, *Bellville*, *Coatzales* and *Marion*. The left column had General Wright's brigade, on the transports *Empire City*, *Oriental*, *Philadelphia*, *Matanzas*, *Bendeford*, *Daniel Webster*, *Ariel Mercury*. On the right of the column, the farthest out to sea, were the *Pocahontas* and the *Alabama*. In rear, followed the *Mohican* and the *Seneca*. The vessels sailed under sealed orders, not to be opened until they were separated from the fleet. The Expeditionary Corps presented a grand spectacle by night as well as by day. The sky was clear, the ocean calm, as it bore on its bosom this great Armada. With the stars overhead, the stars in the water, the bright lights from the ship, scattered as far as the eye could reach, and the flashing of the signals, it all appeared in the darkness like a vast city of the sea.

The second day out passed without special incident. The speed of the flag ship was so regulated as to enable the slowest craft to keep their places in line, with all the distances preserved, like a grand army-corps on its march.

The third day opened warm and bright, with all the ships in position. But soon the clouds gathered. Cape Hatteras was again true to her traditions. A tremendous gale swept over the ocean and brought us a night of horrors. The *Atlantic*, with its brave commander, Captain Eldridge, passed the night in answering signals of distress. When morning dawned, the waves were mountains high, and over all the black and dreary waste of waters but one sail could be seen from the decks of the *Atlantic*. The storm had scattered the Expeditionary Corps to the four winds. It had been a night of anxiety and suffering. Four steamers and twelve lives made up the sum total of losses. It was a most gratifying reflection, to myself, that every vessel that I had chartered passed through the gale in safety. Brave

hearts and willing hands made heroic exertions on that dreadful night to rescue lives from a watery grave.

The next morning, at early dawn, an eagle, its pinions smiting the air, soared out of the clouds and rested on the top-mast of the *Atlantic*. We greeted it as the Spirit of Liberty and the harbinger of success.

The vessels lost were the *Governor*, with a battalion of marines on board; one corporal and three privates lost, the others were saved through the efforts of Captain Ringgold, of the *Sabine*, and Commander Nicholson of the *Isaac Smith*. The *Peerless* was lost, but the crew were saved by Lieutenant Godon, of the *Mohican*. The *Osceola* was lost on North Island, and all on board were captured by the enemy. The *Union* also shared her fate off Beaufort. The *Belvidere* was disabled and went back to Hampton Roads.

During the storm I had felt the greatest anxiety for a little river-steamer bearing the historical name of *May Flower*, sentimentally thinking that it might not be a good omen if such a vessel were lost. We overhauled her about dusk. She was battling bravely with the storm. Every wave swept completely over the decks of the little steamer. As each wave receded, the sailors would rush forward and put things to rights, and then rush back again to avoid the coming wave. It was a desperate game, and the foundering of this frail craft appeared so imminent that I shouted to her captain (Philips) to come on board the *Atlantic* and leave the *May Flower* to her fate. Above the roar of the tempest he shouted back in cheerful tones, "Go along with your old ark, I am going to share the fate of the *May Flower*." We went on, and he went out into the darkness and the storm. We saw no more of the *May Flower* until a week after our arrival in Port Royal. Looking out of my tent one fine morning, there she was, in full bloom. Captain Philips was at once promoted to be Brevet Commodore in the Quartermaster's Department.

But leaving the incident of the storm. As we neared Port Royal, it was seen that every light-house was dark and all the buoys had been removed from the bar and chan-

nel. Captain Boutelle, of the Coast Survey, who had triangulated the South Carolina coast, was present, and guided us safely over the bar. The men-of-war passed in first, and following them, one by one, came the army transports, looking battered and sea-worn by the storm. On the evening of November 4th, nearly all the vessels of the Expeditionary Corps were at anchor in Port Royal harbor. Four confederate gun-boats came up and fired a few shots, and then went up the bay. The batteries on Bay Point and Hilton Head opened fire, but their shots did not even make the eagle scream. It was a cheerful sight, after our stormy voyage, to see the Union fleet riding, in conscious strength, in plain view of the enemy's batteries. The guns of the war-ships were shotted, fighting signals hoisted, and decks cleared for action. The morning of the 7th of November dawned fair and beautiful; not a ripple on the surface of the sea. The air as balmy as a May day in New England. The battle day had come. Commodore Dupont began at dawn to prepare his fleet for action. General Sherman and staff called on board the flagship to say a parting word to Commodore Dupont and his officers. The *Wabash* looked like a prize-fighter, in superb training, with sleeves rolled up for action. Commodore Rodgers, considering me an expert in artillery practice, very kindly gave me the command of one of the guns on the *Wabash* for the fight, but General Sherman, ascertaining the cause of my absence, requested me to return at once on board the *Atlantic*. And so passed away forever my chance of becoming an Admiral.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, *it might have been.*"

Dupont, Davis, Rodgers and Corbin were the officers of the flagship. Stevens was the fighting commander of the *Ottawa*. The other commanders were Parrott, Steadman, Benham, Gillis, Ammen, Laidner, Nicholson, Godon, Bankhead, Cushman, and Drayton who trained his guns against his brother, who commanded the confederate forces. The *Atlantic* was anchored in a position to afford a fine view of the fight. General Sherman, with his staff, was on board.

Captain Pelouse, Adjutant General; Merrill and Badeau, Aides-de-camp; Captain Morgan, Chief Commissary; Gillmore, Chief Engineer; Porter, Chief Ordnance; Cooper, Medical Department; and myself, Chief Quartermaster.

The fleet lay two miles outside of a line connecting Forts Walker and Beauregard, the points of attack. The confederate works were two miles apart. The main column of attack was led by the flag-ship; commander, C. R. P. Rodgers, as cool a fighter as ever trained a gun. A ship's length behind followed the *Susquehanna*, (Lardner); *Mohican*, (Godon); *Seminole*, (Gillis); *Pawnee*, (Weyman); *Umadilla*, (Collins); *Ottawa*, (Stevens); *Pembina*, (Bankhead); *Vandalia*, (Haggerty); *Isaac Smith*, (Nicholson). The flanking column was led by the *Bienville*, (Steadman); followed by the *Seneca*, (Ammen); *Penguin*, (Budd); *Augusta*, (Parrott). The main column, headed by the *Wabash*, moved majestically onward towards the point of attack, Fort Walker. The latter's batteries opened fire promptly and vigorously. The flagship, stripped for the fight, moved silently and grandly on until within 800 yards, when she belched forth a terrific broadside into the fort, that appeared to tear everything before it, creating great confusion inside. She kept up her fire, moving slowly out of range of the fort, followed by other vessels, each in turn delivering its fire. When out of range, the flagship moved on the curve of an ellipse, at each turn coming nearer to the fort, moving more slowly; at the fifth turn, the great war vessel stopped, and it appeared as if she had *anchored* in front of the batteries. We then saw the white flag of surrender hoisted on the parapet of Fort Walker. Similar tactics were followed by the flanking column on fort Beauregard, and by two P. M. both of these strongholds were in our possession, literally torn to pieces by the cannonading from the ships. Commodore Rodgers hoisted the stars and stripes again over the sacred soil of South Carolina, where *Old Glory* had come to stay,—

“Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars grow old,
And the books of the Judgment Day unfold.”

The enemy fought with a steadfastness worthy of Americans, but as usual when "Greek meets Greek" the victory was with the heaviest battalions. A conspicuous figure in the action was No. 1 at one of the large Columbiads in Fort Walker. He was a hero. Every time the big gun was discharged, up sprang this red-shirted No. 1 and rammed the shell home, and then quickly covered himself under the parapet. His almost superhuman exertions were continued until nearly the close of the fight. At one of the fearful broadsides from the *Wabash* I saw, with a thrill of admiration and regret, the red-shirted gunner and the gun he had so bravely served disappear from sight forever.

Fourteen thousand soldiers witnessed this unequal contest from the decks of the army transports. It was a magnificent spectacle, and their first object-lesson in the grand drama of war. When our flag was seen floating over the captured forts, the bands played and the soldiers cheered the victorious sailors. It is easy to criticise after the battle and danger is past; but if the squadron had then been ordered to take Charleston, the order would have been carried out. The *Wabash* could not have crossed the Charleston bar, but there were lighter-draft vessels enough to have done the work. Tom Stevens on the *Ottawa*, for instance, and others that could be named, would have swept by the guns of Fort Sumter; Charleston would have fallen. The Navy having opened the way, it was now the Army's turn.

Port Royal Harbor is a fair-sized inland sea. The water is deep, and the tide strong, and liable to become rough in November. All the docks and landing places had been destroyed. The horses, mules, and beef cattle were hoisted up to the yard-arm and dropped into the bay, and they swam ashore, but provisions and camp equipage had to be carried through the surf, involving a great deal of hard work and exposure for the soldiers. But the mighty problem which corrugated the brows of the ordnance chief and my own was the landing of the siege guns and heavy ammunition. These were packed for transportation in the hold of the *Ocean Express*. Given a nervous and impatient commander, eager to enter upon a campaign, calling for heavy

guns packed way down in the bottom of a many-thousand-ton vessel riding at anchor in a rough bay, destitute of any wharf or landing place, and with most peremptory orders to unload *at once*, and you have the factors of the mental condition of the ordnance chief and the chief quartermaster. It has been said, that when Porter and the Chief Quartermaster have their nightmares, there still appears before their distorted visions the spectre of that *Ocean Express*, with all those heavy guns in the bottom of her hold!

It was evident that the quickest way to unload would be to build a wharf, and one was ordered. We invaded the pine forests of the Sea Islands for timber and piles, and soon the *Ocean Express* was made fast to a substantial pier, 1200 feet long and broad enough for several ocean steamers to tie up to in 25 feet of water at low tide. The unusual exposure of the soldiers caused much sickness, and a substantial hospital was built, also expensive stables and storehouses. In the succeeding months camp-followers came in great numbers, and built stores, saloons and hotels. There were regular lines of steamers to New York. The Naval Depot and workshops at Bay Point were tributary to Hilton Head, and it became a thriving city by the sea. General Sherman resolved to move against Fort Pulaski, the key to Savannah. He took Captain Gillmore and myself on the *Ben Ford* to make a reconnoissance of this fort. We went to Sybe Islands and there located the positions for the siege batteries. The enemy shelled us from the fort. Upon our return, as a piece of bravado, we steamed up within range and gave them a shot, a reminder of more that were coming. The batteries were at once placed in position, but before we were ready to open fire upon the fort, General Sherman was relieved of his command by General Hunter, who subsequently received the surrender of Fort Pulaski. The honor belonged to T. W., not William Tecumseh, Sherman. His relief from the command of the Department of the South was a military mistake. He was peculiar, and a severe martinet, but was competent, brave, honest, and patriotic. Every inch a soldier, he served his country with a rare singleness of purpose. He bore his loss of the command

he had labored so untiringly to organize, upon the eve of a great success, without a murmur, and carried the same industry and earnestness into new fields of duty. The occupation of the sea islands attracted thousands of destitute contrabands to our lines, and the Black American problem loomed up before General Sherman. Following the custom of commanding officers with reference to knotty questions, he immediately solved this one by turning it over to the quartermaster.

The arrival of General Hunter terminated my connection with the Quartermaster's Department for the remainder of the Civil War.

Colonel Elwell receipted to me for my responsibilities and I receipted for a brigadier's commission, and General Sherman and I went North together. He was assigned to the command of a division in the Army of the Potomac, and I to the command of the forces at Harper's Ferry.

ANNUAL MEETING—1918.

REPORT.

The annual meeting of the P. V. M. Association at Deerfield Tuesday reminds us once more of the great work this association has done in writing the history of the Deerfield valley. The ordinary person, while realizing the value of such history, does nothing to preserve it. It has remained to the few antiquarians grouped in the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association to see to it that the priceless relics of the past were not lost, and the history of the early days put on record. Great credit is due the late Historian, George Sheldon, for preserving to future generations the rich associations connected with the settlers of this region. The museum at Deerfield, which annually attracts thousands of persons from practically all over the world, is a monument to the devoted workers of the P. V. M. A., to say nothing of the historical records compiled and the boulders erected about the valley which mark spots hallowed by the sacrifices of the early pioneers whose descendants enjoy the fruits of their endeavors.

This was the 48th annual meeting of the Society. President John Sheldon presided and Secretary W. L. Harris read his report. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President, John Sheldon of Greenfield; vice-presidents, Rev. Richard E. Birks of Bernardston, Judge Franklin G. Fessenden of Greenfield; treasurer, John Sheldon; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, M. Elizabeth Stebbins; councillors, Edward A. Hawks, Agnes G. Fuller, Margaret C. Whiting, Asahel W. Root, Margaret Miller, L. Emerine Henry, Helen C. Boyden, all of Deerfield, Judge John A. Aiken, Judge Francis Nims Thompson, Mary P. Wells Smith, Albert L. Wing, Eugene A. Newcomb, George A. Sheldon all of Greenfield, Annie C. Putnam of Boston, Charles W. Hazelton of Montague.

Mrs. Sheldon was re-elected a trustee of the old Indian house homestead, and Miss Margaret Miller a trustee of the permanent fund.

The reports showed the finances to be in good condition. It was announced that by the will of Mr. Sheldon, the association had been left three shares of the Boston and Albany Railroad stock which should be a trust fund to be known as the Sheldon Publishing fund, the interest from which should be used for publishing original productions. Mrs. George Sheldon, John Sheldon and Judge Francis Nims Thompson were elected trustees to administer this fund.

In spite of war conditions, Mrs. George Sheldon, the curator, reports that the average number of visitors at Memorial hall the past five years, has nearly been reached this year, and 6241 persons from 43 of the 48 States, from Canada, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Hawaiian islands, China, Turkey, France, Holland, England and Ireland have availed themselves of the opportunities offered by the museum. Among the visitors was Rev. Roderick Terry of Newport, R. I., great-grandson of Rev. John Taylor, the third settled minister of Deerfield.

A notable contribution to the Museum is the working library of the late George Sheldon. There are 311 books and pamphlets, many of them rare and of particular value on account of marginal notes. It was Mr. Sheldon's wish that these become the property of the P. V. M. A. Gifts of old Sheldon furniture are also a valuable addition to the collection.

Perhaps the most attractive specimens of handiwork to be seen in the hall are two pieces of "New England tapestries," the work of Arabella Sheldon Wells, sister of Historian Sheldon and aunt of Mrs Mary P. Wells Smith. One of these represents the old Indian House and the other the Sheldon homestead. The tapestries were made by sewing narrow strips of different colored cloth on a solid background. The work is really wonderfully perfect even to the smallest details. These were among the furnishings given to the Association by Mr. Sheldon.

Much of the curator's time has been spent in the library,

classifying and arranging the books. Miss Jane Pratt has continued her efficient work on the card catalogue and Miss Mellen has proved a valuable assistant to the curator.

In the new room which was the old library has been arranged garments and headgear of the 18th and 19th centuries including gowns, wedding dresses, cloaks, bonnets, etc. There also is the Hannah Dawes case and the collection of historic canes. In the new room is shown a dress worn by "Little Mary" Hawks and a chair used by her.

Following the business meeting tributes to members who have passed on were read as follows: To Miss Abbie T. Montague by Mrs. G. F. Abbey of Sunderland; to Madeline Yale Wynne, written by Miss Annie C. Putnam of Boston and read by Mrs. George Sheldon. Miss Putnam from her long and close association with Mrs. Wynne is peculiarly fitted to pay tribute to the beautiful character of her friend and her paper was filled with impressions and incidents illustrating the busy and always helpful life of this well known woman. A tribute to Joseph H. Lamb, was written by Mrs. Clifford E. Bates and read by her niece, Miss Appleton.

There were brief remarks by Mrs. Homer S. Taylor, Isaac B. Snow, Judge Francis Nims Thompson, and others.

Mrs. Abbey's paper told much of the quiet efficiency of Miss Montague. She came from a long line of ancestry prominent in civil and religious life and she was a remarkably capable woman. She was deeply interested in the P. V. M. A., but it was in Sunderland that her activities were largely centered. She was for thirty years librarian and gave much thought to the interests of the children, particularly in later years to those of Polish parentage. She contributed largely to the *History of Sunderland*, being interested in research work and had a wonderful memory. She made legal papers, including deeds, mortgages and wills, and settled estates, and was most accurate in such work. She was a suffragist and deeply devoted to the cause and was broadly religious. Miss Montague was for years a correspondent of the *Gazette and Courier* and was most efficient in that capacity.

The tribute to Joseph H. Lamb, written by his daughter,

Mrs. C. E. Bates, showed the enterprise and success of a business man of the old school.

Adjournment was taken for supper, which was served by the women of Deerfield and as usual was a satisfying exposition of good housewifery.

President Sheldon also presided at the evening meeting, when papers on "The personality of the Rev. John Williams house" by Mrs. George Sheldon; "Incidents in the life of George Dennison Crittenden" by Mrs. Kate Upson Clark; and "Bright memories of 'Little Mary' Hawks" by Mrs. Mellicent B. Hatch of Orchard Lake, Mich., niece of "Little Mary," were read.

Singing by the choir under the leadership of Charles H. Ashley was a feature of the evening session. Rev. Dr. A. P. Pratt of Greenfield spoke briefly.

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark's paper was most entertaining and replete with charming description of Mr. Crittenden's rugged personality and recounts of several of his delightful stories.

Mrs. Sheldon's paper on "The personality of the Rev. John Williams house" was a vivid picture of many incidents of Deerfield life in its history-making epoch; the return of the pastor to his own, the building and furnishing of the home, his prominent place in the life of the community, an illuminating description of the house and the inventory of the estate of John Williams. In addition was included a brief sketch of the changes which have been made in the house through the years from 1707 to the present, together with a pen picture of those who have rested within its shelter and taken their part in the village life and its industry.

"Little Mary" was the daughter of Zur Hawks and Martha Arms. She was born in Deerfield on April 5, 1799, on what is called the Hawks homestead, now owned by Arthur Ware Ball. The name "Little Mary" was given her because she was a dwarf. At the suggestion of Mrs. Fidelia Porter, Mrs. Mellicent B. Hatch prepared and sent an interesting paper, which was read by Miss Jane Pratt.

"Little Mary" though small in stature, being but three feet and four or six inches tall, was capable and efficient. She

was possessed of a beautiful soprano voice and gave much pleasure by her singing. She was broadly religious and was much interested in the affairs of the village and in events of the day. She was the life of a class which met regularly and which was much the same kind of an organization as the women's clubs of today. She was a fine seamstress and a sample of the beautiful work done by her is on exhibition in Memorial hall.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

In spite of universal war conditions the average number of visitors at Memorial Hall the past five years has been nearly reached this year, and 6,241 persons have viewed the collection. They have come from 43 of our 48 States; from Canada, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Hawaiian Islands, China, Turkey, Holland, France, England and Ireland. Eight schools and colleges have been represented by classes.

One of the visitors to the Hall, and an interested contributor to the permanent fund, was Rev. Roderick Terry of Newport, R. I., a great-grandson of Rev. John Taylor, our third settled minister, who succeeded Parson Ashley in 1787, and remained here until 1806. Mr. Taylor published a *Journal of a Missionary Tour in Western New York* which our library possesses. The "*History of Deerfield*" says,—“in this trip he [Mr. Taylor] visited many settlements on the Mohawk and Black rivers. He traveled about 1000 miles on horse-back during the three months' absence [from Deerfield], preached five or six times a week, organized churches, ordained deacons, visited schools, the sick and the dying; with all this he took time to visit historic places and make drawings, notably the ruins of ancient forts found in the town of Ellisburg, near Ontario.” The tastes of Rev. Mr. Taylor are evidently inherited by his great-grandson, who we are glad to say, is now thinking of preparing a paper on his great-grandfather for our Association.

The most notable contribution to our Museum is the personal working library of Mr. Sheldon. It was his wish that

his historical and genealogical books, pamphlets and manuscripts be given to the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. There are 311 books and pamphlets, and these fill an alcove in the library. Many of them are rare, and the numerous marginal notes add to their value. There are five large historical scrap books, all indexed, offering a rich field to the student of early New England, especially of early life in Old Deerfield.

His manuscripts, dating back to Colonial and Revolutionary days, have been added to the manuscript collection. It was Mr. Sheldon's wish that his genealogical letters, numbering several hundred, should be distributed in the family boxes of the manuscript department. This will be done the coming spring.

Besides the additions to the library Mr. Sheldon has given several articles of furniture belonging to his mother and grandmother, and two remarkable pieces of hand-work made by his sister, Arabella Stebbins (Sheldon) Wells. One of these represents the Sheldon House where five generations of Sheldons have lived for a longer or shorter time, and the other the "Old Indian House." These are made of narrow strips of cloth sewed on canvas and the edges turned outward. The cloth was dyed by Mrs. Wells, and the whole work was conceived and executed in the spirit of love. Indeed her love for Deerfield and the house where she was born was so all-controlling that she knew naught of time or patience or weariness. These "New England tapestries," as an artist has described them, will be permanently hung in the Hall.

Besides these contributions the Museum has received from various sources 184 books and pamphlets, 25 newspapers, maps, etc. and 54 miscellaneous articles. One of the most valuable books received is "The Old Silver of American Churches" given by the Society of Colonial Dames of America through Miss Ellen Chase of Brookline, Mass.

Most of the curator's time from May to November was spent in the library, classifying books and getting them ready for cataloguing. Miss Jane Pratt has continued her efficient work on the books and the card catalogue. This

is, in fact, a long, laborious undertaking, but Miss Pratt's persistency will conquer, and we hope by another year to make a final report.

The Domestic Room with its spinning wheels, flax wheels and loom now has a companion room where the products of the wheel and loom are displayed. This is the old library which has been thoroughly renovated, and some of the open bookcases transformed into the present closed cases with glass doors.

The contents of this room were arranged by the assistant, Miss Mellen, and so far as practicable, the arrangement is chronological. At the left as you enter are garments of the 18th century, the large, brightly-colored cloak, dating back to 1766 attracting much attention. The calashes, bonnets and pumpkin hoods fill two wall cases. A new device originated and made by the President of the Association exhibits finely our rare collection of historic canes.

This room was opened to the public in August.

Cases A and B in the Main Hall, which formerly held wearing apparel have been provided with shelves, and case B is now devoted to those pieces of china and glassware which have some special interesting history.

The many rooms in Memorial Hall all bear witness to the constant and thoughtful care of the assistant, Miss Mellen. A tendency to neatness and order is evidently a part of her inheritance, and visitors to the Museum have spoken of the excellent condition of the collection. I wish to place on record my appreciation of her faithful service.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 26, 1918.

NECROLOGY.

MADELINE YALE WYNNE.

BY ANNIE C. PUTNAM OF BOSTON.

To the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

Fellow-Members and friends:—

In the death of Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne this Society has lost a loyal friend, and a wise counsellor, and it is for this reason that her name is on our lips today. But with those who have had the happiness of knowing her personally, that which must always be uppermost in the thought of her, is the impression of joyousness, of an enthusiastic belief in life, a conviction that with all its trials, life has been worth while.

May I say a few words about the circumstances which helped in the development of Mrs. Wynne's natural endowments.

Madeline Yale was born in the picturesque hill-town of Newport, Herkimer Co., N. Y. Below the bank on which the house stands, runs a stream, which tempted her father's skill as an angler, and at the end of the garden was his studio, where Madeline spent many happy hours. Across the road, and a few rods nearer the town, stood her grandfather's house, of brown-gray stone, four-square to the winds of heaven, and near-by, his workshop, the birth-place of the Yale lock. It is to the grandfather that credit is due for the original invention of the locks to which the name of Yale is given, but it was the lock with the small flat key, invented later by Linus Yale, Jr., that made the name famous the world over.

Madeline was never robust, but an out-of-doors life, and health-giving surroundings not only strengthened her physically, but made her keenly alive to all that was beautiful in the world about her—the early Spring flowers, the song of the birds, the colors of sky and field and wood. The

deep love of these things never left her but, as time went on, became a passion with her. With her receptive nature she was especially happy in her early bringing up, with her mother's vigorous literary tastes, her respect for Duty with a big, big D., and her abhorrence of all that was morbid, on the one hand, and on the other, her father's delicate artistic tendencies, which showed themselves in his fine mechanical skill, as well as in drawing and painting. These tendencies were not only inherited by Madeline, but they were carefully fostered in her, with the result that a beautiful bit of craftsmanship, or a well-made, well-adapted tool, was to her an object of reverence. Also she both worked and played with her two brothers, who adored her, and respectfully treated her like any other good fellow, challenging her to many a daring feat in the way of swimming, skating, etc., and this training, also, she valued very highly. Later they were all three pupils at Eagleswood, N. J., her elder brother John being the first to go, and it is recorded that at Madeline's arrival, the word sped through the school that "John Yale's sister has come, and she is a beauty." This school was in those days considered a distinctly "crescent" one, keeping well abreast of the times. At its head was Theodore Weld, abolitionist and righter-of-wrongs, and among its teachers and friends were enrolled a notable company of literary men and women. Mrs. Yale was herself one of this group of teachers, "a mellow and broad" reformer, bringing to her work an unquenchable enthusiasm. She was a true lover of good books, and like many another lover, often a jealous one, made unhappy, even roused to anger, when some irreverent hand had placed a frivolous novel on her book-shelves, shoulder to shoulder with her Emerson, or the Bhagvat Geeta! She never tired of reading aloud, from Sappho and Homer, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot. Thus the Classics became as familiar as other story books, so that on our first visit to the Archæological Museum in Athens, Mrs. Wynne unhesitatingly recognized as old friends, the gold ornaments, etc., from the excavations at Troy, with which Homer had made her well acquainted. Nor was a lively sense of humor lacking to the attractions

of the family, their wit being turned on their own foibles and mistakes rather than on those of their neighbors. A "true Princess" Mrs. Wynne clearly showed herself to be, in that she was quick to detect any suggestion of a rose leaf in her bed. Her sensitiveness never became a hindrance to her, however, as with it went generous impulses, and a forceful character to carry them out. A range of qualities that makes for heroism, and that called forth the expression "our gallant, splendid Madeline," from a friend who knew her well. I have never admired her more than when I saw her step aside on a wet city sidewalk, to crush out the suffering remnant of life from the tiny body of a half-hatched, half-drowned little bird. She literally took its sufferings upon her own shoulders, and they remained with her into the watches of that night.

Mrs. Wynne held her brilliant and varied gifts, in trust, as it were, for her friends. To the smallest child, as to the guest of honor, she gave of her wit and charm without stint, and her beautiful smile and gracious welcome, to the thoughts, as well as to the person of her friends, will always be remembered with pleasure. Her coming into a room seemed to fill it with light and warmth, as does a gentle Spring sunlight. A frequent sojourner in Tryon once said of her home there, "There are always a great many pleasant people in this town, and one meets them all at this house." Through music, literature, and dramatics, she brought together in friendly social bonds, the people of North and South, householder, and the stranger within the gates.

Of her contributions to literature all too few have been published; she had written out, however, a number of stories and other papers, to which she had hoped to give the last touches this summer before publishing them. Her "Story of a little Room" which was imagined and related for the first time at one of the Deerfield "Ghost-parties" many years ago, was later written out, and published with two or three other stories of her own weaving, by Way and Williams of Chicago. Still later, if I am not mistaken, Harper Bros. asked permission to publish it with a group of stories "Told at Dusk" which Mr. Howells was instru-

mental in collecting. To this request Mrs. Wynne answered that she "should be very glad to give them a lease of the Little Room." Its title has been further distinguished by its adoption by a Club of artists, architects, literati, and musicians; this at the suggestion of Eugene Field at the formation of the Club about twenty-five years ago in Chicago. Mrs. Wynne's writing was a sort of crystallization of her wonderful gift of speech, her sprightly fashion of putting wit into wisdom, and wisdom into wit, of gay and unexpected thrusts and sallies that made her companionship delightful beyond compare.

Both as an artist and teacher of art, Mrs. Wynne has been an inspiration to a vast number of friends and to many a struggling student. She greatly admired the work of the late George Fuller and felt that his influence had been of infinite value to her. She showed a fine sense of color in the use of both water-color and oils. The charm of her work was as varied in kind, as was her choice of subject. Whether it expressed the delicate beauty of a child, or a flood of sunlight on an old gnarled beech-trunk, or the ghostly suggestion of a woman's figure coming back to warm its hands, at the fire which glows through the gray wraith, her work was never commonplace, but led one on to dream dreams.

Long before the day of Arts and Crafts Societies, Mrs. Wynne was an enthusiastic worker in metals, and later in the fashioning of beautiful things of gold and silver, enamels and precious stones; she was a very stimulating leader, reveling in the rich combinations of form and color that this art made possible to her. She was never hampered by tradition, but preferred to let herself be largely guided by her materials, rather than to force them to carry out a pre-conceived idea, thus working, as did her father, in the true Mediæval spirit, with a single eye to the fitness and beauty of things. Her life in Chicago with her brother Julian was an ideal one, especially in their workshop where he found his best refreshment, after a long day at his office, hammering and soldering with her to the great enjoyment of both.

It is fair to presume that Mrs. Wynne had faults, though I find myself strangely unaware of them. Perhaps the close companionship of more than half a life-time has not made of me an impartial judge.

Undoubtedly she was led astray by her impulses at times, as to think, with her, was to act. But this is certain—that had she been less impulsive, innumerable kind and wise deeds would have remained undone. We may well say of her, as stands recorded of one of her collateral Welsh ancestors that “To whomsoever he could he did good.” When she gave of her affection, her wisdom, her quick wits, she gave generously, with her whole heart. Let me quote, in closing, from a beautiful tribute to her by her friend, Mrs. Peattie, which was printed in the *Chicago Tribune*:

“To tell what she has done, however, in no way conveys what she was. She entered a new neighborhood only to give it fresh vitality, and to open up the minds and hearts of her neighbors. Physically she was rarely beautiful, delicate as fine glass, and luminous with the spirit.—Her house became in spite of her quietness, a salon, wherever she lived, and her loss will be felt by many persons in many places. But she was one of those whose influence continues like the over-tones of a beautiful bell. Identified all her life with beauty, and ideals of brotherhood, the memory of her is in itself a great possession.”

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JOSEPH H. LAMB.

BY GRACE LAMB BATES.

Joseph H. Lamb traced his ancestry back to a Captain in the British Army who emigrated to America about the time of the Revolution and settled in Framingham, Mass., later moving to Guilford, Vermont.

Joseph H. Lamb's grandfather was Nathan Lamb, born May 24th, 1765, and his grandmother was Lucy Pepper,

who was born Feb. 18th, 1768. They were married in Jan., 1783. They had a son Mason Lamb, who was born in Phillipston, Mass., Feb. 3rd, 1799, and the following year the family moved to Guilford, Vt. Joseph H. Lamb was one of the thirteen children born to Mason Lamb, and he was born in Vernon, Vt., Oct. 11th, 1830. The only one of the thirteen children now living is Albert E. Lamb of Greenfield, Mass. Mason Lamb died Jan. 14th, 1846, at the age of 46 years.

Samuel O. Lamb, son of the Rev. Amherst Lamb, was an own cousin to Joseph H. Lamb. Samuel O. Lamb was a leading lawyer in Greenfield for over fifty years.

Joseph H. Lamb lived on the farm in Vernon, Vt., until he was of age. In his boyhood he attended the little red schoolhouse, and often told of the spelling classes held in the district schools of those days. He also attended Melrose Seminary in Brattleboro, Vt. He disliked farm life and for that reason came to Greenfield when 21 years of age, in 1851, and went to work for the Greenfield Tool Co. on Wells St., which is now owned by Nichols Bros. and the American Tap & Die Co. At this time the shop was owned by the firm of Gunn & Amidon, and it will be remembered that the Hon. L. J. Gunn, now deceased, was the senior member of this firm.

Mr. Lamb later worked for the John Russell Cutlery Co. on Deerfield St. This firm at present is located in Turners Falls. Sixty years ago, in 1858, Mr. Lamb opened a restaurant in a building on the present site of the Pond Block, where C. N. Payne's drug store and Spaight & Co's. dry goods store is now located. This building burned, and Mr. Lamb then conducted a restaurant on Clay Hill, near the present site of the hardware store of Joel M. Stearns. This restaurant was famous in those days for its oyster stews. In these days Mr. Lamb used to play for dances with the late John Putnam, Philo Temple Lyons and others whom we do not now recall, playing at the Greenfield Meadows Tavern, now the home of Hon. Frank Gerrett, also at the Half Way House in Bernardston, and dances in this vicinity, playing in both bands and orchestras. In those days people

traveled in stage coaches and had dances frequently, people coming to them for miles around. While Mr. Lamb was in the restaurant business, his musical talent and natural liking for music, led him to purchase a melodeon or two, and thus he gradually worked into the music business. His store on Clay Hill was burned, and in 1874 he moved into the building where a portion of the First National Bank is now, buying the fixtures of the store of the late Geo. Eddy, who conducted a shoe store here. This Mr. Eddy was the father of the well known organist Prof. Clarence Eddy. At the time Mr. Lamb was in business at this location, the Greenfield Post Office was right next door. On account of increasing business, about 15 years ago the First National Bank wanted the store where Mr. Lamb was located, and he then purchased the block on Federal St. which he owned at the time of his death, and moved his music business there. He purchased this block of the late Rufus A. Packard estate, which also included the Gascoigne property. This store was occupied by Wm. Wise as a grocery store in olden times, and then owned by Chas. N. Reed. Mr. Lamb continued in business here until he retired from active business life four years ago, on Oct. 11th, 1914, on his 83rd birthday.

About 25 years ago he went abroad and traveled extensively. He was always very fond of outdoor life and was especially interested in hunting. In 1860, on June 28th, he joined the Republican Lodge of Masons and was one of their oldest members at the time of his death. He had always taken an active interest in the Methodist Church, having joined that church in 1853. He was Superintendent of its Sunday School for over thirty years, was a class leader for many years, and was a steward and also a trustee at the time of his death. He joined the P. V. M. Association about ten years ago and faithfully worked to sustain the society, taking a great interest in its meetings. He was a member of the Old Folks Society of Charlemont and an honorary member of the G. A. R.

On July 6th, 1854, he was married to Mary A. Potter, daughter of Geo. W. Potter. She was born Dec. 25th, 1836,

and at the time of her marriage she lived on Federal St. on the site of the present High School. Geo. W. Potter will be remembered as a leading man about town in his time. He built the dam at Turners Falls, was a Representative, and took an active interest in the town's affairs. At one time he owned Lake Pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb had seven children. There are 15 grandchildren living and 6 great-grandchildren. The Lamb home had always been a most hospitable one, and every night relatives and friends congregated there.

Mr. Lamb was probably the longest time in business without a change in the firm, of any merchant in Greenfield. He was a strong believer in the old saying that it pays to advertise, and his name was known everywhere for miles around. In connection with his music business he used to travel all over Franklin County, and he was a well-known figure in the community. He placed the first Estey organs ever used in town, and had also been a successful merchant.

There is sorrow in the hearts of all of us who knew him, that he has passed on. He was a man ever modest and true, a thorough Christian, and one whom we will always revere. His memory we shall cherish as a heavenly benediction. Although 87 years of age, he was young in spirit, always eager, and no one enjoyed a joke better than he. His loss will be felt in the entire community, but he was one whose influence will always linger.

ABBIE T. MONTAGUE.

BY ELIZA P. ABBEY.

We in Sunderland are about to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the settlement of our town and in preparation for that event Miss Abbie T. Montague will be greatly missed.

While she was keenly interested in everything going on in the world today she had a special love for delving into

the records of past years, and her wonderful memory made her invaluable in this direction.

She was descended from a long line of prominent ancestry connected with both the civil and religious life of our town from its first settlement.

She was born Nov. 8, 1852, in the ancestral home surrounded by broad acres which had belonged to the family for several generations. Her early school life was in the district school of that period and this was supplemented by a short course at Vassar College. She was a thorough student, rather quiet and reserved yet keenly appreciating a joke not only as a girl but through all her later years. In 1887 she became librarian of the Sunderland public library, which position she occupied continually for thirty years.

Always patient, we did not realize how much we leaned upon her judgment and wise selection of books until her chair was vacant. She gave to the children her best guidance and to the Polish children especially her loving service.

She introduced up-to-date methods from time to time, keeping pace as far as possible with modern methods in library work.

Perhaps her work which will be longest remembered was that in connection with our town history. Preparation for the same was begun by the Hon. Henry W. Taft of Pittsfield. His work was supplemented by Mr. John M. Smith of Sunderland but the correcting and amplifying especially of the genealogical part was the work of Miss Montague. Patiently she went from house to house collecting dates, gathering anecdotes and reminiscences and compiling them with painstaking care.

Her accuracy was never questioned and in how many homes the last word had been said even in heated controversy, when reference has been had to our town history.

When we of this generation have passed on, the book will doubtless stand a source of reliable information in local affairs due in no small part to Miss Montague's untiring efforts.

Of late years she has filled an important place in the doing

of legal work in connection with the writing of deeds and mortgages, the drawing of wills, while she was also entrusted with the settlement of a number of estates. Twice at least during recent years she has taken the census of our town, covering the ground almost entirely on foot. This work is especially arduous with us on account of our foreign population.

Miss Montague was an ardent suffragist and aided the cause in every way possible. The aims and ideals of the organization represented here today lay very near her heart, but the constant demands of her local work prevented her from giving the Association the active interest and efficient service for which she was so eminently fitted. Deeply religious in her nature, she joined the Sunderland church at an early age.

These later years she has been a communicant of Grace Episcopal Church of Amherst, Mass., and all through the years was an active worker. Especially was she interested in home and foreign missions and held offices of trust in both organizations.

Thus have I tried to outline Miss Montague's activities rather than dwell upon her characteristics because they seem to reveal her inner life better than any words of mine could do. She sat with us one evening in April in the social circle, and the next morning left us very quietly.

Who will say that such a life is ended? Nay, rather it is still going on in that land where the limitations of the flesh are known no more.

GEORGE DENNISON CRITTENDEN.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

This Association suffered a serious loss last May in the death, on the twentieth of that month, of George Dennison Crittenden of Shelburne Falls, for many years one of its active and honored members. Mr. Crittenden had prepared

several valuable papers for the Pocumtuck Valley meetings. He was a man of sterling integrity and judgment and possessed a wonderful memory. Above all, he was intensely interested in the old times and loved to dwell upon them. He was a warm friend of Mr. Sheldon for fifty years. They had served together in the Legislature of 1867, and had boarded together at the Quincy House.

Born in Hawley, on August 30, 1827, he lived there, going to the district school, and later to the famous Grove Academy at Charlemont for his education, and working on his father's farm; then teaching for awhile; until in 1850 he became interested in the lumber business, in which he remained until his death. In the hard times following the flood of 1869, he was the only lumber dealer in Western Massachusetts who did not fail. He removed from Hawley to Buckland for the convenience of his business, and lived there until 1902, when he crossed the river to Shelburne Falls, where he resided during the rest of his life.

Mr. Crittenden was one of the most charming talkers I ever knew. He seemed to have been acquainted with all the notable people in this part of the country, and to have remembered all of the interesting things that they ever said or did. It was a rare privilege to sit down with him when he felt disposed to discuss the olden time, and lead him on from story to story.

One of the tales current in his family was of an old Hawley worthy, who was in the habit of praying by name for his neighbors in the weekly prayer-meeting. One night he offered this petition: "O Lord, bless Brother Clapp and Brother Jones, O Lord, both of 'em living in the same house and both of 'em living with their second wives,—singular circumstances, O Lord!"

Another was of a family of boys in East Hawley, all of whom were in the militia, and all of whom were a credit to their town except Sam. He was afraid of the sound of a gun, and his brother reported to their mother after a certain training-day that Sam had not once fired his gun.

The old lady had had a Revolutionary father, and had no idea of having a coward for a son.

"Come out here with me, Sam," she said indignantly, marching him into the yard, "and I'll show you how to fire your gun."

She put the weapon to her shoulder and fired, and was immediately thrown to the ground, for the soldiers had fired eight times that day, and Sam had loaded every time. As he saw her fall, he shrieked out, "Take care, mother, there's seven more coming!"

Those old "Queen's Arms" used to "kick" far worse than the modern rifle, but Sam evidently thought that the charges would go off one at a time, so never warned his intrepid mother.

Stories like these were always on hand with Mr. Crittenden. He told them with admirable restraint, never adding any fancy coloring. This gave them the verisimilitude which was one of their chief charms.

In 1905 he prepared for this Society a paper of "Personal Recollections," which those who heard it cannot fail to remember. In order to show how many famous and near-famous men and women had come from this part of the country, he had taken his stand upon Parker's Hill in Hawley, the third highest eminence in the State, and had described the birthplaces or later residences of such people that he could see from there. It was an ingenious and effective scheme. Among the places thus commemorated were the birthplaces of William Cullen Bryant; U. S. Senator H. L. Dawes; Jonas King, the missionary to Greece and Palestine; Henry W. Shaw, who, under the pen-name of "Josh Billings," made a national reputation as a humorist; Elder John Leland, the intimate friend of Jefferson and Madison; Susan B. Anthony, the beloved and ever undismayed pioneer in the woman suffrage movement; Brigham Young the Mormon; George M. Stearns, the distinguished lawyer; Charles Dudley Warner; Col. Hugh Maxwell, the faithful Revolutionary soldier, whom I am proud to claim as my own great-grandfather; Mary Lyon, who did more for the education of women than probably any other person that ever lived; Marshall Field, the great Chicago merchant; William C. Whitney, who filled the post of a cabinet minister

more than creditably; Governor George N. Briggs, than whom Massachusetts, in her long list of good governors, never had a better; and William and Gerard Hallock, who, as, respectively, Secretary of the American Tract Society and Editor of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, were highly respected in the metropolis.

It was undoubtedly true that from this point, as Mr. Crittenden said, you can see "an expanse of country that is identified with more people who have become eminent in their various callings, than can be found in an equal expanse of country anywhere in this land." And he did not pretend that he had mentioned them all.

He described the sensation created by the poetical "Embargo" of Bryant written by him at the age of fourteen, in order to down Jefferson, whom his father's strong Federalism had caused him to dislike; the intense political interest of his later years, when he made the *New York Evening Post* a power in the land, was foreshadowed in this clever boyish production. Mr. Crittenden also quoted from Mr. Bryant's own lips the now familiar story of the circumstances under which he wrote "Thanatopsis" and "To a Waterfowl;" and told of the work of his less famous brother, John Howard Bryant.

Though Fanny Kemble was not born in this wonderful stretch of country, she lived for a time in Lenox, and Mr. Crittenden tells of an old farmer, who was hired to take her to ride. He talked too much to suit her, and she said to him, "Sir, I hired you to drive for me, not to talk to me."

When his bill came in, one item on it was, "Sass, \$5."

"What is this?" she inquired.

He replied firmly, "That is for sass, ma'am. I don't ginally take any on't, but when I dew, I charge for it." And she paid it.

She was a pretty good woman, but she probably had something of the hauteur of her famous aunt, Sarah Siddons.

Mr. Crittenden was a man of supreme patriotism, and his description of the Battle of Bennington and of the Revolutionary heroes whom he remembered, are full of enthusiasm. His account of the disastrous expedition of

Arnold, with its interesting details, contains much which can hardly be found elsewhere; as also that of Shays' Rebellion. His stories of the strict integrity of some of the well-known characters hereabout, a hundred or more years ago, make us proud of our own connection with Massachusetts, but he was a man of strict but never narrow religious views, and his disgust is evident when he tells of Apollos Barnard's saying, that "a Baptist minister was not allowed to assist at a funeral" in Shelburne Falls in the early days.

The first three-story building in Franklin County was put up in 1830 for the Franklin Academy. They had meant to have it only two stories, but the Baptists had paid for another story in order to hold their services in it. "Uncle Jarvis" was then running the village hotel, and said that one of his guests went up one morning to see the new building. He came back almost used up with the experience,—it had made him dizzy to look at it. He would be dizzy than ever if he could look at our Woolworth Tower and Equitable building.

In Mr. Crittenden's delightful reminiscences of Shelburne and vicinity occur many names which are familiar to us who were brought up there, and of which it is good to be reminded,—“Uncle” Jarvis Bardwell, General Thomas Longley, Mr. Frank Ripley, Col. Phelps, Deacon Phineas Field, Mr. Clark Slate, Dr. Charles Knowlton, Parson Jonathan Grout, Parson Tyler Thatcher (whose voice could be heard in Charlemont village when he preached in Hawley meetinghouse), Col. Abel Williams, Joseph and Whiting Griswold, Squire Zebulon Field, and many others.

I have never heard of an antiquarian or anyone fond of cherishing the memories of the past, who was a bad man, though there may be such. Mr. Crittenden certainly was one of the best men I ever knew. When it was a cause of ridicule and contumely, he was a prohibitionist, and so he remained to the end, seeing then the likelihood that our whole country would ere long go “dry.”

He was married in 1853 to Miss Lucelia Dawes, who was nearly connected with the Senator, and he remained her devoted lover to his last day. He almost worshipped his

mother, who was Esther Lathrop of Hawley, and his lifelong devotion to his three sisters and brother in Charlemont was beautiful. Two of his sisters survive him. My summer home has been with them for many years, and thus I have had an opportunity to meet often this brother, who was constantly thinking of something new for their comfort and happiness.

Mr. Crittenden was always active in the affairs of his town, trying to make it a better place to live in. For fourteen years he was a member of the Buckland school-committee, was moderator of the annual town-meeting for thirty years, served on the Board of Assessors and Selectmen, and represented his district in the General Court in 1867. In 1868 he was elected County Commissioner, and served six years, becoming one of the best known men in this part of the State in business circles. He was a Republican until 1884. He was a justice of the peace by successive appointments for forty years, a trustee of Arms Academy for twenty-one years, and one of the original trustees of the Shelburne Falls saving bank.

He was the second oldest member of the Congregational Church of Shelburne Falls, having joined it in 1858. He has left eight daughters, eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

An authority on the events and conditions of the old days has departed in Mr. Crittenden. He had not, like Mr. Sheldon, been able to devote a large part of his life to the work, but in his section there was not a family name and scarcely a tradition that he did not know,—and he was greatly beloved. Especially was he dear to the aged and to the very young. By the latter he was immensely admired. A young man not long ago was speaking of fishing for trout in Hawley Brook and of Mr. Crittenden's remarkable skill at it.

"We would go out and fish all day, and come back with just a little string," he complained; "while Mr. Crittenden would drive up from the Falls and go out for three or four hours, and come back with twice as many. He certainly was a corker at fishing."

He loved the sports as well as the scenes of his boyhood, and loved to renew them.

His sense of humor was one strong element in his popularity, and in his success at story-telling. Even to the last days of his life, this remained with him. His quick appreciation of eloquence and of poetry was also to the end a source of comfort and joy to him. He knew by heart much of the poetry of Bryant and Lowell, having learned early in life "Thanatopsis" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and many of their shorter poems.

His extreme conscientiousness and constant sense of duty showed even in what most men consider trifles. Thus he would never use tobacco, and when he gave candy to children he would say, "I can buy candy with my tobacco money." It is strange that more men do not stop to calculate the things they could buy with their "tobacco-money."

There are not many men left like George D. Crittenden. His memory lies like a shaft of light along the eighty-nine years of his fragrant life. Those who knew him will ere many years follow him into the Unknown,—but long after they are gone, the influence of that good life of his will lend its pure stream to sweeten and make wholesome the great river of all life. It is such as he who have made our country what it is. We are proud to have known him. We mourn that he has gone, but deeper than our mourning is our joy that he lived.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS HOUSE.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Let us make haste slowly while we dwell upon the picture of the resurrection of Deerfield from dire disaster by bullet, hatchet and flame.

Three years had passed since the appalling tragedy. Now, in 1707, John Williams, the beloved minister, was coming

back to his people—the man who had had the power to speak, the power to comfort his desolate flock by the ice-bound river on their Canadian march, *the first Sunday after the wreckage of all he held most dear on earth.*

As I stood last summer near this spot, amid a wilderness of trees, encircled by the self-same hills these stricken captives looked upon, I was indeed glad that the nameless stream of 1704 bore today, and would bear to future generations the name of Williams. Aye, call it holy ground where faith and resolution triumph over black despair.

Yes, as I say, the pastor was coming back to his own. A feeling even of joy animated these men of Deerfield when, on the evening of Jan. 9, 1706-'07, they agreed and voted that the "Towne would build a house for Mr. Jno. Williams. . . as big as Ens. Jno. Sheldon's a back room as big as may be thought convenient."

Can you not see these sturdy yeomen, strong through the discipline of struggle, hastening to the mountain which still nourished many a primeval oak and pine.

The Historian of Deerfield has described in graphic language the building of the first house for the minister twenty years before. In the main the description applies equally well to the house of 1707. I quote in part:—

"What . . . excitement among the people when the preparation for the enterprise began! Before the dawn on the day set, the smoke from every chimney was climbing the still frosty air, showing that all were astir. Breakfast by the light of the blazing pine knots, and a prompt gathering on the common. With what zeal and energy . . . the carpenters lead the woodmen with axes on their shoulders up the steep side of the East Mountain, and point out the trees which after careful search they had selected and marked for sacrifice! The biggest and tallest pines that seem to be pillars supporting the sky are to be sawed into boards, the straightest and cleanest to be cut into bolts for clapboards and shingles. . . . With what care will the boards be culled over, that no hiding knot may peep out to mar the wide panels. . . .

"Again the mighty oaks for sills and plates and summer-

trees. They had wrestled with the stormy winds of centuries, and at each encounter struck their roots more deeply into the earth; they had gathered sap from the soil formed by countless generations of trees, which had sprung up and been nourished upon the ashes of countless generations before them. The strength of the ages had now been garnered in their ponderous trunks and gnarled branches.

"Many and willing hands make light . . . work and soon the lively echoes were sending from the heights to the valley the mingled sounds of varied activities,—the sharp-speaking axe eating its way little by little to the heart of the victims, the shock and groans of the monarchs as they jarred the solid ground in their fall, the irrepressible shouts of the young teamsters while urging the patient oxen to and fro with heavy loads through devious ways with uncertain footing, they wondering the while what the commotion was all about.

"The pine logs after being squared with the broad-axe, are drawn to the saw-pit, where by the persistent hands and guiding eye of the top sawyer and the steady pull of the pit-man, they will be cut into boards or plank. The oak timbers are scored and hewn where they are felled, and then dragged over the snow to the site selected for the house on Meeting-house Hill.

"Here [the carpenters] with rule and compasses in hand, mark off the length and lay out the mortises and tenons. These will be closely followed by their helpers, who will soon be scattered about, busy with saw and augur, chisel and mallet, developing the deep mortise or stout tenon, which must be fitted by try rule, each to its mate."*

When the homesteads were laid out in the Old Street in 1671, two lots between Nos. 13 and 14 were reserved, one for the minister, the other for the Church. The house built in 1686 for Mr. Williams stood on the minister's lot facing the training field or common. It was on the site of the present Deerfield Academy and Dickinson High School. This house was "42 foot long, 20 foot wide with a lentoo." In 1704 this house was burned to the ground.

* Heredity and early environment of John Williams. By George Sheldon, p. 147.

Ensign John Sheldon's house, a few feet to the north, measured 42x21 ft. with a lean-to 13 1-2 ft. running the whole length of the north side, its roof being continuous with that of the main building. You will recall that the second house of John Williams was to be as big as Ensign Sheldon's. It was, in fact, a trifle larger, measuring 47x21 ft. though the lean-to was only 10 ft. wide.

All through the spring of 1707 there were frequent Indian alarms, so that the inhabitants of Deerfield sent to Col. Samuel Partridge for help to straighten their weak fortifications. In Col. Partridge's appeal to the General Court, dated May 28, 1707, he speaks of "The Nessesetie of Rebuilding the Forts . . . so as to take in Mr. Williams his house & several other houses for Inhabitants that are & will repaire there for enlargm't & strengthening the place."*

Under date of Oct. 17, 1707, a petition was sent to the General Court for assistance as the people had been "at Considerable charges among ourselves, in Building a House & providing other Necessarys & Conveniencys for the Resettlement of our Rev'd Pastor."

The second Williams house stood a little farther east than the first one and nearer the training field; it remained on this site for 169 years.

Here in the golden autumn of 1707 John Williams brought his wife, Mrs. Abigail Bisel, the daughter of Abigail Warham and Capt. Thomas Allen of Windsor, Ct. She came not to fill the place of Eunice Mather—whose place could indeed never be filled—but to be a help-mate in the new and needed service for home and town.

It must be borne in mind that John Williams and Abigail, his wife, came to Deerfield when the dark shadows of Queen Anne's war rested over all New England; when the red man and the white man were playing the secret and fatal game of hide-and-seek; when war and rumors of war haunted the homes and the hearts of the people as they haunt our homes and hearts today.

No one knew better than John Williams the horrors of an Indian massacre or of Indian captivity. Some men

* History of Deerfield, Sheldon, I, p. 360.

would have sought a safer and more comfortable home, near a large protecting centre; not so with John Williams. He chose to go where he was most needed, and he went with a determination to hold strongly and steadily to his orbit to the end.

Let us now forget the shadows and join in spirit John and Abigail Williams as they survey their new home. We walk from the Street through the training field to the hospitable front door. Crossing the threshold we stand in a hall, which though not large, impresses one as broad and generous; it runs through the house and lean-to, opening upon the green fields and blue hills to the west. At the right of the entrance is the "best room." Surely the new owners must look with delight on the beautiful wainscotted wall! Across the ceiling runs the conspicuous summer-tree which, true to its name, bears faithfully its heavy burden. The open fireplace and the shuttered windows with inviting window seats suggest the blessedness of home.

On the left of the front hall is a similar room though not quite so ornate. It is flooded with warm, golden sunshine which, let us rejoice, is reflected in the hearts and upon the faces of John and Abigail Williams.

The "best room" leads into a smaller room in the lean-to probably used as a bedroom; the south room into a little entry with a south, outside door, and a west door which opens into the large kitchen in the lean-to with its great, warm-hearted fireplace.

Ascending the broad front stairway with its ornamental balustrade, and turning to the right we find on either side a large chamber; another flight leads to the north garret. There is no way of reaching the south garret save by the narrow, steep back stairs. These begin in the lean-to and run up to a trap door in the floor above; raising this, we find ourselves in a little dark room about eight feet square. This opens into a small chamber with one south window. From this room narrow stairs lead up under the roof to the south garret. These stairs and rooms will be used by the servants of the family—it may be by Meseck and Kedar.

The main part of the house consists, as we have seen, of

four good-sized rooms, two little rooms, with the halls and the north and south garrets. The lean-to contains three rooms, bed-room, kitchen, and kitchen chamber.

How we long to know just what were the furnishings of the house and what were the daily happenings in the home. No diary has been found to bring us in close touch with the family life so we must depend upon other testimony.

The inventory of the estate of John Williams "reported to the Court, Sept. 3, 1729," and preserved in the Court Records of Old Hampshire County, throw much light on the family possessions. In this inventory reference is made to "the study," "study chamber," "outward room," "outward chamber," "kitchen" and "kitchen chamber."

We may assume that the study contained the library of 190 volumes and 349 pamphlets, truly "a rich collection under the circumstances, but there was no poetry or so-called fiction." We know there was "a Table in the Study & Small Andirons and Tongues." In the other rooms there were in all three tables, "6 Small Black Chairs with a Great also," "3 Great Chairs & 15 Small ones." "A Chest," "A Sea Chest with Lock & Key"; also "a Chest of Draws and Cloth upon it." Hanging upon the walls were three looking glasses; there is no mention of pictures or portraits.

The fireplaces were provided with "a pair of Andirons and Tongues." The light was supplied by candles in "a Long Candle Stick, 2 Iron, 3 Pewter ones," and "1 Brass Candlestick."

The following would seem to prove there was a bed in several rooms.

"A Bedstead Cord & Iron Rods in ye Study Chamber" with bed and bolster.

"A Bedstead & Cord in the Outward Chamber" with feather bed and bolster.

"A Bedstead Cord & Rods in the Outward Room" with bed and bolster.

"Bedstead Cord & Iron Rods in ye Hall" with a feather bed and bolster.

There was also "a Trundle Bedstead and cord" with bed and bolster.

Judging from the low value placed on the bedsteads they must have been exceedingly plain. The furnishings of the high-posters we are able to restore with more detail.

There were "Blew Linsey Woolsey Curtains & Vallance," "Callico Curtains & Vallance," "Green Curtains and Vallance." The sheets were mostly linen, but one pair of cotton sheets were listed at 1£ 10s, another pair at 15s and one cotton sheet at 1s 6d. In addition to the bolsters there were pillows with "Holland cases" and cases made of cotton.

The blankets were of various color and material. There were white blankets, "a Bought white Blanket," "a Callico quilt and a China Head Cloth for a Bed." "A white Sattin blanket," and a yellow blanket of the same material.

The coverlets were of different hue and design. "A Black & white Coverlet," "A Yellow homemade Coverlet," "A Checkerd Coverlet fringed at both Ends," another "fringed at one End." "A Black & white Coverlet with white at 1 end," "A Coverlet with blew Stripes & a flowerd Covlt."

On the floor were, at least, "A Blew Rugg" and two green rugs.

After all, it is the old-time kitchen that wins us to itself. How we would love to gather round that great roaring fire and watch the sparks fly upward while we dream dreams of our wonderful future. Say what we may, go where we will, it is the HOME, symbolized by the open fire and the hearth-stone that forever holds the human heart.

The record in regard to the simple kitchen furnishings and utensils is surprisingly full. Here we find "A Long fowling piece," "A Gun one of the Queen's Arms," "A Great Brass Skillit," "A Warming pan," "An old Trunk," "A Brass Milk pan," "2 pottage Pots," "A Great Brass Kettle," "three Porringers," "2 Salt Sellars," "6 Patty pans," "a Pair of Great Stilliards," "Two Knot Dishes," 14 old trenches, 2 wooden platters, a frying pan, slice, chaffing dish, gridiron, trivet, broken pot-hooks, branding iron, etc.

The table was provided with table cloth, linen napkins and blue china. There were pewter plates, platters and basins, also a silver tankard, silver cup and 10 silver spoons.

You will notice that in the furnishings of the house there is no mention of the "high-boy" or "low-boy." These names are not found in old inventories since they did not come into existence till near the middle of the eighteenth century. The "Chest of Draws," however, would be called a high-boy today.

To our surprise the inventory is lacking in certain articles we should expect to find. There are no settles mentioned, no sundials and no clocks of any kind, notwithstanding these had been in use some years, no writing desk of the period, no stools and no betty lamps.

Doubtless many precious heirlooms were destroyed when the first house of Mr. Williams went up in flames in 1704.

As year after year joined those gone before they left five little ones in the home—Abigail, John, Eliakim, Elijah and Sarah. While these children were developing through the influences of home and school, John Williams himself was growing mentally. We find him in frequent and intimate personal correspondence with Samuel Sewall, the distinguished jurist of Boston. Under date of May 9, 1709, Judge Sewall records in his "Papers."* "In the evening Mr. Williams of Derefild comes in to see me." Again, June 6, of the same year, "Artillery-day. I went with Mr. John Williams of Dearfield, to the Funeral of Mr. Pierpont at Reading.†

"July 16, 1711. In the afternoon was great Thunder, Lightening, Rain. . . The discourse of Capt. Torrey put me upon asking Mr. Williams to pray with us, who did it excellently, and thank'd God for the Opportunity." ‡ "May 28, 1712, Electionday. Coming to Town the Gov^r took Gov^r Vetch; and I had Bro^r Mr Williams of Dearfield." § Oct. 30, 1713. "Mr. Jn^o Williams preached for my son in the morn, and went at Noon to preach for Mr. Walter." || "June 2, 1717, Mr. R. Cotton preaches a. m. Mr. Jn^o Williams post m." ¶

Judge Sewall's wife died in May, 1720; under date of May

* Sewall's Papers, Vol. II, p. 255. † Papers, Vol. II, p. 257.

‡ Papers, Vol. II, p. 319. § II, p. 348.

|| Papers, Vol. II, p. 406. ¶ III, p. 131.

26 he records that Mr. Williams was one of several who "visit me in a very friendly and Christian manner." *

Rev. Thomas Prince, pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, says, "Mr. Williams used every May, yearly, to come down to the General Convention of Ministers of the Province of Boston; where he was always very affectionately entertained. At the convention in May, 1728 . . . he preached a very moving Sermon to the Ministers." †

I have given these extracts from Judge Sewall's writings to prove that while John Williams lived in a small, poor, unsafe frontier town he kept in touch with the strong, competitive intellectual life of the city, and his horizon broadened with the years. He loved his native air, but he loved still more the opportunity for splendid service in the home of his adoption.

In June, 1709, John Williams was appointed Chaplain in the expedition against Canada; in 1710 and 1711 he was chosen again for the same work. Cotton Mather writes in his Diary, ‡ "A worthy minister [John Williams] a Chaplain in our forces now [July, 1711] going against Canada needs the Kindnesses of some good People to furnish him with Conveniences for his Voyage. I would promote his accommodation. I would also procure him to be furnished with Books of Piety to be dispersed among our Souldiers."

Two years later Mr. Williams was appointed Commissioner to go with Col. John Stoddard to Canada to arrange for the release of captives. Something which was called Peace had come with the treaty of Utrecht, Mar. 30, 1713, and according to the terms of the treaty the English prisoners were to be sent home. On Nov. 5, 1713, Mr. Williams left the delights of his happy home for the hardships of a northern journey and the trials of a nine months' stay in Canada.

The daily efforts in behalf of the captives are recorded in Col. John Stoddard's "Journal" now in Memorial Hall. It is a story of strenuous and persistent appeals on the one

* Papers, III, p. 255.

† History of Deerfield, Sheldon, I, p. 463.

‡ Part II, p. 87.

hand, and of wily political schemes and unfulfilled promises on the other.

Would that we might find the letters that John Williams wrote his wife, Abigail, through this long, trying period. Doubtless the hearthstone and the summer-tree heard them all, but they are loyal and tell no tales.

We have seen that John Williams was a part of the civil and military as well as the religious life of his time. He was, in fact, intimate with the leading men of the colony, and many of them sat around his hospitable board in the big kitchen of the Williams house. "Having a well furnished Table," says Rev. Isaac Chauncy of Hadley, Mr. Williams "cared not to eat his Morsel Alone And having the portion of a full and overflowing Cup others might be welcome to share in it. How often did he invite persons of other Towns (occasionally there) to rest and repose themselves under his Roof. And his winning carriage was an inducement to them to accept of the Invitation."

We know that on Sept. 1, 1716, the famous Judge Sewall visited Mr. Williams. It is pleasant to picture these two friends of many years sitting together in the beautiful "best room" or, it may be, in the sunny south room discussing the political and religious problems of the day.

Verily, a house that has held within itself the leading spirits of an age becomes like them in character. It takes on a marvelous personality, strong and abiding. It is this personality of the John Williams house that is its greatest charm.

Standing in the shade of the ancient Button Ball—oldest inhabitant by far of Deerfield—we pause and ponder. Lights and shadows play across the rooftree of the John Williams home. We see the young Eliezer, fresh from Harvard, going forth to his lifework as pastor and guide of the Church at Mansfield, Ct.

We hear music and laughter and Esther Williams, in the beauty of her young womanhood, leaves the home-nest with Joseph Meacham by her side. These two have given the promise—the most sacred promise a man or a woman can give,—and henceforth they are both pledged to the service of Church and home.

Look! the sunshine grows more intense until it seems to illumine every room in the house. A child is born to John and Abigail Williams, and little Sarah is making sunshine in their hearts.

As one child comes, another goes, for now Stephen, the boy captive, wearing the laurels of Harvard, departs for his life-work of sixty-six years in Longmeadow.

And yet again the good bye and the Godspeed are spoken when Warham, still another Harvard graduate, seeks his Watertown home.

Fain would we give color to the picture by painting Eunice Williams in her Indian blanket, but the historical student must depend for historical truth upon evidence, and the evidence in this case is strongly against the supposition that Eunice ever returned to her father's home. So we must leave her in her Canadian wigwam for some years longer until, in 1740, she visits her brother Stephen in Longmeadow.

The clouds are gathering and the shadows deepening over the lonely home. It is the twelfth of June, 1729. A profound, unbroken silence, more significant than any spoken word, tells the tale that the man who has serenely guided his people in paths of useful service has himself passed to that larger sphere of action beyond the veil.

Not only the name but the very soul of John Williams is eternally impressed upon his homestead and upon the history of Old Deerfield.

Twenty-five years passed and Abigail Williams lived on with her son Elijah, who had graduated from Harvard, married Lydia Dwight of Hatfield, and settled down in his father's home. During this time the house probably remained essentially unchanged.

About 1756 Elijah Williams made certain marked alterations in the house both externally and internally. He took away the south part of the lean-to, and in doing this cut off the end of the back stairs. He then moved up to the main part of the building a low, gambrel-roofed, weather-worn house whose previous history is not known. This addition, measuring 40x23 ft., formed the ell. As the ell

had stairs of its own the original back stairs of the John Williams house proper fell into disuse. In the course of years these became the "secret stairs" enshrouded with mystery and mythical tales.

Elijah Williams was a leading man in the business and civil life of his day. When he died in 1771 the house passed to his son, John. "Esquire John," as he was called was a Harvard graduate so deeply interested in education that he was active in establishing Deerfield Academy, and at his death gave a fund for its maintenance.

While "Esquire John" occupied his grandfather's house, the Rev. William Bentley of Boston, later distinguished for his antiquarian knowledge, visited the town. A sentence in Mr. Bentley's "Diary" shows how the Williams house impressed the stranger at this time. He says, "In my visit to Deerfield, in the winter of 1782, I was very greatly entertained. I went on horseback from Cambridge. The elevation of Deerfield Street is not gradual but rather sudden north of the meeting house which stands on the west side, has an handsome appearance, electric rods, a public clock with pointers and a good Bell. . . the school is in the open square in which the church stands. . . Back stands the Elegant House belonging to Mr. Williams."

"Esquire John" lived in his "elegant" home till 1789, when for some reason I have been unable to discover he sold his ancestral homestead to Consider Dickinson, one of Thomas Dickinson's "remarkable family of children."

Consider Dickinson, or "Uncle Sid," was a stanch and shrewd New England farmer, "especially noted for his exhaustless fund of humorous anecdotes and songs." Among the manuscripts in the Deerfield Town Alcove in the library of Memorial Hall is one entitled, "Uncle Sid's Adventure with the Indians, taken down by R. B. Field of Guilford;" Mr. Field writes that Mr. Dickinson "was a man over 6 ft. in height, strongly built, powerful and athletic, with a will and energy possessed by very few men."

Uncle Sid's adventure with two savage Indians while crossing Lake Champlain in a canoe in October, 1785, proves that he saved his own life and that of his companion by

his coolness and skilful dexterity; in other words, by his masterly ability in conquering circumstances.

The marvelous tales connected with the John Williams house originated during the sixty-five years of Uncle Sid's occupancy. These tales were exaggerated while passing from one generation to another till we find ourselves in a labyrinthian way where it is extremely difficult to separate fact from fiction.

We know that Uncle Sid carried on at one time a large business in Canadian furs, and that, in all probability, the secret passages of his home sometimes aided in the concealment of his big stock of goods. We leave the further analysis of his character to the Historian of Deerfield, who knew him well, and who has recorded his knowledge in the *History of Deerfield* and other publications.

Consider Dickinson died in 1854, and his wife Esther in 1875. At her death the homestead passed into the hands of the Trustees of Deerfield Academy.

This was a critical time in the life of the old house. The Trustees did not want it, and some advocated pulling it down. They offered it to the President of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association if he would move it to the grounds of the Old Academy, but President Sheldon believed in the eternal fitness of things, and, so far as he was able, acted in accordance with his belief. He knew that the John Williams house should stand on the John Williams homestead, and to this end he wrote and published articles in the County paper concerning its remarkable history and age. In this way public sentiment was aroused, a new interest created, and people came from far and near to see the home of Parson Williams. It is true, as elsewhere stated, that George Sheldon saved the house from destruction.

Finally the Trustees decided to move the building several rods to the west. In doing this the west room of the gambrel-roofed ell, as large as the east room or larger, was cut off and destroyed. This was due, in part, to the badly decayed condition of the sills. Other changes were made in the interior of the house at this time, especially in the little or "secret" rooms.

The past two years—1916, 1917—mark an era in the history of the John Williams house. Through the persistent and long-sustained efforts of the principal of the Deerfield Academy, Mr. Frank L. Boyden, with the aid of the Academy Trustees and other loyal helpers, the house has been restored and has become a vital factor in the education of the young. The ancient fireplaces have been reopened, and some of the superfluous latter-day partitions removed. An addition not exceeding by very many feet the original length of the ell has been built.

It is indeed peculiarly fitting that a home which has sheltered seven college graduates and two persons—a husband and wife—mutually eager to give to others the educational advantages denied themselves, should become in course of time an inspiring home for teachers and boy students.

Truly we ourselves may enter into the joy of Esquire John Williams, who left nearly his whole estate to Deerfield Academy, over this final use of his old home.

I have dwelt upon the personality of the John Williams house, because, in reality, this house is part of the very bone and blood of Old Deerfield. It represents her religious, historic and educational ideals. It possesses the vitalizing power of rare personal associations.

What is it, think you, that brings thousands of people to Deerfield every year from all over our land, from Asia, Europe, Africa, and the islands of the seas? What is it that draws nearly two thousand visitors in the month of August to Memorial Hall, year after year? What is it that causes the stranger within our gates, coming for a day, to linger till the days pass into weeks? What is it? I ask.

It is primarily, not wholly, but primarily, Deerfield's ancient homes, her ancestral homesteads, her unequalled collection of memorial heirlooms, illustrating early New England life, her great elms and maples, and the atmosphere which these things create.

The man who stands within a seventeenth century house cannot but pause and think. The walls, the floor, the ceiling, the furnishings of the home, all speak to him of those about whom, in his innermost being, he longs to know.

The youth who finds himself in a home whose walls echo to the voices of Revolutionary Minute Men catches the inspiration of their deeds, and goes forth a stronger man to dare and to do for the righteous cause of human freedom.

If this be true, what then is our duty—your duty and mine? Surely, it is our imperative duty to restore, preserve, and sacredly guard these ancient hearthstones. Plainly, it is our duty to be constantly alert, ever vigilant, and vitally active in thrusting back the power that seeks to wrest from us our birthright and our heritage. Clearly, very clearly, it is our duty to consecrate ourselves anew, this very night, to the difficult task of being more worthy the brave men and women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who helped to make us free, and who fought superbly the hard, sad, but glorious battle of life.

BRIGHT MEMORIES OF "LITTLE MARY" HAWKS.

"Little Mary" was the daughter of Zur Hawks and Martha Arms. She was born in Deerfield, Apr. 5, 1799, on what was called the Hawks homestead, now owned by Arthur W. Ball. The name "Little Mary" was given because she was a dwarf. She died Mar. 31, 1876.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Fidelia Porter, Mrs. Mellicent B. Hatch, "Little Mary's" niece, has sent us interesting recollections of her aunt. These have been supplemented briefly by the memories of Miss Maria H. Bardwell of Greenfield, and by an extract from the *History of Deerfield*. [Eds.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUNT MARY.

BY MELLICENT B. HATCH OF ORCHARD LAKE, MICHIGAN.

My aunt Mary was so near and dear to me—her affection for me approaching more nearly the love of a mother—that, perhaps, I am not best suited to talk of her, but I know she was unusually intelligent and efficient.

Aunt Mary was educated in the Deerfield Academy under the principal who was afterward President Edward Hitchcock of Amherst College, and Miss White was the preceptress whom he afterward married. Aunt Mary regarded the education of that day more thorough than of a later date; that the pupils were better grounded in fundamentals, though not so many branches were taken up for study. She read much of the best works of the day, and was one of about twelve ladies of the town who contributed to a fund with which they purchased the newest and best standard works of later publications. These books they circulated among themselves and eventually gave to the public library. She with Mrs. Kate Wells Hoyt took Margaret Fuller's Journal, *The Dial*, of which Ralph Waldo Emerson was a contributor. When we came West she gave her numbers to Mrs. Hoyt, and I afterwards learned that Mrs. Hoyt gave them to Miss Alice Baker. I hope they are now preserved in the library of the P. V. M. Association.

Aunt Mary was broad in religious views, being an admirer of Theodore Parker. Through her influence young men from the West as well as the East, when at Harvard College, went into Boston to hear him preach.

The young ladies of the village gathered with her once a week, bringing their contributions of prose and poetry which were copied into a paper, called the "Anthology." I suppose this was the precursor of the "Woman's Club" of today. I remember that Mrs. Dr. Putnam of Grand Rapids, Michigan, who was the daughter of Dr. Stephen W. Williams of Deerfield, was one of these young ladies. If she is living she could tell you much of this class.

Aunt Mary was very capable as a housekeeper, and the Trustees of the Academy wished to call Mr. Crittenden of Rochester, N. Y., as principal of the school; he would come only on the condition that she would take charge of the boarding house connected with the Academy. She felt it was a great undertaking, but finally consented, being urged by her father, that he might have a home again which had been broken up after my father's death. Her father died in six weeks after she started in this enterprise, but

she was helped most kindly by the young men who were students there. She seemed always to gain the respect of young men who came under her care. There were many students of nearby towns, day pupils who dined with her; among these was Charles Carpenter, the son of D. N. Carpenter, the Postmaster of Greenfield. Charles Carpenter never came home to Greenfield that he did not come to Deerfield to call on Aunt Mary. Another of her "boys" was a son of Col. Bryant of South Deerfield. There were several others whose names I do not remember.

It was a difficult matter for Aunt Mary to keep herself "well shod" for the boys frequently purloined a shoe, and when visiting at Judge Sackett's of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., she found one of her little shoes on the Judge's library table which his son had carried off when a student at Deerfield.

There was a company of militia at Deerfield, called the "Franklin Cadets" of which my father was Major. The ladies of the town presented the company with a flag which they made. Aunt Mary was asked to deliver the presentation speech.

Aunt Mary was also an excellent nurse, and many were the families in Deerfield who knew her skill. Physicians often begged of her to remain with their patients after she was very tired, because she had the courage to obey the doctor's orders when it was imperative that the sick ones should not see friends and neighbors.

She was left very much alone in the world by the death of her father and my father, but she never intruded her grief upon others.

When she went to Richmond, Va., in 1848, she intrusted her means to a friend, through whom it was lost. At her time in life this loss was a severe trial, but she was able to earn something with her needle as she was a fine seamstress. You have a specimen of her beautiful embroidery in Memorial Hall sent there by an old friend of St. Albans, Vt.

After the death of Aunt Martha Stebbins who lived in the Col. Joseph Stebbins house, Aunt Mary was taken very ill, and as there was no one in the home to care for her, her

friend, Mrs. Josiah Fogg, came to her and said, "I am going to take you in my arms and carry you home with me," which she almost literally did. There she was very happy for a few years; the more so because she could make herself useful by her skilful handiwork. Mrs. Fogg always spoke of her cheerful spirit.

I often think of her as she sat knitting for the soldiers of the Civil War, just as we are now knitting for the boys who go to the front.

When I felt that her strength was failing I made a home for her at Waltham, and it makes me happy to know she was made as comfortable as possible in her last remaining days.

Aunt Mary did not wish to be exploited on account of her remarkably small size, and her ability to do the same work that was possible for larger people. Perhaps this is best illustrated by her refusal to receive a ticket from the manager of "Dolly Dutton," saying to him:—"I would like to call upon her as I would upon any other person." She felt "Dolly Dutton should grow up in a quiet home, and be educated like any other child," instead of being exhibited about the world.

Perhaps I should speak of her fondness for children; they were equally fond of her; a kindly but decisive word was enough to command their obedience. What most people regard as mischief she considered the child's natural activity, and she looked upon work as the outlet for this restless energy. She had a happy faculty of keeping a child occupied; a slate and pencil with something to copy often gave me employment, and this practise stood me in good stead when under normal training the black board must often be used for illustration.

Aunt Mary had a quiet, dignified appearance, and was always at ease whether in the presence of ordinary people or of persons of distinction. She had a large correspondence as she formed a valuable acquaintance in her travels about the country.

In reply to some later inquiries Mrs. Hatch writes in substance the following:— Aunt Mary's height was three

feet and four or six inches. So far as her size was concerned there were no other small persons in the family. There were various methods tried to make her grow, such as plunging her into very cold water, but I need not say none of them had the desired effect. I never knew any reason for her small size, and never knew of any other dwarf in Deerfield.

For many years Aunt Mary had her shoes made by a very fine shoemaker, I think by the name of Frink, but I am not quite sure. She had great difficulty after this man died in getting satisfactory shoes. I will try and send you some shoes made in Virginia that were satisfactory.

Aunt Mary had a beautiful soprano voice for many years, and it was the delight of an old Scotchman to come to her, and have her sing Scotch ballads to him. She was glad to please him, but did not like to see the tears roll down his cheeks. Mr. Sheldon was right in saying she used to stand on a stool and sing in the choir. Mrs. Hatch concludes her recollections of Aunt Mary by saying,— “A friend of mine used to say that I spelled Deerfield as though the first syllable was an adjective. I love it just as well as I used to, but there are few left in the old town who would know me.”

EXTRACT FROM THE HISTORY OF DEERFIELD.

Mr. Sheldon says,—The Franklin Cadets was an independent company of militia organized in 1823. “Its originator and moving spirit was Elijah Williams, 2d. After drilling once a week for six months, the company paraded for the first time July 4th, 1824, in all the glory of a new uniform and new guns. Their guns were made to order at Springfield, and were of exactly the same pattern. They arrived *via* the Connecticut river and Sunderland, the morning of the parade. During the day a beautiful silk standard was presented to the company by the women of Deerfield. The presentation speech was made from the portico of Dr. William S. Williams’ house, by “Little Mary” Hawks. She delivered the colors to Ensign Samuel Barnard Williams, who returned the thanks of the company in a

fitting and feeling response. The day ended with a banquet given the cadets at the house of Ebenezer Hinsdale Williams, father of Elijah."

Miss Maria H. Bardwell of Greenfield writes of "Little Mary:"—

After Mrs. Fogg's health failed father and mother invited Aunt Mary to stay with us at Shelburne, and from our home she went to her niece, Mrs. M. B. Hatch, in Waltham. We enjoyed her being with us very much; she was excellent company for the gray-haired father or the young son, the busy mother or the little girl—we all loved her.

She was always busy doing something useful—she did not approve of idleness. She netted shawls from zepher worsted, tidies from thread and embroidered them beautifully. She cut and made her own clothing and it fitted perfectly.

It was a real delight to see this old lady—the height of the average child of six years—dressed in the style of other ladies of her age. I used to like to see her cross the room with her little skirt trailing behind her. She never wore long trails, but long dresses were the fashion at that time. She had a well-developed figure and a fine head.

She lost her money through bad investment, but she never had a word of blame for the one who invested it for her. One day she said to me, "I never should have known what *good people* there were in the world if I had not lost my money." I think her own kindly personality had much to do with making such "good people."

We could not help but be good to "Aunt Mary." She tried to help us young folks in all possible ways. She wanted to have us develop the best in us, and make a place for ourselves in the world. She would talk to the boys about forming good habits, and growing strong by resisting every temptation. She was ready to talk on all the leading topics of the day. After breakfast each morning she read the daily paper. She said she chose that time because no one else wanted it then.

She thoroughly enjoyed a joke, even if it was on herself,

and I can recall just how she would shake her head and laugh while those little curls would bob. We did not think of her as old, in fact, *she never was old.*

When she left us we mourned for her as if she had been our truly "Aunt Mary."

ANNUAL MEETING—1919.

REPORT.

The 49th annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association was held in the council room of the museum of the society at Deerfield Tuesday, and there was a very large attendance. The meeting was called to order by the president of the association, John Sheldon of Greenfield. The report of the last meeting was read by the secretary, William L. Harris of Deerfield, and was accepted as read.

A report of the trustees of the new fund which was created when the late George Sheldon gave the society some shares of stock, the income of which was to be used to publish new productions, and which is called the Sheldon Publishing fund was read and accepted. The report of the treasurer showed that the association is in good financial condition and had at the last audit a substantial amount of cash on hand. Among the most interesting of the reports read at the meeting was that of the curator.

After a report of the trustees of the Old Indian House and of the trustees of the permanent fund, which were accepted, the following officers were unanimously elected: President, John Sheldon; vice-presidents, Rev. Richard E. Birks, Judge F. G. Fessenden; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, Miss N. Theresa Mellen; treasurer, John Sheldon; councillors, Edward A. Hawks, Margaret C. Whiting, Agnes G. Fuller, Helen C. Boyden, Asahel W. Root, Margaret Miller, Annie C. Putnam, L. Emerine Henry, John A. Aiken, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, Albert L. Wing, Charles W. Hazelton, and Francis Nims Thompson.

Tributes were read to Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Stebbins, who was for many years assistant in Memorial hall and was always deeply interested in the association and whose services were valuable in making it a success. The tribute was

written by Mrs. Ruby Stebbins Odell of New York, and in the absence of Mrs. Odell was read by Mrs. G. Spencer Fuller.

A tribute to the late Dr. William S. Severance, a devoted member of the association and dean of the medical fraternity in Franklin county, was written and read by Albert L. Wing of Greenfield. Dr. Severance was born in Leyden, March 4, 1829, and spent practically all his life in Franklin county, living for a time at Shelburne Falls and later at Vernon, Vt., where he practiced in Northfield. Mr. Wing said that he had the rare faculty of "making and keeping friends." After the death of Dr. Daniel Fisk, Dr. Severance came to Greenfield, taking as his home the old Judge Wells homestead on Main street, where Mrs. Severance still resides. The doctor brought from Athol the first rubber-tired carriage ever seen on the streets of Greenfield, and until a short time before his death was often seen riding a bicycle. He had traveled much, both in this country and in Europe. He was a 32d degree Mason and was prominent in several lodges.

The tribute to Orrin P. Allen of Palmer was written by William H. Fuller of Palmer and was read by Miss N. Theresa Mellen. At the conclusion of the reading of these tributes Rev. R. E. Birks gave some interesting and touching reminiscences and spoke feelingly of the wonderful work of the society. He called attention to the fact that next year will be the 50th anniversary of the founding of the society and that it is the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

A fine supper was served in the town hall, where a large audience gathered in the evening to listen to historical papers on "The Rev. John Taylor, minister of Deerfield, 1787-1806, by his great-grandson, Rev. Roderick Terry of Newport, R. I., president of the Newport Historical society; "Hannah Beaman, Deerfield's First School Mistress, Her Times and Her Experiences," by Rev. Richard E. Birks, Vice-president of the society; "John Wise, a Pioneer in Democracy," by Miss Margaret Miller; "The Supreme Sacrifice," by Mrs. George Sheldon. There was music, consisting of vocal solos by Mrs. Mary Earl Allen, under the direction of Charles H.

Ashley. Mrs. Allen sang "the Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the meeting closed with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by all.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

In spite of unfavorable war conditions the past year 4,753 persons have visited Memorial Hall. Thirty-six States of the Union have been represented, and the following countries and islands: Canada, England, France, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Russia, Egypt, India, China, Cuba and the Hawaiian Islands. The collection has been enjoyed by the Montague graded school, the Athol high, Northfield seminary, Amherst summer school and Smith college; by the Field and Forest Club of Boston and the State conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

We have received from various sources 155 contributions and a large mass of manuscripts. One of the most notable gifts is a bronze bas-relief of Miss C. Alice Baker, a Life Councillor of this association, a zealous worker in its behalf, and an accurate and charming historical writer. This gift is from Miss Emma L. Coleman of Boston.

An extremely interesting relic of the past has been presented by Chief Justice John A. Aiken. It is a gig, in fine state of preservation, which belonged to the Ward family of Montague, and is said to be over one hundred years old. Another valuable contribution is a chair made by Col. John Wilson of Deerfield from timber of the "Old Indian House." It was given by Miss Fanny H. Wilson and her nephew, George E. Eels. One need only lift the chair to be convinced that it will last for generations.

Early in the season the Civil war room was opened to the public. The removal of the Civil war relics from the Military room relieved the congestion there and gave sufficient space for future contributions which we hope to receive. The articles in the Civil war room were arranged largely by the assistant, Miss Mellen.

The curator's time has been spent in the library and the

picture and manuscript room, which are now ready and open to the public. Miss Pratt finished the card catalogue in October. You will not be surprised at the length of time required to make this catalogue when I tell you we have in our library 19,432 books, pamphlets and the like. Speaking more in detail we have 7131 volumes, 8541 pamphlets, 2676 magazines, 407 circulars, 270 broad sides, 212 mss., 195 et cetera. The manuscripts were mostly in the Deerfield town alcove, and it seemed desirable to let them remain there.

The catalogue is the kind known as the standard dictionary catalogue. Every author of every book and pamphlet is catalogued, and when the author's name is not given the title is catalogued. There are also many cross references. Miss Pratt has taken infinite pains to make this catalogue useful to historical students.

We have many rare, fascinating old volumes with quaint illustrations dating from 1576.

Our catalogue of sermons fills one drawer of the catalogue case.

With the efficient aid of Miss Mellen, pictures, framed manuscripts, etc., have been hung on the walls or placed in the central cases of the upper room in the wing. A large case has been made for bound newspapers, while the unbound papers have been placed in drawers; most of these are indexed and consequently available to the student.

All of Mr. Sheldon's genealogical letters I have distributed, in accordance with his wish, in the family manuscript boxes. Many files of his historical letters also have been added to the collection.

Our oldest manuscripts, dating from 1663, have been placed on exhibition; many of these are intensely interesting.

The autograph book has been enriched by 11 autographs of distinguished people.

Our large collection of coins and medals have been placed in horizontal glass-topped cases where they can be easily studied.

Could Mr. Sheldon have lived to enjoy his one hundredth birthday it would have given him supreme satisfaction to know that the association had been able to open its fireproof

wing to the public, and that the card catalogue he had long wanted was an accomplished fact.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 25, 1919.

NECROLOGY.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH STEBBINS.

BY MRS. RUBY STEBBINS ODELL OF NEW YORK.

Mary Elizabeth MacMahon was born in Rochester, N. Y., on November 15, 1858. When she was six years old her family moved to Providence, R. I., where she spent her girlhood and where she received her education, graduating from the Providence State Normal School in 1878. The following year she came to Deerfield, and taught in the little school at the Mill. On July 30, 1880, she married Charles Henry Stebbins, and to them were born three children, Harold Childs, who died at the age of six years; Florence Copeland, wife of Albert E. Shaw of Webster; and Leo Crawford of Boston. On January 7, 1919, Mary Elizabeth Stebbins died at the home of her daughter in Webster, following a severe operation, performed in New York city, in November, 1918.

When a strong, beautiful life like hers has touched and crossed our path and passed, we are almost stunned with grief and distress at our present loss and future loneliness, but very gradually and gently the knowledge comes to us that always the influence of that life will live to inspire and guide us.

We, who have had the privilege of knowing Mary Elizabeth Stebbins, will always be grateful for the wonderful lessons she has taught us by her kindness, her industry, her courage, her breadth of vision, and her appreciation of the unique beauty and historic value of her environment.

Coming to Deerfield when little more than a girl, she had hardly taken up her life in the shadow of its mountains before she realized that here in the tiny village she had found what all the world was seeking—Beauty and Romance. Every inch of ground was saturated with historic interest. Here had been enacted a chapter on the life struggle of the races; here the red Indian had yielded to his superior white brother; here the American nation had been born.

The descendants of these wonderful pioneer settlers were quite out of perspective; they were too near and familiar with its past to fully realize its significance and importance. Its history was fast being forgotten, and somebody was needed to sense the danger, and preserve its priceless traditions and treasures, and so a few intelligently sentimental people were aroused and formed the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association which has collected and protected the fast disappearing and irreplaceable relics of both Indian and colonial life in New England. That so much of old Deerfield remains in its original picturesque state is due to the labor and devotion of these earnest, patriotic people. Their influence has become far-reaching, and thousands of people have made a pilgrimage to this cradle of American Ideals.

We, her friends and neighbors, know what part Mrs. Stebbins has had in this work, and much that pertained to its development. In February, 1901, she became the assistant in Memorial Hall, and the corresponding secretary of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association. The former position she held for twelve years and was still secretary of the association at the time of her death. Her keen interest in this field, and her discriminating sense of worth and beauty gave her recognition as an authority on the furniture, the glass, and the history of the American Revolutionary period.

DR. WILLIAM S. SEVERANCE.

BY ALBERT L. WING.

Dr. William S. Severance, a member of this association, was born in Leyden, March 4, 1829, and died in Greenfield July 1, 1918. These dates mark the earthly span of a life that was blithe, busy and beneficent. For many years a leading physician of the county he was dean of the profession in this vicinity at the time of his death.

Nature bestowed on him the gift of making and keeping friends. For more than half a century he lived in Greenfield and was well known throughout the county.

He was one of six children of Chester and Martha Severance of Leyden, and when big enough, he attended the district school of that town; then went to the Goodale Academy in Bernardston, and afterward to the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham.

For two years he taught school part of the time at Nash's Mill in Greenfield. He began the study of medicine with Dr. Daniel Fisk of Greenfield who lived in a house that then stood on the lot now occupied by the eastern end of the Mansion House, toward the public library. He next entered a medical school in Worcester and in that city first met the future Mrs. Severance who, with other girls, was visiting in the city at that time. By invitation the girls attended some of the medical lectures.

Leaving Worcester he entered the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati from which he was graduated in February, 1853. The late Judge Smith of Greenfield held the chair of medical jurisprudence in the Institute, but delivered no lectures while Dr. Severance was there.

He began practice at Shelburne Falls where he stayed nine years. In November, 1853, he married Miss Martha E. Lyman of Northfield. Deaths in the family of Mrs. Severance's father made it desirable for them to go to Vernon, Vt., where Capt. Lyman was then living on a farm. His

brother, Dr. Charles Severance, was called from New York to take up the practice at Shelburne Falls. Dr. Severance was in Vernon two years, taking the practice of the town doctor who had joined the army as a surgeon in the civil war.

The death of Dr. Daniel Fisk created an opening for Dr. Severance, and on the 22d of March, he came to Greenfield. Cerebro spinal meningitis was prevalent at the time, and the doctor was called to attend one of his next door neighbors the afternoon he reached Greenfield. He took for his residence the old Judge Wells house on Main Street which is still the home of Mrs. Severance. He was soon well established in Greenfield with a growing practice that called him into many towns of the county.

For years Dr. Severance was one of the most familiar figures on the streets, as he drove about the village making the round of his calls. He brought from Newburyport the first rubber tired carriage owned in Greenfield. After the introduction of the safety bicycle, and until he was well past eighty, the doctor was frequently seen wheeling his way around the town. About ten years ago he gave up practice, but until within a year or so of his death was able to get around, greeting his acquaintances with a cheery smile and a kind word.

A notable incident of his life was the banquet he gave at the Mansion House to the Doctor's Club in commemoration of the 60th anniversary of his graduation at Cincinnati. Not infrequently had the annual meetings of the club been held at his home, but this was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. The esteem in which he was held by his associates was given expression in the after dinner tributes.

Dr. Severance relieved the cares of a busy professional life by trips to distant points in this and other countries. He visited California four times, the first with Boston Commandery, Knights Templar. He made trips to Florida, visited Cuba, and one season was in Europe for three months.

He was an ardent Mason and held most of the chairs in the different bodies of the order. He took a leading part in reviving Mountain lodge of Colrain and bringing it to Shel-

burne Falls. Following the Morgan excitement public feeling was inflamed against secret orders and many lodges suspended work or ceased altogether. Associated with him in bringing Mountain lodge to Shelburne Falls were Frank Pratt, Maj. Miller, Col. Greenleaf, J. K. Patch and H. S. Swan. He was an honored guest at the dedication of the Masonic building at Shelburne Falls, October 4, 1917; at the banquet his services to the lodge were given recognition by tributes. He was the oldest past master of the lodge and was given a past master's jewel.

While at Vernon, he was prominent in Harmony lodge of Northfield. In Greenfield he was a leader in starting Connecticut Valley Commandery, Knights Templar. He was a 32d degree Mason. For over forty years he was an Odd Fellow.

In politics he was a republican, in religious views a liberal. Of his children only two, Dr. William L. Sevevance, who died in 1904, and Charles D. Severance of Greenfield, reached maturity. Mrs. Severance survives and still manages her own household.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ORRIN P. ALLEN.

BY WILLIAM FULLER OF PALMER.

Orrin Peer Allen, member of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, born in Wallingford, Vt., Sept. 30, 1833, died in Palmer, Mass., Dec. 31, 1918. He was eldest child of Deacon Robert and Eliza Paine Allen. His earlier ancestors came from Rhode Island and Nantucket. His early education was completed on his graduation from the Chester, Vt., Academy, where he pursued his studies when not teaching in the near-by towns of Windham, Cavendish and Vernon. Later he was Principal of the Taunach Institute of Hackensack, N. J., and then superintendent of schools in Vernon, Vt. In 1859 he settled in Palmer, Mass., and

in 1860 opened a pharmacy, then in partnership, which in time was dissolved and he continued the business alone until 1902 when he retired to devote his time to historical and genealogical research, a work of which he was very fond. He was a member of the Second Congregational Church of Palmer: delivered its Jubilee Anniversary Address in 1897; wrote the history of that church in 1905; served 17 years as its clerk: and was Superintendent of its Sunday School many years. He was a member of Thomas Lodge of Masons of Palmer and chosen to deliver the historical address in 1896, on occasion of their centennial celebration. In 1889 he was chairman of the Publication Committee for the History of the Town of Palmer; was one of the principal workers in establishing the Young Mens' Library Association; and also The Palmer Historical Society, which organized in 1899, and incorporated through his efforts in 1900, and for which he had since served as curator. He collected and identified a very complete flora of Palmer and vicinity, containing some 450 specimens, and compiled the published volume of *Vital Records of the Town*.

For some nineteen years he was Secretary and Treasurer of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society, and several years member of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture. He was a member of the Connecticut Valley Association and also of the Sons of the American Revolution. Beyond writing numberless historical and genealogical sketches for publication in the press and elsewhere, and promoting the erecting of numerous marks of historic localities in the town, his work after retiring from active business was devoted to the compiling and publication of the genealogies of the Lee, Doolittle, Scott, Allen and Cady families, and he had a host of genial and interesting correspondents all over the country.

He was twice married and both wives "passed on" before him, the second wife but a few weeks before. He raised a family of four children, all of whom are living, and filling well and faithfully the positions to which they have been led, by environment, circumstances and ability.

In his intercourse with his fellow citizens Mr. Allen was

courteous, cordial and dignified. He had a fine memory and a never failing fund of anecdote and reminiscence to draw upon. His marshalling forth of the members and invited guests of the Palmer Historical Society for their annual excursion and picnic came to be looked for as one of the most enjoyable of occasions in the life of the town and will long be remembered.

THE REV. JOHN TAYLOR, MINISTER AT DEERFIELD, 1787-1806.

A Paper Prepared for The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, February 25th, 1919, by his great-grandson,

THE REV. RODERICK TERRY, D. D.

President of the Newport, R. I., Historical Society.

The Rev. John Taylor was the son of Hon. Eldad Taylor, and grandson of Rev. Edward Taylor, both of Westfield, Massachusetts. Edward Taylor was the first of this branch of the Taylor family to emigrate to America. Born in Sketchley, near Hinkley in Leicestershire, in 1642, his early life was passed in the midst of the excitement of the reign of Oliver Cromwell, and his family were among the strong dissenters from the Church of England. That they were well-to-do people is implied from the fact that he spent four years at Cambridge University. But on the 26th of April, 1668, when he was 26 years of age and Charles the Second had been upon the throne for eight years, young Edward Taylor sailed for America, having found it contrary to his conscience to take the oath of conformity to the English church. The bearer of letters to the Rev. Increase Mather and other prominent men of Boston, he was cordially received, and entered upon the life of a student at Harvard College, where he graduated in the class of 1671, being one of four appointed to deliver dissertations upon that commencement. That same year having accepted an invitation

to become the Pastor of the church of Westfield, he started on the 27th of November, as he writes, "not without much apprehension of a tedious and hazardous journey, the snow being about mid-leg deep, the way unbeaten or the track filled up again, over rocks and mountains, the journey being about 100 miles. A Mr. Cooke of Cambridge told us it was the desperatest journey that ever Connecticut men undertook. The first night we lodged at Malbury [Malborough], from thence we went out the day following about half an hour before sun-rising for Quabaugh [Brookfield], but about eleven o'clock we lost our way in the snow and woods which hindered us some three or four miles, but finding it again by marked trees on we went; but our talk was of lying in the woods that night, for we were then about 30 miles off from our lodging, having neither house nor wigwam on the way, but about 8 o'clock at night we came in through mercy in health to our lodgings, from which the next day we set out for Springfield, and on the next day we ventured to lead our horses in great danger over Connecticut River, though against my will, upon the ice which was about two days in freezing, but mercy lingered with us, for the ice cracked every step, yet we came over safely and well, to the wonder of all who knew it. This being the first December we came to Westfield, the place of our desire."

The village of Westfield was then a frontier town, exposed later to the attacks of Indians, in dread of whom the people went daily in fear of their lives, carrying their guns with them almost constantly, like the Jews described by Nehemiah, "Everyone with one of his hands wrought in the work and with the other hand held a weapon." It was a small community and one apparently lacking in cultivation, furnishing but little temptation to a man of Mr. Taylor's acquirements to become one of their number. Yet he seems not to have wavered but to have entered at once into the life of the people. Very soon broke out King Philip's War, during which the buildings of at least four families were burned and several people were killed, or carried away. Mr. Taylor sent to the Council of Connecticut for help, who replied advising him to abandon their settlement and re-

move to Springfield. Several persons moved away, and Mr. Taylor wrote, he saw "temptation was thrust in upon us by the adversary that seemed to threaten the overthrow of all proceedings on to a church state by those by whom that interest was before most apparently devolved." The remainder persevered, and in 1679 the church was organized with Mr. Taylor as Pastor.

He was the father of fourteen children in all, the last and youngest of whom, the Benjamin of the family, the son of the second wife, Ruth Wyllys, daughter of the Governor of Connecticut, was Eldad, born April 10, 1708, when his father was 66 years of age. Eldad was educated in the little village of Westfield, and became prominent as a man of considerable property for the time, and a Deacon in the church. Shortly before the breaking out of the Revolution he was sent as a Representative to the Massachusetts State Legislature at Boston, where he became one of the Governor's Council. He was at this time almost 70 years of age, and being taken ill with smallpox he desired to return home, but was earnestly requested by the Governor to remain and aid him in the threatening emergency. He did so, and fell at his post, as truly a martyr to the cause as were the soldiers who gave their lives on the field of battle. He died on the 21st of May, 1777. Like his father, he had been married twice and had fourteen children, and in this generation, as in the previous one, our interest centres upon the last, the youngest of all, who was John Taylor, the subject of this paper. His mother was Faithful Day, daughter of Thomas Day a prominent man in Suffield, and a relative of President Day of Yale College.

It was on the 23rd December, 1762, that John Taylor was born. Although his father lived for fifteen years after his birth, yet it is very certain that the boy must have spent these years mainly under the influence of his mother, owing to the continued absence of his father and his absorption in public affairs. That the boy's bringing up was severe we may judge from the conditions surrounding his life, and that it was religious his future life sufficiently proves. It is hard for us at this time to understand the condition of existence in

a small village such as was Westfield at that day, surrounded by the forests, where life was simple and the surroundings such as forced our ancestors into severe and serious condition of thought and action, which today it is the fashion in certain quarters to ridicule. But how a person brought up in this easy-going frivolous age would endure the trials and difficulties which were their daily lot, is hard to imagine. The work of the household, the work of the farm, the work of the garden, were all performed by the members of the family, and when the boy, John, at fifteen years of age was bereft of his father, the older boys having by this time left the home, we can imagine the serious responsibilities which came upon him in his duty to aid his mother in all the family labors. In addition he was busily preparing himself to enter the college situated at New Haven, where so many of his relatives had graduated.

There is a tradition in the family that during these days the boy, John, was so deeply stirred at the breaking out of the Revolution, and so imbued with patriotism, that at the age of fourteen, in 1776, he saved up his money, and having bought a flute enlisted in the Continental Army as a musician, where he served for six months. Whether or not this be true, it is certain that he was of an age to appreciate that which his elders were attempting to accomplish, in freeing themselves from their dependence upon England.

In regard to the life of the town we have little information. We read that in 1776, after having served for thirty-five years as pastor of the church, the Rev. John Ballantine died, and was succeeded by Rev. Noah D. Atwater, a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1774. He remained pastor until 1802, so that it is probable that from this diligent minister the boy acquired habits which were of use to him in after life. We are told that Mr. Atwater was an excellent scholar, that he never repeated the same sermon to an audience; that his two sermons for the Sabbath were always prepared by the previous Tuesday evening; that he kept on hand an advance supply of twenty sermons. He was also much interested in scientific studies, and his notes upon various astronomical and other natural events are still in existence.

In addition he kept up his acquaintance with classical studies, and prepared young men for college, so that there is every reason to believe that he may have been the tutor of young Taylor.

In 1780 John Taylor left his maternal home, and the mother to whom he had been such a comfort, and all the surroundings of his boyhood, and became a student at Yale College. There was then at the head of that institution the Reverend Dr. Ezra Stiles, whose mother had been the sister of John Taylor's father, so that they were first cousins. Two years before this Dr. Stiles, having been driven from his congregation at Newport, R. I., by the presence of the English soldiery, had accepted the invitation to become President of Yale College and was installed into that position. He found the college in a very reduced condition, with exceedingly few students, its life having been interrupted and almost extinguished by the Revolution, but his enthusiasm and activity had already during these two years produced a marked effect, so that when he welcomed this young cousin from Westfield he was in a position to lead him into the paths of knowledge and of piety and to exert a very considerable influence over his character, and once more the boy found himself as a young man surrounded by everything tending to make of him a worthy and devoted servant of the Lord.

Although it was only during the preceding year that the British had made their attack upon New Haven, killing and wounding a large number of the inhabitants and some of the students of the college, by which its life had been badly smitten, by this time the danger of another raid seemed to have passed away and the college to have settled down again into its normal life; and except that from time to time warships would sail into the harbor, bringing in the captures which they had made at sea, or vessels with cargoes would sail from New Haven, and perhaps never be heard of again, there was not much excitement in the city in connection with the Revolution.

Yet in the College, as throughout the country, hearts were elated or depressed by victories or defeats; for diaries and journals prove how closely the exciting events were followed.

Finally in John Taylor's junior year we find the following recorded:—

"New Haven, May 1, 1783. Thursday last was observed as a day of festivity and rejoicing in this town on receipt of indubitable testimony of the most important, grand, and ever memorable event, the total cessation of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, and the full acknowledgment of their sovereignty and independence. Thirteen guns were fired at daybreak; at nine o'clock the inhabitants met for divine service, when a very pertinent prayer together with thanksgiving was made by Reverend Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College, a very ingenious oration spoken by Mr. Ezra Garrett one of the tutors of the college, after which a very liberal collection was made for the poor of the town. At three o'clock were discharged thirteen cannon. At four, twenty-one. At five, seven. At six, thirteen. At seven were displayed the fireworks with rockets, serpents, etc. At nine o'clock a bonfire on the green concluded the diversions of the day."

There is but little that we know concerning the student life in those days, either in the lecture room or in social activities among the students; at least we can picture to ourselves this young enthusiastic student by his relationship to the President of the college being brought into association with the leading scholarly and educational influences of the place. Though perhaps not one of the intellectual leaders, as in the commencement he did not take the leading place, though he did obtain one of honor, he was certainly laying the foundation for a life of study, of devotion to principle and of religious activity. The lack of information regarding his student life is not strange in regard to one whose whole career was marked by modest retirement. He was not a man whose life attracted the attention of historians, and we can judge of his character and of his work mainly from incidental remarks and our knowledge of his circumstances and opportunities.

From the diary of President Stiles a few facts may be gleaned, as, for instance, on the 22d June, 1771, he gives a list of the students and their places of residence. Among the

freshmen is found, Taylor No. 15, West. This refers, we are told, to a room in the only one of the ancient dormitories still standing, that known as South Middle College. Mr. Taylor lived in one of the rooms on the west side of that building.

June 16, 1783, Dr. Stiles writes, "Taylor, one of the junior sophisters, young, very singular religious impressions." And in a footnote we find the following entry, the extract from a manuscript diary of a senior in college of this date: "Taylor was a junior. On Sunday evening appeared to be under the deepest conviction. Sent for Dr. Wales to pray with him. In great distress all night. On Monday more easy." A fortnight later his mind must have been somewhat settled, for we find on the 29th, that "Dr. Wales propounded several young graduates for communion, among them Taylor of the junior class, and on July 6th he admitted him as a communicant."

These are the only references that I find to John Taylor in this diary, except that on September 8, 1784, in the account of the public commencement, it is recorded that one of those who had part in the dialogue was Senior Taylor.

I have sought in vain for any information regarding the mental disturbance of mind above mentioned which he had in his junior year when the question of uniting with the church was pressed upon him. It is certain that many of thoughtful mind passed through stages of severe self-criticism, and in some cases of quite serious theological doubts, before feeling themselves ready to subscribe to all the demands made upon church members in those days. The President of the college, Dr. Stiles himself, tells us that in his youth he went through various forms of uncertainty and almost disbelief, until finally the theology in which he had been educated proved itself to him as the best. And we can well imagine a conscientious young man like John Taylor, in great anxiety lest he commit himself to something he did not thoroughly believe, fearing that he was being driven by force of surrounding circumstances, and by arguments of abler men, rather than by his own judgment, into an expression of faith. Yet it is beyond question that the men of that day were above all things self-searching and sincere, and however stern their

theology may appear to us, and however difficult it was for a young man to accept the current belief in all its severity, when once a conscientious soul had given itself up to its Maker, and had become persuaded of the truth of the doctrines which he was required to profess, he became a strong and faithful upholder of those doctrines through good report and evil report, through success and failure.

In view of the future life led by John Taylor it is interesting to realize that he came to a final acceptance of the faith in which he afterward lived and in which he died, only through strenuous mental struggles.

September 3, 1785, Dr. Stiles records a visit of John Taylor to his house in New Haven.

From September 8, 1784, when John Taylor graduated from Yale until November 16, 1786, when the town of Deerfield voted to concur with the church in inviting him to settle in the work of the ministry, his life was one of quiet preparation for that work.

In a short article by his son, Judge Henry Wyllys Taylor, of Canandaigua, N. Y., published in the *New York Evangelist* March 15, 1887, this period is disposed of with the simple statement that "After reading theology with Mr. Atwater of Westfield, he was ordained pastor of the church in Deerfield, Mass." This method of preparation for the ministry is entirely in accord with what we know of the custom of those days, when there was no theological seminary to which young men could go, even as there was no law school for lawyers; but those intending to enter the ministry gained their knowledge and experience from daily association with a minister who was an active pastor, and the embryo lawyer did his studying in the office of some well-known practitioner. In these days when the theological seminaries gather to themselves so many men, brilliant indeed, but often better known as scholars than as pastors, in which position many of them had no experience whatever, we cannot but feel that something is lacking which John Taylor enjoyed in personal intimate relation to, and knowledge of, preaching and pastoral work, as he was brought into daily association with a leading preacher and pastor of the time. There was un-

doubtedly the danger of any individual peculiarity of the older man fixing itself upon the mind and character of the younger; but is there not today the danger of strange doctrines asserting themselves in many of the seminaries, where the purely intellectual study of theology and philosophy is apt to become exaggerated in the minds of those whose lives are of the cloister. And in reviewing the lives of the ministers of that time we cannot but observe that although there may not have been the same breadth of learning in the sense of extending over so many branches, and becoming familiar with so many new and perhaps crude theories, yet these men showed that their ideas were built upon a firm foundation from which few ever wavered.

During these three years while he was studying under the pastor of his native town, he lived at home with his widowed mother, who having been much younger than her husband, outlived him many years. The neighboring towns in the valley of the Connecticut river, were undoubtedly familiar to him—one he frequently visited, the town of Enfield, in which was living at that time Colonel Nathaniel Terry, a man of prominence in the community.

Colonel Terry was the proud father of a daughter Elizabeth; who was the cause of young John Taylor's frequent visits. She was born September 10, 1766, and therefore at this time was a girl under twenty years of age. That the young and impressionable John Taylor made the most of his opportunities upon his visits to Enfield is evidenced from the fact that we shall find that the year after his settlement in Deerfield he made her his wife; in connection with which event we shall have no more to say concerning her.

How much the young man interested himself in public affairs during these years we can only conjecture, but certainly the period was one of great excitement. The close of the Revolution had left not only poverty in its wake throughout New England, but that which often accompanies poverty, a mental discontent. There was jealousy concerning the power which the army might claim to itself, also uncertainty concerning the future of the, as yet, ill-defined union of the States. Especially troubled were the people upon financial

questions, for the country was desperately poor, and what money the people possessed was almost all in the worthless paper issues which had been put out during the Revolution. Fully one half of the citizens of the State, we are told, were in debt, and familiar were red flags hanging from many houses; and throughout the country the appearance of sheriffs in search of property to levy upon. As this poverty was not the fault of the people great discontent was manifest. The result was the breaking out in the Connecticut Valley and western Massachusetts of what is known as Shays' Rebellion, the object of which was to stop the courts, and to prevent the entering of judgments. In May, 1783, a mob of debtors attempted with clubs to prevent the judges, headed by the sheriff, from entering the Springfield Court House. Many were injured, several arrested, and one offensive person was said to have been, by the mob, thrown into the town brook. That there was much sympathy with these unlawful attempts is but natural, and though the better feeling of the community prevailed, it was hard to be severe against those suffering through bankruptcy which was not of their own fault. So we find in this town of Deerfield a convention, 1783, voting, "It appears to us absolutely impossible that the people should be able to grapple with the burdens lying on them, and that nothing but a general bankruptcy must soon inevitably be our portion." We cannot enter into the history of this movement, but we may well imagine that the excitement of the time was unsettling to a mind devoted to the quiet policy of the study of theology in Westfield. And in his journeys to Enfield and Springfield and to Deerfield, where he undoubtedly occupied the pulpit as a candidate, we can imagine him continually coming across those who were fomenting this unlawful uprising. When he was called to become the pastor of the Deerfield Church the excitement upon this subject was at its highest point. In January, 1787, the matter was brought to a head when an open battle was fought near Northampton, and by the time of Mr. Taylor's installation, on the 14th of February, all open rebellion had been overcome, and in the quiet and peace of a settled, if poor and anxious community, he began his work.

When in November, 1786, he had been called to become the pastor of the church, a settlement of £250, £100 within a year and £50 a year for the second and third years, and a salary of £100 was unanimously voted him. (It is impossible to enter upon any account of the life of Mr. Taylor without quoting very freely from George Sheldon's *History of Deerfield*, and although you may all be familiar with the work, I must make use of it if I am going in any manner at all satisfactorily to speak of Mr. Taylor's life here. I trust that this general statement of recognition of the value of that book, will be sufficient so that I need not mention the fact every time I make use of its contents). Mr. Sheldon quotes in full the reply of Mr. Taylor to the invitation to become pastor of the church, declaring that this reply is so characteristic of the man that it seems best to give it entire, and we shall follow his example:

Deerfield Dec. 18, 1786.

To the Ch^h of Christ and to the Congregation in Deerfield—

Friends and Brethren. Since you presented me with your request to Settle with you in the work of the Ministry; I have taken it into consideration, and I hope have considered it with that Seriousness which is becoming so important a concern, both for the Ch^h, the congregation and myself. I have taken a proper time for Consideration, have advised with most of the Ministers in the vicinity—have attended to your long destitution, and the difficulty you have met with in gaining an unity. I have considered the necessity you stand in of a resettled Minister, that you may have the regular administration of Ordinances. I have attended also to your present unity, and the agreeable consequences naturally resulting from such a happy union. I have also with pain considered the present situation of our political matters, the Embarrassments upon the regular administration of Law and Justice, the General Confusion of the Commonwealth, together with the deep rooted prejudices in y^e minds of many against the Constitution, and the higher officers of the Government. I have been and am

still full of the most alarming apprehensions with regard to the disturbances which have taken place, and which appear still to be increasing. What the future Consequences of these things will be is known only to an over-ruling God.

Finally Bretheren, the time has now come in which I am to give you an answer to your request, and after having considered the greatness of the work and the above observations in connection with the encouragement you have given and after having taken the advice which so great an undertaking demanded, I find it my duty to answer you in the affirmative.

Provided that the Town shall furnish me as many cords of wood yearly at one Dollar per cord as shall be called for—and may the Lord grant that the union between us may be productive of the happiest effects, and last as life, and that time may serve to unite us still more in affections and Spiritual interests, And that we may ever have reason to give Glory to God. These from your Pastor Elect.

John Taylor.

February 14, of the following year 1787, Mr. Taylor was ordained as pastor of the church. And in the Reverend Dr. Stiles' diary under December 28, 1786, we read: "Received letters from Dr. Williams and Mr. Taylor asking me to preach his ordination sermon at Deerfield next month." That President Stiles did not accept the invitation is evident from the fact that his diary records him as being in New Haven on that day. His interest in his young cousin however continued, for on August 27th of that year he notes that he sent a copy of a sermon to the Reverend Mr. John Taylor, and on September 23, on a journey which he made up the Connecticut River Valley, he writes: "I preached today for Reverend Mr. Taylor of Deerfield, and ate peaches here, and on the 24th digging and examining broken pieces of earthen cups on Deerfield River, flowered, not glazed, differing from European or Asiatic earthen, called Indian pots." Dr. Stiles was an indefatigable gatherer of facts of all kinds.

The next important event in Mr. Taylor's life was that to which reference has already been made, his marriage to

Elizabeth Terry of Enfield. Her father (the great-grandson of Samuel Terry, the first of the name, who had come in 1650 from England to Springfield) was Nathaniel Terry, born June 3, 1730. In 1764 he married Lydia, the daughter of Samuel and Mary Lyman Dwight, of Middletown, Conn. In 1766 Elizabeth his daughter was born on the 10th of September. She was therefore nine years old at the breaking out of the Revolution, at which time her father was forty-five. He was then a Captain in the Militia at Enfield, and was one of those who answered to what was known as the Lexington alarm, starting the day after the receipt of the news for Boston, in command of fifty-nine men. From that time until the end of the Revolution, although not a member of the regular Continental Army, he was constantly being called upon for military service as an officer of the Conn. Militia, serving in at least three campaigns in as many summers; being advanced in rank first to Major, then to Lieutenant Colonel and finally at the end of the war he was a Colonel.

This father of Mrs. Taylor was a man of stern and positive views, a strong patriot. At the time that the paper money issued by Congress was depreciating continually, he, although realizing fully the consequences, was determined to do what he could to support the credit of his country by accepting this money in most cases at its face value; with the result that when the Revolutionary war was over he, who had been a man of considerable financial importance in his town, had lost all, and had to show for his previous possessions nothing but a mass of comparatively worthless congressional paper money. He lived until 1792, and never recovered his estate.

Elizabeth his daughter was twenty-one when she married Mr. Taylor, and came to live in Deerfield. April 6, 1789, the first baby appeared at the parsonage, a girl, who was called Elizabeth after her mother. The next year September 21, 1790, a son, Jabez, appeared. June 30, 1792, another son named John after his father. Two years later, May 18, 1794, a daughter Harriet. Two years later, February 2, 1796, a son Henry Wyllys; 1798, March 27th, a daughter Mary.

March 16, 1800, a son named for his grandfather, Nathaniel Terry. Again in 1802, 1803, 1804, 1809 were children born, the last after the removal of the family from Deerfield. That Elizabeth had a busy time of it there can be no doubt. Nine children born in fourteen years, and all the work of the household to accomplish as well as those duties which naturally fall to the wife of a minister, must have made her life anything but one of ease.

The son of Reverend Mr. Taylor, the Hon. Judge Henry Wyllys Taylor of Canandaigua, N. Y., has given his memories of early years in Deerfield as follows:

“The young people of the present day have but an imperfect idea of the condition and habits of those who lived four score years ago. In public worship, it was not uncommon for the preacher to ‘time’ the psalm or hymn, for singing, on account of the scarcity of books. My recollection is, however, more vigorous in relation to the habits of domestic economy than as to the general condition of society. I suppose the village in which I was born would be a fair specimen of all the country at that time, outside of the large cities.

“To give a clear view of one department of domestic life I will set before the reader a dinner table, as it appeared three-fourths of the year; and first, of the furniture: A clean white table-cloth then as now covered the table; on this were placed one, two or three pewter platters or dishes, as the dinner required. On the margin were placed the requisite number of pewter plates, or wooden trenchers. The knives were what we should now think rather poor for the kitchen, with them large heavy two-tined iron forks. I think that condiments such as pepper, cayenne, mustard, vinegar, were used as freely then as now.

“On one of the platters was placed a large cut of salted beef, on another a cut of fat pork and, once or twice in a week, a very large Indian or corn meal pudding. To these were added potatoes and such vegetables as the garden afforded. Very often, some other device of the good mother was substituted for the pudding. Upon the table was placed a large mug filled with cider, and there being no

tumblers on the table, the mug was pushed about as required. White wheat bread was not used in those days. Three kinds of bread were used, viz; rye, meslin, and rye and Indian. The rye was the most common; the meslin was found only occasionally; the rye and Indian suited my taste much the best of all. Apple sauce was the universal sweet-meat. Large quantities of apples were pared, cut up into small pieces, a small quantity of quince with them, and the whole immersed in new cider, and boiled to a pulp.

"I do not think there was a carpet in the town. As a substitute the good wife would procure a quantity of the finest and whitest sand, and spread it over the floor, and with her broom, work all kinds of devices on it. This did certainly, give a graceful aspect to the room.

"Clergymen, of all denominations, wore turned-up three-cornered hats, sometimes called cocked hats. The change to the form of the hat of the present day, was made about 1803 or 1804. Perhaps one-third of my father's congregation came from the country from one to four miles. There were but two pleasure carriages in the village. Transportation was all done with ox carts or sleds. Riding was on horseback. On a Sunday, you would see a long row of horses, hitched to posts provided for the purpose, each horse having a saddle for a man, and fastened to it a pillion, on which a woman would ride."

Again in another paper he writes:

"The records of time set their indelible mark upon every moment of our mortal existence. This day is the eighty-eighth anniversary of the death of George Washington. He drew his last breath in the last month of the last year of the last century. Very few of the people now alive can remember that day of deep and universal sadness. I was between three and four years old—nearly four. In the morning at the breakfast table my father was quiet and thoughtful—so much so as to attract my attention. Immediately after breakfast he took his hat and left the house. I was curious to know what affected him, and pushed a chair to the window and climbed into it to see where he would go. I was surprised to see many persons in the street

rushing up to one another and shaking hands in an uncommon way. On my father's return to the house, I asked him what was the cause of it. He did not answer, but took me in his arms and carried me up to a chamber, on the wall of which hung a portrait in an oval frame. He held me up directly before it and said, with great emphasis, 'That man, General Washington, the Father of his country, is dead, and I hope you will never forget it.' The whole affair made an impression upon my memory so indelible that to this day it is not at all obliterated.

"My father was very expert in swimming. I have seen him swim across the Deerfield River with one hand and one foot out of water. It was this skill in swimming, I presume, which gave him the undeniable distinction of having taken three drowned bodies from the water.

"When I was about fourteen years old, (they were then living in Enfield) there was a regimental, or what was called a 'general training.' In the afternoon a rumor passed along that a boy had been drowned at a millpond a mile or two away. Quite a number immediately took their way to the place designated. My father soon followed, and on reaching the mill he found the pond surrounded, closely packed with men, women and children, but no one seeking for the body. He immediately threw off his outer garments and entered the water. It was about fifteen feet deep, and it was some time before he could find the location. The instant he found it there was a yell from the men on shore for him to plunge down and draw it up. He was exhausted, but soon drew the dead body on shore. Ten or twelve years after my father and mother were riding by and he said he would stop and speak with the widow about it. He entered the house and found the mother there, and told her he was the person who, on the occasion mentioned, took the dead body of her son from the mill-pond. 'Oh! law,' said she, 'I have had two drowned since that.' My father went on his way.

The last of the three was a young friend and associate of my own."

During the years of Mr. Taylor's pastorate the town of Deerfield pursued its way without much excitement. A

few incidents of interest are recorded. In 1789 there was excitement when a gang of counterfeiters was discovered in the village and their work ended.

In 1793 it was voted that there should be no hospital in the town for smallpox, but liberty to inoculate for smallpox was given. A mill was erected for grinding corn in 1795. And "following this period," says Sheldon, "came the palmy days of Deerfield in stall-feeding cattle for the Boston and New York markets, and between the hurrying and grinding stones of this mill passed nearly all the cereal products of Deerfield meadows in the form of provender with which they were fed." Industrially, therefore, the town proceeded at a moderate rate, and with freedom from political disturbances. The period of the pastorate of Mr. Taylor seems to have been one of quietness and peace. During his pastorate there was established the celebrated Deerfield Academy. At the first meeting of the Trustees held in 1797, Rev. John Taylor was chosen Vice-President, so that his influence must have been considerable in its formation. On January 1, 1799, the academy was formally opened, and in the first quarter had forty-nine pupils. In 1803 there was evidently need for enlarging the seating capacity of the church, for "the Trustees had leave of the town to build pews in the back parts of the north and south galleries in the meeting house."

Mr. Sheldon describes the condition of things in Deerfield as follows: "The last decade of the eighteenth century had been marked by unusual mental and physical activity, as was indeed the whole period of Mr. Taylor's ministry."

Of his work as minister in Deerfield there is nothing to be known, if anything, beyond that which is recorded in Mr. Sheldon's History. In regard to Mr. Taylor himself, he tells us he "was interested in literature and historic research and doubtless did his part in developing the taste for those things for which Deerfield was somewhat noted in the half century following." He was also interested in the affairs of the town and the policy of the nation. There were constant troubles concerning the division of the town, people

residing both on the north and on the south borders continually bringing up the question of separation.

January 9, 1800, in commemorating the death of Washington, Mr. John Taylor appears at the celebration reading President Adams' proclamation and the late President Washington's valedictory address, and offering the prayer. In 1801, March 2, an allowance of \$125 was made to the Rev. Mr. Taylor in addition to his salary. March 1, 1802, a committee reports that he has no objections to preaching three or four Sabbaths in the year at Muddy Brook, "if this town are wanting it." In this year, July 12, 1802, an event occurs of great interest to Mr. Taylor and of importance in the history of a neighboring State. One Samuel Childs and nine others petitioned the selectmen "to see if the town will consent that the Rev. Mr. John Taylor shall go on a mission to the westward, agreeable to a request of the Missionary Society in the County of Hampshire." No record of any action on this petition is found. As Mr. Sheldon says, "It may have been concluded all around that no formal action was necessary. He made a three months missionary tour to New York, visiting many settlements on the Mohawk and Black Rivers. He went on horseback travelling about 1,000 miles, speaking five or six times a week, organizing churches, ordaining deacons, visiting schools, the sick and dying. With all this he found time to visit noted historical places and natural curiosities which he described, of some drawings were made, notably the ruins of ancient forts or missions on the Sandy Creek near Lake Ontario." Although this short account by Mr. Sheldon gives an accurate statement of what was accomplished, yet this journey was of such importance that we may well devote a few moments more to its description. Among the early archives of the State of New York, his record of this journey is preserved and it was published in the third volume of the *Documentary History of New York*, by E. B. O'Callaghan, Albany, 1850, under the title, "Journal of the Rev. John Taylor's Missionary Tour through the Mohawk and Black River Mountains." According to this journal, Mr. Taylor rode from Deerfield to Williamstown,

forty miles the first day. He thus describes his departure from home; "July 31, 1802. I this day passed through the affecting scene of parting with my family for the term of three months, to journey into the northern mountains of New York, and to perform the duties of a missionary. May I and my family enjoy Divine protection, and may the pleasure of meeting my family and people again be greater than the sorrow of parting with them." He left behind him in the parsonage with his wife, eight children, the youngest just six months old, the oldest thirteen. Of his ride over the Mohawk Trail he declares, "I proceeded from Charlemont on the Turnpike, over Housic Mountain. When I came to the west side of the mountain, I found before I began to descend, the most sublime prospect I had ever seen, the high mountains on all sides apparently locking in with each other, the scattered fields upon those mountains, the blooming appearance of vegetation, and the valleys below filled with houses appearing to sink so low as to be almost lost, was the prospect that led me into a train of agreeable and elevated reflections. [How many of us who now find it so easy to cross this wonderful pass over the mountains, have had the same feelings stirred at this marvelous view]. Having passed down the mountain I came into the town of Adams, which was remarkable for limestone. Five miles from Adams is Williamstown, the college consists of about 90 scholars, a President and four tutors. There are two elegant buildings. I put up with Dr. Fall, an honorable man who has an agreeable family. Weather was extremely uncomfortable from heat."

Again the next day he traveled 40 miles to Albany, where he stayed at the Rev. Eliphet Nott's, and on the 23rd he traveled 37 miles and now found himself, he writes, "on missionary ground." He describes his daily trips and the various towns through which he passes and their religious condition; Amsterdam, Johnstown, Mayfield. He is interested in the natural possibilities of the country, as well as the religious condition of the inhabitants. He counts the miles, he describes the trees and the products of wheat and vegetables, the fine pastures. Day after day people gathered

in the houses from all the neighborhood around to listen to this minister, many having not heard sermons for years. In some cases he established organizations which developed into churches. The important part of his work was the distributing of religious literature. At "Hermiker" (Herkimer?) he discovers, to his grief, that the boxes containing his books had been placed behind the stage from Palatine, that the bottom of the large box had fallen out, and that all the books were missing, four Catechisms in all excepted. "The shock," he writes, "has been almost too much for my weak nerves, and I am fearful, the property will not all be recovered." And yet perhaps the sprinkling of these religious documents along the road may have been as the casting of bread upon the waters, and some Indian or ignorant white may have picked them up and have gained great benefit. But such an idea does not seem to have entered into the mind of the practical and serious Mr. Taylor.

On the 29th he arrives at Utica, then so unimportant that there was no church in the place. For several days he waits there looking for the arrival of his books, but they fail to come, and finally after a week he is emboldened to order some more.

He passes on through the wild country and small villages, through Little Falls, with three houses, through Whites-town with about two dozen. He visits the former dwelling of Baron Steuben. Rome, he finds a town of about 30 houses. On October 12th he arrives home from his journey.

Inasmuch as we have little information concerning Mr. Taylor except that derived from what we know of his writings, it is interesting to observe the historical and scientific as well as religious nature of the man, from the notes which he took, and a description which he wrote of this journey. It has been said that his interest in historical studies had much to do with the spirit which has pervaded the town of Deerfield ever since his presence here; that spirit is manifested in the carefulness with which he studied, and described the various Indian relics and ruins of fortifications which he passed, between Albany and Lake Ontario. The plans which he drew are of the greatest value historically;

as are his written descriptions of them. His careful examination of the products of the land also give an insight into his mind, and we find evidence of his ability to enter upon the life of a farmer to which for many years he was later driven. His chief work, however, was in connection with the establishment of churches, and the settling of differences between already existing small and weak organizations. In this he was eminently successful and showed a spirit at once zealous for the progress and growth of the Christian religion, and most sympathetic with the thoughts and troubles of educating the people. Seldom if ever do we find a word lightly spoken regarding the beliefs of others, which was unusual in an earnest propagator of the Gospel in those times. At Camden, however, he makes this statement regarding the Methodists: "In the first part of their establishments they say but very little about sentiments, but they gain the people first and then mould them to their own will, but I have observed that when they have been of considerable standing they became disorderly, and the steady, good characters left them and returned back to Congregationalism." This is a mild criticism for that time when the feelings of men were wrought up to an excited state upon religious questions. We cannot but believe that on the whole this missionary tour must have been of benefit to the places through which he passed, in gathering here and there the nucleus of what later became strong churches, and calling attention of religious people in well-settled communities to the need of missionary effort, in this which was then the frontier.

What was the effect upon Mr. Taylor's health we can only surmise. It is probable that the weariness and exposure to which he was subjected had something to do with his subsequent break-down in health, but for two years after his return we have no notice of any great weakness. As in 1801, previous to the journey the town had voted to make "a grant of \$125 to the Rev. Mr. John Taylor in addition to his salary," so in 1803 again it was voted "to make an addition of \$100 per annum to Mr. Taylor's salary." During his ministry here "these repeated donations to Mr.

Taylor," writes Mr. Sheldon, "not only showed a great affection for him but also a prosperous community."

Among the published writings of Mr. Taylor there is a Century sermon preached at Deerfield February 29, 1804, in commemoration of the destruction of the town by the French and Indians, with this appropriate text from Psalm 79—1, 2, 3: "O God the heathen are come into thine inheritance, thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the Heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water around about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them." In his introduction he speaks of the sufferings of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, saying: "That these words refer probably not particularly to the final destruction of that devoted city by Titus the Roman, but to the sufferings endured when taken by Ptolemy Soter the Egyptian. It is probable that the Psalmist had reference also to the distressing scenes witnessed in Jerusalem when Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria, assaulted the city." Mr. Taylor refers his listeners to the Apochryphal writings in the Book of Maccabees, showing familiarity with the then somewhat unfamiliar historical books of the Old Testament. "It is true," he adds, "that the ruins of Deerfield are not to be compared to those of Jerusalem," yet he draws a comparison between the sufferings of the Jews in their savage Eastern countries, and the inhabitants of Deerfield under the attack of the French and their savage allies. "Perhaps no town in the Commonwealth," he adds, "suffered in early times from the depredations of the natives equally with Deerfield."

The whole sermon is of great interest and shows careful study and inquiry on the part of Mr. Taylor, proving him to have been a true historian.

How picturesque and realistic is this description: "As the enemy withdrew he sees the scattered survivors begin to collect, those who had made their escape from the fort returned, those who had been secreted came over from their lurking places. What a collection of sorrowful beings was

here. See them unable to speak and looking around in amazement, this moment viewing the general destruction, the next casting their eyes into the meadow about to catch one distinct glimpse of their friends and families, at the same time stumbling over the dead. After they have recovered a little from the first shock, see them running from corpse to corpse, turning up their mangled heads to distinguish if possible their nearest connections from their friends and neighbors. Some they probably find alive, their blood still flowing and their souls still lingering on the borders of eternity. The inquiry is, who have escaped the massacre? who are in captivity? and who are in eternity? Here comes one inquiring for his parents, another for his companion, and a third for his children. Soon one cries out in agony 'here is my father, here is my mother, here are my brothers and sisters.' Look yonder, view those tender parents collecting the scattered remnants of their children, and hear them cry out with inexpressible distress, 'Would to God we had died for thee, oh our children.' " He follows with a full account of the capture of the Rev. Mr. Williams and his return to Deerfield.

It was soon after the preaching of this sermon that Mr. Taylor's usefulness as a minister seems to have come to an end, for in this same year we are told that his voice failed him and he had difficulty in preaching. "It is probable," says Mr. Sheldon, "that the fatigue and hardships of Mr. Taylor's missionary tour, with the rough roads and bad weather, and with the scanty accommodations, or none at all, for suitable rest, together with a constant mental strain made serious inroad upon his constitution, and his health gave out. 'Debility of the lungs, effects caused by public speaking,' he gives as a reason for being obliged to ask for dismissal." "The following item," continues Mr. Sheldon, "shows that the women of his flock gave practical tokens of their sympathy with the loved pastor in his misfortune, and also that the character of Deerfield women for 'female benevolence' has not been changed by the decades that have passed since then. The *Gazette* in its issue of April 17, 1806, as an editorial personal, a rare thing in

those days, tells how 'the ladies of Deerfield did convene and present the wife of Mr. Taylor with 96 runs of linen yarn. Such examples of female benevolence, and such tokens of friendship towards the teachers of religion we shall always notice with pleasure.' "

Of the immediate cause of his ending his pastorate, his son, Hon. Henry W. Taylor, writes: "Young as I was in 1806, I still remember the exciting event which ended his labors in Deerfield. I was sitting with my mother, brothers and sisters in our pew in the church. My father had proceeded, I should think one-third of the ordinary length of a sermon, when he fell down in the pulpit, apparently as dead as if he had been shot through the heart. It was said to have been occasioned by a cramp in the vitals. He very soon recovered perfectly, except as to his voice. That was gone. And after a reasonable delay and the loss of hope, he asked and obtained a dismissal from the pastorate."

June 9th the church met at Mr. Taylor's house who made a formal request for a dismissal. June 16th the town chose a committee of twelve "to wait upon Mr. Taylor and receive from him reasons for making him a grant, and also to report at this meeting what it will be proper to grant him." Again I must take the liberty to quote in extenso the letter of Mr. Taylor upon this subject, as presented in Mr. Sheldon's History:

"To the Inhabitants of the town of Deerfield—

Gentlemen: As I have requested you to make me a grant, previously to the dissolution of my ministerial connection with you, I would observe as reasons why I have entered a petition of this kind, first, unless I am assisted, I shall be in a state of trouble and distress soon after my Salary ceases; and shall be under a necessity of disposing of some part of the little landed property I possess, to satisfy demands now against me, which demands, as near as I am able to calculate amount to between three and four hundred dollars. 2, I am so reduced in health as to be unable to attend to any business, and I have a large family to support, and at present know of no way by which they can be supported.

For these reasons I have felt myself constrained to ask for your kind assistance.

My friends, I do not wish to trouble you with a long statement of my unhappy condition—nor with many remarks, nor, indeed will my feelings admit of it, under such heavy frowns of Providence: you will readily conceive, that a man with a large family, who has passed the meridian of life—with a debilitated constitution—and unqualified for any new course of life—and not knowing what course to pursue for a livelihood—must experience the most painful sensations, however firm his reliance on a kind providence—And, on an occasion like the present, when gloomy prospects, indeed, are before me, your generosity will be duly appreciated.

Yours affectionately,
John Taylor.

Deerfield, June 16, 1806.”

In response to the letter of Mr. Taylor, it was “voted to make a grant of \$662 to Mr. Taylor provided he relinquish all claim to any salary from the present time.” And the committee was chosen to supply the desk until the next December meeting.

On August 6th of this year 1806, a council of the neighboring churches met and went through the ceremony of dissolving the connection between the church and pastor. His farewell sermon Mr. Sheldon thinks to have been read to the congregation by a man who afterwards became his son-in-law, the Rev. James Taylor of Sunderland. At that time Mr. Taylor advertised for sale his “homestead nine acres, twenty-six acres pasture and arable land adjoining, twenty-six or twenty-seven acres adjoining said pasture, of woodland, and twenty-one acres one mile north one-half pasture, one-half wood.” Thus ended all connection spiritual, ecclesiastical and commercial between Mr. Taylor and the town of Deerfield.

Thus at the age of forty-four Mr. Taylor found himself unable to continue, owing to the condition of his health, in that profession to which he had supposed that he would give his life, and he turned from Deerfield and took up his

residence at Enfield, with the feeling that the rest of his life would be passed in an occupation entirely different from that in which he had been engaged. He resigned a position in which he must have felt the satisfaction of having accomplished a good work.

In reviewing the life at Deerfield we cannot but believe that he was firm in all the essentials of what was known as the Orthodox Christian faith. This we deduce from his education; and are not therefore surprised that when his successor was before the Council of the Churches for installation, Mr. Taylor, with others, voted against that action because of the ideas which we would today call Unitarianism, which this man Mr. Samuel Willard professed. Liberal, we may believe that he was, though Orthodox. And a pity it is that there were not more of the stamp of Ezra Stiles, in whose footsteps John Taylor walked; capable of seeing the good in the various theories that were propounded, and unwilling that any one should be strictly bound against his own conscience. Yet as he was assured in his own mind, only after long and serious debate with himself; he cannot have been narrow in his criticism of the faith held by another.

On the condition of the intellectual and spiritual life of Deerfield, we can judge from the action which was taken in regard to Mr. Taylor's successor, who being a man of strong personality, and earnest in the propagation of the new Unitarian faith, carried the town with him. Mr. Sheldon says: "Their minds as well as their bodies had become emancipated from the traditions of authority.**** They set free thought in the high places among them." We must believe therefore that the generous and open state of mind in which the people of Deerfield found themselves, came in some degree from the preaching of Mr. Taylor, but that, as in so many cases, the followers went beyond their leader; inasmuch as we must conclude from the whole of his life that he would never have accepted the form of faith which they in their enthusiasm adopted.

To Enfield then we follow this unfortunate and disappointed man, as he began to take up an entirely new life. In

the community to which he comes, his wife's family, as we have seen, held a place of honor and distinction. Here Mr. Taylor entered upon the work of a farmer, and inasmuch as his wife was one of the heirs mentioned in her father's Will, there may have come to her a part of the farm lands which he possessed, upon which property they probably settled. He was not, however, a man to remain unnoticed. Several times we come across his name as occupying positions of importance in the town and in the church. He is on the committee for making alterations in seating the meeting house, a very important work in those days; he becomes moderator of the Ecclesiastical Society or Church of Enfield; he is on a committee to supply the pulpit, to arrange for the installation of a minister.

In the town records, January 10, 1811, there is recorded the death of Edward W. Taylor, son of the Rev. John Taylor, aged two. And among the inscriptions in the Graveyard is the following:

“Edward Wyllys, son of John and Eliza Taylor,
Born March 15, 1808, Died January 20, 1811,
Short grief,
Short pain,
Dear babe was thine,
Now joys eternal and divine.”

In the records of the church at Enfield there is entered: “July 5, 1807, Rev. John Taylor, late of Deerfield and his wife were received as members of this church by recommend, he from the Council who dismissed him, by their result which was read and considered, according to custom as a letter recommending a minister to church worship with another church; Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, his wife, by a letter from the church in Deerfield.”

And May 20, 1818, is recorded the “Dismission of Rev. John Taylor and Elizabeth, his wife, and Mary Taylor, to the church in Mendon, State of New York.”

In 1817 Mr. Taylor left Enfield. Ten children had been born of his marriage; seven were living. A daughter named after her mother Elizabeth was seventeen years old, the youngest, Alice, but three. One child had been born in En-

field. Two daughters and one son were married, Elizabeth to the Rev. James Taylor of Sunderland, Mass., Harriet to Mr. Roderick Terry, of Hartford, Conn., and Jabez to Esther Allen.

During these years his voice had quite recovered, and he supplied neighboring pulpits from time to time, and represented the town in the State Legislature. Before he left Enfield he had received calls to the churches in Hadley, Mass. and in Canandaigua, N. Y., but was unwilling then to resume Pastoral work.

The town of Mendon to which he moved was in the western part of the State of New York, on the highway between Rochester and Syracuse. Always a small and unimportant village, its population is estimated even now at only 204.

Strongly imbued as he was with a spirit of Congregationalism, we are informed that he was grieved to find a tendency toward Presbyterianism, and it is said to have been mainly through his efforts that the Genesee Consociation of about thirty churches was established, among which for many years Mr. Taylor exerted a very considerable influence, almost indeed the powers of a Bishop. In at least one notable instance, when a church had become badly divided and ecclesiastical proceedings had been entered upon, Mr. Taylor in a kind and wise letter urged so strongly that they should forget their differences and come together, that when the letter was received in a church meeting, it was "Voted that we receive the communication with gratitude, and that the church meet at Brother Stone's on Tuesday evening next for special prayer."

Rev. Mr. Taylor attended at that meeting, and after an address by him the difficulties were happily terminated and the church restored to Christian charity and brotherly love.

"Long as Mr. Taylor remained at Mendon, a dozen years or more," recites his son, "he was the leading member of the Consociation, a position for which he was eminently fitted. Though decided in his convictions as an unswerving Congregationalist, his spirit was catholic and kind toward other denominations, and he often rendered them hearty and valuable assistance in revivals."

He was a strong believer in the anti-Masonic movement; and an early advocate of the temperance cause.

In 1833, "when nearly seventy years of age, he removed to the town of Bruce in Northern Michigan, to make his home with a son. There he gathered a small church in the wilderness, chiefly of Scotch Presbyterians and New Englanders, to which he ministered to the close of his life. This occurred in accordance with his desire, frequently and strongly expressed, that he might not outlive his usefulness, or receive any premonition of his death. On the Sabbath before he entered his seventy-ninth year, after all the preparations of the day were made, he was prostrated by a fit of apoplexy in his bedroom, which was at once fatal."

Dec. 20, 1840, was the day upon which he thus ended his earthly labors. His wife survived him almost three years, dying Sept. 17, 1843.

The following extracts from a letter written forty years later to his son bear interesting testimony to his character and worth:

Unionville Conn.

Jan. 31st, 1881.

Hon. Henry W. Taylor,

Dear Sir,

My interest in him lies in the fact that he was in my early life the channel through which the blessings of salvation—those priceless blessings—came to me. It was on this wise.

I am one of the Morgan family of West Springfield, (now Holyoke) my father being cousin to Major A. Morgan who married Pamela Taylor—you probably knew her and her family. I knew that when I was a child, your father baptized me, and therefore being anxious, a few years since, to know more about him, I wrote to Rev. Nehemiah Beardsley about him. As his letter to me gives a clear account I copy from it. "1866 He labored a long time in Chicopee and the North Parish of West Springfield now Holyoke. The blessing of the Lord attended his preaching at Holyoke and your beloved mother, Maj. A. Morgan and his wife, and twelve

of fifteen others were hopefully converted and became members of the church. You may think it a singular favor that Mr. Taylor baptized you into the name of the Father, Son & Holy Ghost for I believe him to have been a devoted man of God. He was a sound and faithful minister of Jesus Christ. He was a man of gigantic power of mind, and a master workman in the service of the Lord. He was able to advocate and defend the great doctrines of the gospel. No enemy of heavenly truth could stand before him. Oh! that God would be pleased soon to send forth hundreds and thousands of such laborers.' "

I had also the same testimony from the lips of my uncle, and the facts concerning his preaching in W. Springfield from Mrs. Pamela Morgan. He attended my grandfather's funeral Dec. 1813, and preached the sermon. At that time he was living in Enfield—coming to Ireland (as the North Parish was then called) once in four weeks.

Most respectfully yours,

Mrs. James A. Smith.

In regard to Mr. Taylor's published writings, I have been unable to add to the following list furnished me by Mrs. George Sheldon, copies of all of which are to be found in your Memorial Hall:

"Oration, July 4, 1796, at Deerfield.

Thanksgiving sermon at Deerfield Nov. 29, 1798.

Sermon preached at Deerfield, Feb. 29, 1804, in commemoration of the destruction of the town by the French and Indians, Greenfield, 1804.

Farewell sermon, Deerfield, Aug. 6, 1806.

Journal of Missionary Tour through Mohawk and Black river countries in 1802."

HANNAH BEAMAN,
DEERFIELD'S FIRST SCHOOL MISTRESS: HER
TIMES AND HER EXPERIENCES.

BY REV. RICHARD E. BIRKS.

Hannah Beaman was the daughter of Francis Barnard, who was born in England within a year of the death of two noted Englishmen, William Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh, and three years before the *Mayflower* Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth.

He came to Cambridge (Newtown) just before the outbreak of the Civil War in England, and about the time John Cotton, Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone, Puritan Divines, arrived with their followers at Massachusetts Bay.

From Newtown, he and John Barnard, probably a brother for they were both of the same trade, Malsters, came with the early settlers to Hartford where Francis' daughter Hannah was born in 1646. The Barnards took part in the discussions and settlement of the difficult problems of laws and ordinances, rules and regulations and the organization of that self-governing community. They saw the wonderful document, the Constitution of the New State worked out by Hooker and other eminent men. And they were there while the troublesome questions of religious rites and forms and church government were disturbing the churches of Hartford and Wethersfield and finally caused John Russell and part of his flock to migrate up the river and found the town of Hadley. John and Francis Barnard were of the number, the latter with his family sharing in all the experiences and vicissitudes of that settlement for the next twenty years. When Pocumtuck was laid out and allotments made to proprietors and settlers, Francis and his son John's names appear on the list, and by the time John Williams arrived at the Permanent Settlement, now called Deerfield, several of the Barnard family made their homes here.

Those were great times,—and events of world-wide importance, and, alas! deeds not less cruel and barbarous were witnessed in this beautiful valley, and where stand our venerable and peaceful homes, than have recently occurred in Europe.

The Reformation had divided the nations of Europe into two great hostile parties. And to many it seemed as though the final struggle was at hand that would settle the question of the supremacy of either of these parties for all time, the ascendancy and dominance of the Catholic or Protestant Powers.

It was the uncertainty of the outcome of this conflict which caused some to turn their eyes to and finally seek homes in the New world, and establish a new and better Christendom there. Especially were the English Puritans, who were lovers of light and liberty and religion, anxious to find some place where they could toil in peace, and worship God together in a way and with rites in harmony with their consciences. In England a struggle was going on in which both civil rights and political liberty were involved, and also Religious Freedom.

Many earnest, thoughtful and learned people, by the careful study of the Bible, now translated into the common language and in almost every home, had become convinced that the Reformation had stopped too soon.

The English Puritans might well be called Bible Christians, for if as Chillingworth then declared, “The Bible—and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants”—then the Bible should be the sole authority and guide in doctrine and discipline, the moral and religious principles professed and practiced, and the forms of worship and church government they adopted.

Here they took their stand, God helping them. They did not expect all to agree in everything—strict uniformity—but they hoped and strove for unity in things essential, and in minor things they pleaded for liberty. They did not wish to become separatists from the National Church—for they had grown up in the belief that the union of Church and State was an essential.

It was the passing and enforcement of Acts of Uniformity, the adoption of ceremonies and habits (clerical robes) and the augmentation of canons and articles and oaths which they looked upon as unscriptural and opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, that caused some of the most conscientious Ministers to disobey the orders of the ecclesiastical powers, refuse to take the oaths commanded, cease to wear the prescribed robes, and finally forsake the church of their fathers.

Here and there they began to form little worshipping communities of those who had come to the same conclusion—pledging themselves to seek God's truth and walk in His ways.

Then began the long and bitter struggle between the Kings, bishops and Lords spiritual and corporal, and the Puritans and Progressives—the champions of Freedom and Progress.

Power, pride, privilege and prejudice were on the side of the King and his counsellors. The increasing intelligence, love of liberty and the desire to have an opportunity to better their condition and rise in the world—"the spirit of the age," were on the side of the Puritans. But the struggle was long and bitter and the non-conformists suffered severely. Cruel and barbarous was their treatment in their native land and their own government, before they became at last willing exiles from a country that had treated them so badly for differences of religious belief and practice.

Fines, imprisonment, banishment, often torture and death was the lot they were called to endure. Even under Queen Elizabeth they were persecuted and oppressed, like the Catholics, but under James and Charles with their unworthy counsellors and spiritual courts and the Star chamber, their trials and troubles increased. Neal in his history of the Puritans says, "King James' instructions and the violent measures of the Prime-minister brought a great deal of business to the spiritual courts so that one or other of the Puritan Ministers were every week suspended or deprived and their families driven to distress, nor was there any prospect of relief, the clouds gathering every day darker over their heads and threatening a violent storm."

We must remember, when speaking of the people of those times, it was Religion which drove the Pilgrims and Puritans across the seas, first to Holland and then to New England.

After the discovery of America explorers began to make settlements on the continent. Some, as those from the Netherlands, came merely as traders; others, as the French, to conquer new territory and convert the Indians; and others again, as the Spaniards seeking for gold and glory; but it was neither for gold and glory, nor the conquest of new territory; but the desire for homes, where in peace and safety they could till the soil and earn their daily bread, having the freedom to worship God in spirit and in truth and to bring up their children in the admonition and fear of the Lord. This was the motive that brought the first settlers to New England. The Plymouth Pilgrims led the way.

But the harsh treatment and persecution of the non-conformists increased, and the number of Puritans also increased, and this as Neal says, "put them upon the project of a fresh settlement in N. England where they might be delivered from the hands of their oppressors and enjoy the free liberty of their consciences, which gave birth to a second grand colony in North America commonly known by the name of the Massachusetts Bay." Several persons of quality and substance about the city of London engaging in the design a charter was obtained dated March 16, 28-9; a body corporate and politic was formed named as above. They were empowered to elect their own Governor and deputy Governor and magistrates, to make such laws as they should think fit for the good of the plantation, not repugnant to the laws of England. Free liberty of conscience was likewise granted to all who should settle in these parts to worship God in their own way. Being all Puritans, they invited Revs. Higginson and Skelton to be their leaders, and they were asked to persuade as many of their friends as were willing to come with them. This little fleet of six transports, had 150 persons, men, women, and children aboard, who took with them 115 head of cattle, horses and

cows, and 41 goats. Also cannon for a fort, with muskets, pikes, drums, colors and a large quantity of ammunition and provisions. The fleet sailed May 11, 1629, and arrived June 24th, at a place which the Puritans named Salem, (which in the Hebrew tongue means "Peace.") "Religion was the chief motive for their retirement to these parts" (says Neal). They drew up a covenant as broad and liberal as that of Plymouth. They chose Skelton for Preacher, Higginson for Teacher, and Hughes, Deacon. The first winter was very severe, and their experience much like that the Pilgrims went through on Cape Cod. Death carried off about 100 of the little flock, among them, Mr. Higginson and Mr. Hughes. Next summer fresh recruits arrived numbering more than 200 altogether.

When it became known that the new plantation could subsist in New England settlements, numbers with their families came over every summer. The Four Settlements of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut and New Haven, before the outbreak of the Civil war in England, drained the home-land of 500,000 pounds in money, a very great sum in those days, and if the exodus of the Puritans had continued twelve years longer, it is thought one fourth part of the riches of the Kingdom would have passed into this channel. Neal gives a list of 77 Divines, able and learned men, once in orders in the Church of England, who retired and were settled over little congregations in New England before 1640.

After Salem, settlements of newcomers, ministers and their flocks, were made at Watertown, Boston, Dorchester, Roxbury and Newtown. Among the newcomers were the Barnards.

Those Emigrants came not as individuals— separate units. They came as organized communities, Religious Societies, Pastor and people coming together. So it was not as individuals, but as organized bodies they moved from the Bay to Wethersfield, Windsor, Hartford and Springfield. And it was as members of a Religious Society that in 1659 John Russell and his flock planted Hadley. Freedom of thought and earnest discussion often lead to conflicting opinions both

in politics and theology,—hence the division of Protestants into Lutherans, Calvinists, Arminians and others. These divisions and disputes were not confined to Europe, but crossed the seas and appeared on the shores of the Connecticut. Hannah Barnard, when a girl, must have heard much of them and seen many of the eminent men who tried to head the troubles, and prevent the split in John Russell's parish. The points in dispute seem small and trivial to us, but did not appear so to them, for they affected not only the religious, but the political standing of the people. No man could be a freeman, vote or hold office unless he was a Church member, and no man was eligible for Church membership who could not accept the creed and covenant and claim that he had experienced religion.

Some therefore became as outcasts. And this was not all. Their children could not be baptized, a very serious matter, as they thought, for it settled their destiny not only here, in this world; but hereafter, and forever. In Hartford, the learned and eloquent Thomas Hooker was much more liberal in his views than John Cotton and the majority of the Ministers of New England and his influence was very great. Hooker had been silenced in England and driven to Holland. Returning to England he had been hunted from place to place until he finally decided to come to New England. He reached Cambridge just at the time that there was much unrest and a growing dissatisfaction with the aristocratic and theocratic system of government then in power. The strongest opposition was in Dorchester, Newtown and Watertown, where many thought the towns should have a voice in the choice of Governors and the Government. John Cotton said "Democracy was no fit government either in Church or Commonwealth," and most of the Ministers sided with him. Chief of those who did not, was Thomas Hooker, then Minister of the church at Newtown. When Winthrop in a letter to Hooker, defended the restriction of the suffrage on the ground that "the best part always was the least, and of the least, the wiser part always the lesser," Hooker replied "In matters which concern the common good, a general council, chosen by all, to transact the businesses which con-

cern all, I conceive most suitable to rule, and most safe for the relief of the whole." As Fiske says—A view not generally held until 150 years later when under Jefferson and Hamilton it was represented on a National scale in the Constitution of the United States.

It is both interesting and instructive to study those times and the pioneers of true democracy today, when the World war has overthrown so many governments, and after revolution, chaos and anarchy, new systems of popular government have to be worked out.

In May 1638, Hooker preached a remarkable sermon before the first session of the General Court, in which he declared that the "true foundation of Authority is laid in the free consent of the people. That the choice of public magistrates belongs to the people by God's own Ordinance, and that the people who have the right to appoint them have equal right also to set limits and bounds to the power and place to which they shall call them." All the Freemen of the three towns met 16th June, 1639, and adopted the Constitution written by Hooker. It contained none of the conventional phrases about "dread sovereigns" and "gracious kings"; never alluded to the British or any other government outside of Connecticut itself, nor did it prescribe any condition of Church membership for the right of suffrage. It was the first written constitution in all history that created a government, and it marks the beginnings of American Democracy of which Thomas Hooker deserves more than any other man to be called the father (Fiske). The war with the Pequot Indians had about exterminated that tribe and for thirty-eight years there was peace in the valley.

Peace and prosperity went together. The people were industrious, frugal and thrifty, and the land was rich. They built good houses and barns, made additions to their furniture and implements, and multiplied their conveniences and enjoyments. It was not lack of prosperity, but differences in the Churches at Hartford and Wethersfield that led to the migrations to Hadley.

Meanwhile things were growing worse and worse in England. The iniquity and madness, as it seems to us, of the

King, Archbishop Laud and such ecclesiastics as Wren passed all bounds.

They could not spare even the Dutch and Walloon churches, which had lived in peace, gaining the good will of the people, for over a century. The harsh treatment they now received, drove away 3,000 of them, manufacturers of wool cloth, who had given employment to hundreds of the poor people at Norwich. Those in power were ruining the Kingdom. Then when the King saw what an exodus he was causing, he issued an order to stop the Puritan emigration to New England. He would neither let them live in peace at home, nor emigrate to some other land. But he could not stop the exodus, for while only 500 persons came to New England in the nine years following the arrival in 1620 of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in the eleven years from 1629 to 1640 over 26,000 Puritans crossed over and settled here, and the outflow continued yearly until the establishment of the Commonwealth found plenty of work for patriots at home.

John Russell, born in England, a graduate of Harvard—began to preach at Wethersfield in 1649. The Church troubles there were not of his making, but he was more in sympathy with the strict party of which Cotton and Winthrop at Boston, and John Davenport of New Haven were leaders. At Hartford they favored a more liberal policy, so that that district would not be a comfortable place for John Russell; but he held on for ten years before he moved with his flock to Hadley in 1659, the year of Oliver Cromwell's death.

Brave, noble, ever faithful to duty and steadfast in friendship, he proved his real worth, by sheltering in his home and caring for Generals Whalley and Goffe for many years at the risk of his life and property. The town grew rapidly, for they were all willing workers. Houses, barns and other structures were soon erected. Simple and plain, probably at first, and the women and children were brought to the new homes. About 1662, Hannah Barnard, then a girl of sixteen, made that long journey from Hartford, through the woods, and along such tracks as then were the only

roads. She would long remember that journey. Besides making their own homes, the people were also busy about plans for church and school. Towns of fifty families in Massachusetts were required to have a school in which reading, writing and numbers were taught, and in towns of one hundred families there must be a grammar school to fit for college. Selectmen were to see that parents sent their children to school and a teacher appointed to teach them. Labor and learning were most important matters in the opinion of the Puritans. The teachers were of a high order (for example) the teacher of the public school at Hadley in 1667, was Caleb Watson, a graduate of Harvard College. Hadley soon established a Grammar School, a fund being left for that purpose by Mr. Hopkins.

Unfortunately this became a source of much trouble and anxiety, for the money was invested in Mill property, and when war with the Indians broke out the Mill was burnt, and in consequence most of the endowment was lost. The Barnards, as well as the Minister, were much interested in this school and John Barnard left money towards its support. Among the teachers, in Hannah Barnard's time were many eminent, learned men, Warham Mather, brother of Eunice Williams, Samuel Russell (John's son), Harvard graduates, and settled afterwards over prominent Churches in New England.

Many of the settlers at Hadley were artisans as well as farmers. John and Francis Barnard were malsters, and had malthouses both at Wethersfield and Hadley. John Russell, Sr., was a glazier (a trade requiring much skill in those days of diamond squares and leaded sash). Richard Montague was a baker, and William Partrigg a cooper.

Others were traders like John Pynchon, who had a large fur trade with the Indians, and employed agents in various towns. Dr. John Westcarr, to whom Hannah Barnard was married in 1669, was his agent for a year or two before the Indian war broke out in 1675.

It brought him into trouble too; for the doctor was complained of for selling "strong water" to the Indians. Now everybody at that time, believed that strong drink was

absolutely necessary for health and strength. Malsters and brewers were as needful as millers and farmers. Those who condemned the Indians for drinking, and those who sold them "strong waters," used them freely themselves, ministers, deacons, magistrates and all. They had to be provided at house, barn and mill raisings, at town meetings and court sessions, as well as at weddings and funerals. But as Daniel Gookin said in 1677, "a very little strong drink will intoxicate an Indian's brains." Hence the trouble.

Mary Barnard, widow of John, in her will gave to four friends one glass for "Strong water" each, and reserved other glasses for the use of sick and weak persons. A piece of land on John's estate was called Aqua Vitæ Meadow. John Pyncheon retailed liquor, and sold to Rev. Peletiah Glover, Minister of Springfield, 2 gallons of rum and six quarts of wine each year from 1672 to 1675. In Hadley "wine and cake at the funeral of John Barnard cost 40 shillings; and when Hadley school house was erected it required eleven gallons of rum to raise it. It was a bad practice derived from Old England. At first drunkenness was rare in Massachusetts, but later, when intoxicants were easier to obtain there came many complaints that men were impoverishing their estates and neglecting their families through their intemperate habits. The County Court, March, 1675, remarks, "It is found by experience that there is too much idleness of precious time and estate in drinking strong liquors by many of our youths and others in our towns."

The modern difficulty of getting men to join the church was not unknown then, and, although it meant loss of freemens' and citizens' rights, sometimes good men preferred to remain outside the privileged enclosure. Some, then as now, did not want the burden and responsibility of office, so they neglected to become Church members in order to escape election. Then the Law got after them, for in Massachusetts one was passed compelling men if elected to fill the office or pay a fine.

The Hadley folks were very strict Sabbatarians, as may be seen by the record that Joseph Kellogg and Gersham

Hawks were fined for "Sabbath breaking," in that they had been traveling or walking on the Sabbath—No! not on the Sabbath day, but up to midnight the night before, was breaking the Sabbath.

But the women did not escape. Those who had objected to the showy robes and garments of the clergy, went further, and now complained of the showy dresses of the women, and now it was Hannah's turn to be summoned before the Court. If she were of the Huntingdon stock, friends of the Cromwells, Hampdens, Whalleys, whose mothers were of that town, she must have inherited some of their independent spirit.

The Barnards were people of wealth and high standing in the old country. But Massachusetts had a law against the wearing of gold lace and buttons, and silver lace, and silk by certain persons—those whose estate was below 200 pounds value! It was a matter of money.

Hannah, like many other good women, seems to have been fond of dress, of making a good appearance; so she publicly appeared in a "silk dress! That would never do." She was putting on "airs," which was not allowed to people in her position. So the ladies who felt much grieved at this display, called in the aid of the Constable. This was in 1673. But Hannah was not the only offender, there were others. Hannah was acquitted, but her brother Joseph's wife was fined 10£ and 2s 6d costs. The wife of Thomas Wells was admonished, as was also Maid Mary Broughton, and Mrs. Joseph Kellogg—the Sabbath breaker, was acquitted.

Nineteen other offenders hailed from Springfield, Northampton, Hatfield and Westfield. Next year (1674) the wife of Edward Grannis was had up for wearing silk. The hood and scarf were produced in Court and the records say "though something worn [second hand, no doubt] they had been good silk." She was fined 10 shillings. The trouble grew, for in 1676, sixty-eight persons, from five towns were brought to court—38 wives and maids and 30 young men. Some for wearing silk and that in a "flaunting manner, and some for long hair and other extravagances." Ten were

from Hadley. Hannah was among them, so was her brother Joseph's wife—and her sister Sarah, and Mrs. Thomas Wells, Jr., while Jonathan Wells was among those who had long hair or other extravagances. Some were fined 10s, some were acquitted. Hannah still wore her silk—and that in “a flaunting manner” to the grievous offence of several sober people of Hadley and was before the Court again in 1677 and “admonished to reform.” But Hannah Westcarr knew what she was doing, and what was her position and privilege as was soon proved. In 1676 Dr. Westcarr died and left his wife an estate of 431 pounds. So that it was not mere love of finery she was standing up for, but her just and legal rights, and she won them, even if it grieved some of the sober people of Hadley.

But during these court proceedings other matters of greater importance were going on. Just beyond the boundaries of Hadley another plantation was being laid out. For the 2,000 acres of land at Natick given to the Apostle Eliot for a home for his Praying Indians the Dedham owners of that land had been granted 8,000 acres elsewhere. They had decided on Pocumtuck as the place. Francis Barnard and his son John had become interested in this movement, and when plans were drawn and Capt. Daniel Fisher and others came from Dedham, a start made and the land laid out, they secured allotments.

Then just before Dr. Westcarr, physician and Indian trader, came to Hadley, there arrived two distinguished visitors secretly—General Edward Whalley and Gen. Willaim Goffe, men who had occupied very high positions and taken a leading part in great events. They had been members of Parliament, Major Generals in the Commonwealth Army, chosen as members of the Reformed House of Lords in Cromwell's government, and were of the judges who had tried and condemned King Charles the First.

But now they were exiles and fugitives, hoping to find in Hadley a place of concealment from their pursuers. Only a very few knew of their coming, for, if found out, it meant imprisonment and perhaps death to anyone aiding or abetting their concealment.

Among those in the secret probably were Hannah Barnard and her future husband Dr. Westcarr. Gen. Whalley was well known to the Huntingdon Barnards, for his mother was from Huntingdon, so may have been known to John and Francis Barnard who did not leave England until just before the Civil war there broke out. In the homes of those families there would be much talk of the events taking place in England, the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, under which most of them had suffered, before they came to New England. There were few in New England who did not side with the Commonwealth party, and would not gladly render any service to the exiles and fugitives who fled when Charles the Second became King. Daniel Fisher was one of the most ardent admirers of Cromwell, his Generals and his brave soldiers. He was a Member of the General Court, Selectman of Dedham, and chairman of the committee who had the laying out and settlement of the new plantation at Pocumtuck, and his visits to Hadley were frequent from 1666 to 1672, while busy with this work. He must have known the secret, for it is said he took Gen. Goffe by night to his home in Dedham, where he was concealed until the regicides could get away from the Boston district, when the hue and cry was raised. It is also related in the Fisher family records that in 1671, the Captain's daughter Lydia, accompanied him to Hadley, and for a year helped to care for the fugitives.

Very likely it was Daniel Fisher's description of the new town that caused John Russell, Francis Barnard and his son and daughter to purchase lots there. We have tangible proof that Hannah Westcarr knew the regicides and visited Whalley in his last illness, earning his gratitude by her sympathy and tender ministrations. What an experience that would be! To hear from them the story of the great conflict between the Parliament of which they were members, and the King between the People and the Peers, for civil and religious rights and liberties of the people of the great battles in which they had fought, the valiant soldiers they had led, (including the renowned Ironsides) and the victories won.

And they would tell her of the religious struggles, and of the learned and eloquent Richard Baxter's efforts to establish a church in which all good men and women who lived Christian lives and sincerely believed in the Apostles creed, the Lord's prayer and the Ten Commandments could find a home. They would tell her how he was now persecuted and cruelly treated, a man who was offered the Bishoprick if he would conform; but he would not, because he could not conscientiously take the oaths and subscribe to the articles; the Chaplain of Whalley's Regiment, to whom he dedicated one of his books, and presented it to him as a farewell gift when he left England, with Baxter's autograph. This precious book was presented to Hannah Westcarr, Gen. Goffe probably writing her name within it. And having been carefully cherished by her, and her brother Thomas and his son, both ministers, and passing through many worthy hands, it found its way to our esteemed President, George Sheldon, and through him to our Library in this Hall.

General Goffe was a most eloquent speaker as well as brave fighter. It is said at Windsor Castle, he moved to silence and tears the stern veterans, the Generals and officers of the Commonwealth army—and by many he was thought to be the fit successor of Oliver Cromwell, at the head of the government of England. We may be sure he would make a deep impression on this good woman who had helped him and his father-in-law in their hour of suffering and need, when he handed to her this proof of their respect and gratitude. Hannah had witnessed and taken part in many events, and had had her pleasures and enjoyments; but now sorrows fell fast upon her. The old General Whalley was now beyond the reach of his pursuers. Her husband and her brother John had also passed away. The latter among the slain at Muddy Brook, where also fell many of her friends. Her dear mother had also died. Her brother Thomas, whose mind was set upon the ministry as his vocation, and was studying at Harvard College, left another vacant place in the home. Meanwhile Hadley had again become the frontier post, and was crowded with soldiers and refugees.

Attempts were made to rebuild some of the ruined homes at Deerfield, only to fail at first, with more loss of life and property. The Indians were still on the war path and ever on the lookout for a chance to attack unwary or helpless settlers, carry off captives and cattle and destroy the homes. Garrisons were needed in every exposed town and scouts were constantly on the lookout for signs of the stealthy and barbarous foe.

And now came the last change in Hannah's residence. She was now Hannah Beaman, having in 1680 married Simon Beaman of Hatfield and Deerfield, a garrison soldier and as it was considered safer to resettle the latter town and rebuild the home, she, with her husband and brother Joseph came with the first permanent free holders to occupy the home lots on the street. She made her home where the Misses Frances and Mary Allen now live, with her brother Joseph, a near neighbor across the street in what is now the Wetherald home. Cottages began to rise on the empty lots and even more pretentious dwellings and a Church were soon built. John Williams came as pastor, and soon her friend Eunice Mather of Northampton, came to share his home. The men got busy on their rich farm land and the women were equally busy in their homes; but there was still danger all around, and the musket as well as the plough or hoe or rake had to be ever near at hand and ready for use. And while some ploughed, planted or reaped, others were on guard. "Eternal vigilance," to them was not only "the price of liberty"—but of life.

It would have been a great joy and satisfaction to her and her neighbors if the permanent settlement had meant permanent peace; but that was not Hannah's lot. She had no children of her own, but she must have loved them, for her home soon became well filled with them.

Just when we do not know, but probably soon after the house was completed and furnished, she opened a school. The *first* (as far as records tell us) of Deerfield schools—and she was its first school mistress. The Old Testament promise that to the righteous should come families like a flock, was fulfilled in the new homes at Deerfield—for not many years

after the time of which we are speaking, we have a list of children killed or taken captive in 1704 and they number over three-score.

Busy with home duties, the education of the children, interested in the labors of the Minister and his wife, visiting her friends who accompanied them from Hadley, the Wellses, Hawkses, Kelloggs and Frarys and her brother Joseph's folks,—some of whom had taken part in the display of silk and the battle for Women's rights—she had her days of pleasure and happiness, and her days of sorrow and anxiety, and the years passed rapidly, until the great tragedy befell the Town when she saw friends slaughtered or carried captive, young and old, and the homes in flames. It would seem to her, as she and her husband and the other fugitives were driven by the Indians through the deep snow, with the glare of burning houses, that now Deerfield was destroyed.

Of that long march, every day with its scenes of murder or death by weakness and exhaustion, of the sufferings of the Captives—slaves of Indians in Canada, we cannot speak. But that story has been well told at these meetings.

Hannah Beaman was not a young girl now; she was 58 years of age and had seen and endured much in her life-time. After some years of captivity she was “redeemed,” and found her way back to Deerfield. She must make a new start again, rebuild her home and refurnish it, for all had been reduced to ashes. But how desolate the place would look,—and how many dear friends she would miss!

Whether she resumed her school teaching we do not know, but we know she never lost her interest in and love for the children of Deerfield. For several years her husband was one of the school Committee, and she would be interested in the building of a proper schoolhouse. She was also greatly interested in the Church, and the labors of its devoted Minister. She had known it from its foundation under Samuel Mather in 1672. She had seen three of its meeting houses erected and two destroyed—and would now hear of the plans for the fourth, to be a fine, large structure. To prove her love for it she had a silver communion cup, on which was engraven her name and the year the gift was presented to

the Society. The rising prosperity and growth of the Town in wealth and population must have rejoiced her heart in her declining years, and she looks hopefully to its future. But she was admonished that her earthly days were numbered, and she must prepare for another journey. Out of all the ruins that had befallen the Town and destroyed her home she had saved something. And she desired (as she said in her will) that it should serve some "pious purpose," and benefit the people of Deerfield. So her estate, real and personal, to the value of several hundred pounds, she left in charge of trustworthy persons, her dear pastor, John Williams and her friends Samuel Childs and Joseph Severance, to be carefully invested, and the income to be used forever to aid in the education of the children of Deerfield.

But the faithful pastor did not live to see the trust carried out. Not until his successor, Jonathan Ashley, had begun his work and written the name "Widow Hannah Beaman", among the members of the Church still living after John Williams' decease, did the time come to fulfill her desire.

Then, when the winter was over and gone and the time of the singing of birds had come again, and flowers appeared on the earth, and the great elms renewed their foliage—in May, 1739, at the age of 93 years, she passed on to her reward. What times those were! What a life and experience! The Puritan exiles sought homes for themselves and their children where in peace and security and free from oppression they could till the soil and earn their daily bread, and worship God in spirit and in truth. And, what a price they had to pay for their freedom! Here was the daughter of a Puritan Pioneer for Civil and religious liberty, who had experienced not peace and security; but out of a long life—only 20 years of quietness and safety,—and 73 years of war, danger, alarms, captivity and hardship.

But from their labors and sufferings, and on the solid foundation they laid, has risen the greatest Free Nation the world has ever seen; the acknowledged saviour and hope of the whole world in the mighty conflict now going on for Liberty, Justice, Righteousness, and Peace, for all the Nations of the earth.

And Hannah Beaman, at eventide, as she looked back over the Past, must have rejoiced to know that she had seen the downfall of the Stuart dynasty in England, the granting of Toleration to the non-conformists with the right to worship God in their own way and in their own Free Churches,—and she had witnessed the steady advancement there and here of Liberty and progress.

JOHN WISE.

BY MARGARET MILLER.

The first half century after the landing of that historic bark, the *Mayflower*, brought to our shores many adventurers full of high-hearted hopes for what the new world might have in store for them. Amongst these was Joseph Wise, a serving man, whose master, one Dr. Alcock, in 1641 left him this bequest: "To my servant, Joseph Wise, my young heifer and the rest of his time after midsummer next." On the strength of which bequest (I suppose) Joseph married and became the father of thirteen children.

I will omit the life histories of twelve of these offspring and will confine myself to son John, the "bright particular star" of early days of whom Moses Coit Tyler in his *History of American Literature* says:

"The one American who upon the whole was the most powerful and brilliant prose writer produced in this country during the colonial time and who in his day enjoyed a sovereign reputation in New England, has passed since then into utter obscurity; while several of his contemporaries, particularly Increase and Cotton Mather, who were far inferior to him in genius have names that are still resounding in our memories." How young John acquired his education I do not know, but it is on record that he was one of a class of four who graduated from Harvard college in 1673 and went forth into the ministry, "highly recom-

mended by the General Court.” From the first he was in demand as a preacher. Nor is this to be wondered at for he was a fine looking man, strong, well built and handsome, with a commanding presence, eloquence and intellectual keenness beyond the average.

He preached first in Connecticut, where they would fain have settled him against his will. Then, in 1677 he came to Hatfield as assistant to Mr. Atherton, who was demented and dying in consequence of his exposure during King Philip’s War. After preaching there for two years the Hatfield church naturally wanted to settle him for life. But he was ambitious and knew his worth. He replied that he would accept upon two conditions, namely:

“(1) That you condescend to entertain sixteen, twelve, or at least ten men out of your commons or impropriated lands, two or three men godly and wise, fit for more publique service, the rest men ordinary and of good report.

(2) That you would make my living comfortable, correspondiantly with my desires, which I hope you will find neither irrational nor burthensome.”

Hatfield Church after due deliberation, (I wonder how many churches today would do as much!) agreed to comply with his requests and sent a committee “down into the Bay” (as they called going to Boston in those days) to notify Mr. Wise, who seems to have gone thither. But alas! they may have deliberated too long! The prize was not to be for the Connecticut Valley. The second church of Chebacco (now Essex) already had a claim on him and although he was not ordained nor his church fully constituted until 1683 (owing to the vexatious hindrances thrown in the way by the parent church) he was not to be enticed away. Even in 1681 after Hatfield had given a call to another minister, it sent a committee to treat with Mr. Wise “in reference to his coming and settling in the work of the ministry amongst us” but without avail, although it was “willing to allow him, as to his temporal maintenance as formerly in propositions made to him.”

It will be seen that the part he played in the development of the idea of human liberty was much larger in that thickly

settled region of Massachusetts Bay than it would have been in the sparsely settled western wilderness.

In 1687 Sir Edmund Andros, almost upon his arrival on our shores, saw fit to exercise his despotic will by levying a tax of a penny on the pound on the colony. Now a penny in a pound isn't much, but inasmuch as the representatives of the Towns had hitherto debated all financial measures in General Court and the Town meetings had decided the local rate it was hard to bear a summary order like this, issued by the Governor's Council without consultation with the representatives of the People. As we all know, taxation without representation is something no true Englishman can abide, and the Boston Tea Party was only a violent demonstration of a principle that came to our shores with the first settlers. So this tax bill was not popular with any of the towns in Massachusetts Bay, but most of them swallowed hard on it and decided that it must be accepted as they would gain nothing by making a fuss about it. But there were one or two exceptions and the town of Ipswich was among them. The indications are that John Wise was the moving spirit that stirred his people to the point of open rebellion.

On the evening of the day before the town meeting at which the assessor was to be chosen to collect this hated tax the selectmen and some others met together and decided to pass by the article in the warrant for the election of such an officer; which was accordingly done after Mr. Wise had made a speech in which he said amongst other things, "We have a good God and a good king and shall do well to stand for our privileges." As soon as this came to the governor's ears he ordered the arrest of John Wise and five others, who, after being confined in Boston Jail twenty-one days were fined and put under bonds to keep the peace. Mr. Wise, as ring leader, was not only fined 50 pounds and put under bonds of 1,000 pounds but suspended from the ministry. He was later returned to his pulpit upon the petition of a few influential people.

The trouble, however, did not end here. Andros continued to be tyrannical and John Wise and his followers

outspoken, even so far as to declare in open Court "that the people in New England were all slaves, and the only difference between them and slaves is their not being bought and sold." In all likelihood John Wise and the other "factious and rebellious subjects" would have paid the penalty with their lives had not the Royal House in England suffered an overturn. But the sudden accession of William and Mary to the throne of England in place of King James gave New England the opportunity it was not slow in seizing, to depose and arrest Andros, replace the former Governor and Magistrates and elect delegates to form the General Court.

The next year, in writing of the affair, Mr. Wise summed up as follows: "The evidence in the case, as to the substance of it was that we too boldly endeavored to persuade ourselves we were Englishmen and under privileges."

In 1690, when Sir William Phips led an expedition against Canada, John Wise, by request of the Colonial legislature, accompanied him as chaplain, distinguishing himself by feats of heroism, endurance and military skill as well as by fidelity in preaching and praying. But the great service of his which he rendered to the cause of American democracy came later.

In 1705 at a meeting of the Boston Association of Ministers sixteen "Proposals" which had previously been drawn up by a committee appointed for that purpose "were read and assented to," and were put forth "for the consideration and assent of the several associated ministers in the several parts of the country." It was the idea of Cotton Mather (the reputed author of these proposals) and a few of his associates to convert the government of the churches from a pure Congregationalism, such as we know, where each church is free and independent, into a hierarchy governed by a select few to be chosen in their turn by the association of ministers.

These proposals, while containing some useful hints for the government of the churches, were seen at once by Mr. Wise to be contrary to the spirit of true democracy which he had remarked once to be "Christ's government in church and state."

In the pamphlet which he wrote in reply called "The

Churches' Quarrel Espoused" he shows in the form of a brilliant satire the dangers which are threatened. One by one each of these proposals is called up on a charge of treason, found guilty and condemned to death. Never was a verdict more heartily rendered, nor a sentence more promptly executed. The effect of this sudden outburst was not only to explode the whole project, but to recall the churches to their first principles of Congregationalism and to reseat them on their ancient platform more firmly than ever for the next sixty years. The sudden and complete triumph which this small book achieved is the more remarkable when it is considered that the proposed innovations were supported by an array of names which were deemed a tower of strength to any cause which had their indorsement. The secret of it may have been in the time Spirit that was even then preparing the soil in which the seeds of human liberty were to take root.

Cotton Mather belonged to a bygone era, although he was unaware of it. His belief in witches prepared the way for the Salem furor. He believed in the divine right of ministers but when he spoke for it with all the vehemence of which he was capable he spoke for the past. John Wise faced the future and his voice was like a clarion call rousing the love of liberty that sleeps in every human breast.

In 1717 Wise followed up this stroke by issuing another book called "The Vindication of the Government of New England Churches"—a production said to be "as remarkable for its tough logic as the other is for keen satire and unquestionably the clearest and most convincing demonstration of the Congregational polity ever put forth in the same number of pages." It has been quoted in the Supreme Court as the highest ecclesiastical authority.

"Digging down to the bottom and laying bare the foundation stones," he shows that all human government is, and must be, originally derived from the people. Ranging all governments under three heads—monarchy, oligarchy, democracy—and subjecting them each to a scrutiny in the light of nature he discovers that the last named is incomparably the best suited to the end for which human government is insti-

tuted; and looking at the Prelatic, the Presbyterian and the Congregational, as the then corresponding forms of ecclesiastical rule, he finds the same grounds of preference for the latter."

As I turn the pages of the small volume and read the descriptions, clear as water, and absolutely definite of the perfect democratic state wherein Liberty, Reason and Justice hold equal sway, I wonder whence his inspiration. Was he considering some historic republic of past ages, or had he a vision of the future? Could he have dreamed that his children's children would see the birth of a mighty nation based on equality and justice for all? Then would he have rejoiced that his country—his own beloved country—had steered her course between "the liberty which consists in a loose and ungovernable freedom" and that state "peculiarly transgressed by pride" wherein a man "without sufficient reason prefers himself to others" to become that civil state which he describes as "a compound moral person, whose will is the the will of all, to the end it may use and apply the strength and riches of private persons towards maintaining the common peace, security and well being of all, which may be conceived as though the whole state was now become but one man."

It is not surprising that a large edition of both these tracts was printed in 1772. A list of subscribers at the end of the volume shows the names of staunch patriots who helped on the cause of freedom by subscribing for from one to a hundred copies. It is said that some of the most glittering sentences in the immortal Declaration of American Independence are almost literal quotations from these essays of John Wise.

Mail service was extremely poor in those days but Salah Barnard of Deerfield was one of the subscribers to this reprint and I imagine that the post rider privately hired by some fifty men of Deerfield and Greenfield to bring them dispatches from Boston must have brought, on horseback, the six copies credited to him, and left them at Frary House, then a tavern in Maj. Barnard's capable hands. Who can tell what use was made of these six copies? Possibly they

were read aloud before the glowing fireplaces. Or sent by the hands of countless dispatch riders who bore messages from the Committee of Correspondence, Inspection and Safety to leaders in neighboring towns. The book certainly must have been read and studied by the wiser heads for the records show us that after some lawless outbreaks of mob violence the town calmly and steadily did its part in helping to establish a government wherein every man should, as John Wise said, "make the common good the mark of their aim."

Maj. Barnard had been a good fighter in his younger days, having served through all the French and Indian Wars, earning the title of Major before he was fifty. During the Revolution he kept a store and tavern in Frary House. It seems strange that a man who had subscribed to six copies of John Wise should have been accused of toryism, but it is on record that in March, 1776, a complaint was brought before the Committee of Correspondence, Inspection and Safety to this effect: "That he had sent his compliments (by Lieut. Seth Catlin) to Gen. Gage and other Ministerial officers that his heart was with them although he was absent, also would have y^e said officers enroll his name upon the Ministerial side, and that he has not lifted his hand against Government."

However the slander may have started, witnesses appeared who proved the contrary so emphatically that the Committee declared the report untrue, and that "on the contrary it fully appears to this joint Committee, that y^e Maj. Barnard's Character respecting his Principles and Conduct in y^e unhappy Dispute between Great Britain & y^e Colonies, stands unimpeachable, notwithstanding anything that has appeared against him."

It seems strange that any such accusation should have been made, for Maj. Barnard was always ready to do his part in the struggle for liberty, serving on the Committee of Inspection in 1775 "to see y^e y^e Resolves of y^t Continental Congress be strictly adhered to in this town." In March 1776, he was again chosen one of the Committee of Correspondence, Inspection and Safety for the town and there is no doubt that he gave his heartiest approval to the act of

Deerfield when at a town meeting of June 25th, 1776, it was: "Voted that this Town will (if Honorable Congress shall for y^e safety of y^e United Colonies declare them Independent of y^e Kingdom of Great Britain) Solemnly Engage with their Lives and Fortunes to Support them in y^e measure."

I was disappointed not to find in Memorial Hall one of those copies of John Wise's book brought to Deerfield by Maj. Barnard. But they may be sleeping in some dusty corner of a Deerfield attic. It would be well if they could be resurrected—they give such a good picture of the League of Nations that we are hoping for.

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

History is broad and deep and ever in the making. We, who are the history-makers of today, must record the great events of the present, since from these events flows red life-blood to the heroes of tomorrow.

When a youth thoughtfully and unflinchingly renders up his life for a righteous cause, it is a great event, and demands recognition from each and all.*

Thomas Williams Ashley was, in a pre-eminent degree, a product of Old Deerfield, and, as such, some record of his sterling character and his supreme sacrifice should find a place in the archives of this society.

Born of an historic family whose line runs back in the history of New England to 1639, Thomas Ashley—or "Tom"—as we shall always love to call him—breathed from earliest infancy the ozone of an historic town situated in the very heart of nature. As a child he was a *free* boy. The fields, the brooks, the river, the high hills were his to explore. Running, wading, swimming, climbing, he was close companion of those wild, free creatures that revel in on-flowing

* Thomas Williams Ashley, born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, January 9, 1894, killed at Chateau-Thierry, France, June 6, 1918.

waters or in the depths of pathless forests. It was a land teeming with the traditions and the true stories of brave men and women, fighting against a savage horde.

Why shouldn't a boy with such an heredity and such an environment love heroism,—love civilized freedom with its marvelous opportunity for perennial growth! How could he help it!

As a wee school boy in our first grade, one of his teachers writes of him very sweetly and truly:—

“When I think of Tom I see, with a catch of the heart, my dear little boy—Tom, on the front seat at school, all ready to answer a question. His little round face had a shy little smile on it, and those blue, blue eyes had a little boy's eagerness to tell the things he knew. Tom usually knew them, too. He had a good mind, and he had such a wholesome, sturdy manliness even then in his face. I think I never met that dear little smile in Tom's blue eyes without wanting to tuck him under my arm and give him a good fat squeeze. But that would never have done for Tom was not a cuddley lad. He was a Boy, and would have squirmed in discomfort over the simple ways of women.

“To me Tom's face never changed. The last time I saw him there was Tom's little smile, and, yes—a little shy, too, for I had spoken of his uniform (Didn't he look fine in it?) and there were his honest, sturdy thoughts, and a little sureness of knowledge that when he left, he should do his part just as well as a man could do it.

“To those who knew Tom and his abilities it seems hard that he should have had so short a time to use them. I wonder, if, to him, the knowledge of having been one of those noble boys to turn the tide for France and the world, would not have been sweet enough to make up for many years of life. But it's always little-boy-Tom I see, not the man, until I stop to think, ‘Why, Tom grew up!’”

Becoming a pupil of Deerfield academy, Tom grew to be, under the constantly guiding mind and sympathetic spirit of its principal, an exceedingly interesting subject of study. Always original, with the refreshing diffidence which made one long to know him better, he at first developed slowly,

and later rapidly and in many directions. Through all these boyhood days it is satisfying to know that younger children, both boys and girls, clung to him as "a wonderful boy." The secret of this admiration lay in Tom's keen sense of justice—the legitimate child of true freedom—which made him a confidential companion.

Years afterward when the school boys had grown to manhood, the same admiration was expressed by one who wrote from overseas, "Tom was my ideal of a real man. I wish I was like him."

How vividly we recall the evening of Tom's graduation from the academy in June, 1911. Overcoming a determination not to speak, overcoming natural shyness, how alertly he stepped to the front of the stage, and with all the fire of youth spoke those thrilling verses on "Our Flag." Had anyone dreamed that night of the black war cloud on the eastern horizon, he might have predicted then and there the future of Thomas Ashley.

The impetus received at the academy sent our Deerfield boy to Amherst. We have listened with gladness to the record of his college life from those best qualified to speak, and we are all proud of this record. While in college Tom specialized in that branch of knowledge which, on meditation, we should have expected him to choose—History. History, the record of the great struggle of humanity through all the ages for a larger liberty, a truer justice of man toward man, a struggle for the eternal right.

Owing to his fondness for historical study he was naturally interested in the work of this society, and, in time, would, surely, have realized his expressed desire to become a member of this association.

Completing with honors his college course he received flattering offers to teach with large compensation, but with delicate appreciation of his Deerfield Alma Mater, and with just appreciation of its advanced educational ideals, he responded to its call, and at once took a leading position as instructor.

So, in a large sense, Tom belonged to us—he was ours. For this reason, as I have already said, it is appropriate

for us to speak here of Deerfield's offering to the great World war.

Every right-minded young man loves life. He loves it absolutely, with his whole being, and, at first, with no thought of this life ever ceasing to be. The possibilities of a successful future career, like so many magnets, draw him onward. He has a vision of himself in a position respected yes, honored of men; a vision of the pure, sweet joys of blessed home relations, of the firelight on the hearthstone, of the unceasing tenderness which is the spontaneous expression of genuine love. He feels his power, and is proud to take his place among the world's peaceful workers.

Such a vision, I doubt not, Thomas Ashley had in all the bright promise and robust strength of his young manhood, yet he put this vision away from him and steadfastly faced the duty of the hour.

The evening Tom spent with me, not long before his enlistment, I suggested the wisdom of waiting a little till the need seemed more imperative. I knew what a strong, fine influence he was exerting over the academy boys, and I longed to have this splendid work continue. But I soon found I was in the presence of a truly great and holy resolution:—"My country needs me. Her need is great. I cannot wait, I must go." There was no doubting him—he must go.

Then I felt the strong moral purpose of the man. Free himself, he had assumed the responsibilities of freedom. In doing this, he had become master of himself and master of the situation.

Thomas Ashley was an athlete, as we have often been told, but he was infinitely more. He was a man of intellectual power, who was thinking on the vital questions of our age. He was bringing an independent, unbiased mind to the solution of those mighty problems with which the thinkers of the world are grappling to-day. Had the times been different, had he realized the glowing vision of his early manhood, he might have held a chair in some institution where the broadest and soundest educational ideals were believed in and striven for, but the hour of his country's

need was striking, and he answered quietly, firmly, "Here am I."

And for what did Thomas Ashley die? Only those born and bred in the free air of America can answer this question adequately. The nation which barbarously sought the domination of the world has not the faintest conception of what American freedom—human freedom—really is. The sacred law which asserts that no man shall be the slave of another man was the very keynote of Lieutenant Ashley's nature. This law of infinite justice was his motive power. It was this inner force, nourished by the vital life of Old Deerfield and stimulated by intimate study of humanity's struggle since the dawn, which carried him across three thousand miles of surging billows to the blood-soaked soil of France. It was this which gave strength and swiftness to his sinews, undying life to his spirit, enabling him and his gallant comrades, just at the crucial hour, to hold the line and stop the tidal wave of despotism which threatened, not only France, but his own home-land, America. Lieutenant Ashley died that *other* men might be free, as he had been free from babyhood. He died that those nearest and dearest to him might continue to enjoy the freedom which is their birthright. He died that "Our Flag"—the symbol of freedom—might continue to wave over "the land of the free." In this heroic service, in this supreme sacrifice, he rounded out his brief life to a divine completion.

ANNUAL MEETING—1920.

REPORT.

The annual meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, held Tuesday, Feb. 24, with afternoon and evening sessions, was of more than ordinary interest, it being the 50th anniversary of the association. At the afternoon session the attendance taxed the capacity of the room in Memorial hall, where it is customary for this meeting to be held. John Sheldon, president of the association, presided. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read by the secretary, William L. Harris. The report of the curator, Mrs. J. M. Arms Sheldon, showed that the past year had been a busy and useful one. A total of about 7,000 persons visited the museum, 2,000 more than the previous year. These came from all over the world. The reports of the trustees of the permanent fund, Sheldon publishing fund and the Indian House homestead fund showed that the finances of the association are in good condition. It was voted on motion of E. A. Newcomb to publish another volume of the "Proceedings," also another edition of the catalogue of the museum, and another issue of the illustrated guide for which several new pictures will be made by the Misses Allen.

The following officers were elected: President, John Sheldon; vice-presidents, Richard E. Birks, Franklin G. Fessenden; recording secretary, William L. Harris; corresponding secretary, N. Theresa Mellen; treasurer, John Sheldon; councillors, Edward A. Hawks, Margaret C. Whiting, Agnes G. Fuller, Helen C. Boyden, Asahel W. Root, Margaret Miller, L. Emerine Henry, all of Deerfield, John A. Aiken, Eugene A. Newcomb, Mary P. Wells Smith, George A. Sheldon, Albert L. Wing, Francis N. Thompson all of Greenfield, Charles W. Hazelton of Montague, Annie C. Putnam of Boston.

Memorial tributes to the following deceased members were read: William Scott Keith of Chicago, Ill., written by Charles H. Keith of Greenfield; Arthur G. Merrill of Chicago, by George F. Merrill of Greenfield; Mrs. Anna C. Rumrill of Springfield, by Mrs. Oscar B. Ireland of Springfield; Thomas Franklin Waters of Ipswich, by Mrs. George Sheldon.

William Scott Keith was a successful business man of Chicago many years. Some time ago he bought the home of the late James Wells Champney in Deerfield. Mr. Merrill was a native of Shelburne, a graduate of Williams and for years taught modern languages in the Francis W. Parker School in Chicago. Mrs. Rumrill was a daughter of Chester W. Chapin of Springfield, formerly president of the Boston & Albany railroad. Mrs. Rumrill's father was sixth in descent from Deacon Samuel Chapin of Boston, who went to Springfield in 1642, bought large tracts of land and was a leading citizen of the town. His statue in Springfield, by St. Gaudens, was the gift of Chester W. Chapin. Mrs. Rumrill was a woman of rare charm of manner and a delightful hostess. She became deeply interested in Deerfield and was induced by the late Miss C. Alice Baker to join the association. She died Oct. 5, 1919.

Another feature of the afternoon was the tribute to the memory of Thomas Franklin Waters of Ipswich by Mrs. Sheldon. Mr. Waters was the founder of the Ipswich historical society. He was the author of the *History of Ipswich*, which ran into two large volumes, and also a member of the Massachusetts historical society. He became so deeply interested in the work of George Sheldon, founder of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association that he became a member of that association years ago.

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Williams, the paper on Mrs. Putnam was not presented at this time. Rev. R. E. Birks of Bernardston gave personal reminiscences of Mrs. Putnam and Mr. Waters and reviewed to some extent his researches in England along the lines of the activities of the association. Mr. Birks was a former minister at Deerfield, an active and enthusiastic member and a vice-president of the

association. Brief remarks were made by Arthur H. Tucker of Milton, a new life member of the association, Hal Dadmun, and others. The association has lost five members by death the past year but has gained five new life members and several new annual members.

At the meeting of the council Mrs. George Sheldon was elected curator, E. A. Newcomb, A. L. Wing and Judge F. N. Thompson were re-elected finance committee.

After the close of the afternoon meeting the museum, including the fireproof wing, was thrown open to the visitors and the collection of relics with its additions of the year were examined.

At 5.45 one of the excellent suppers for which the women of Deerfield are noted was served at the town hall. The seats at the supper table were quickly taken, making it necessary to set the tables a second time before all were fed. The literary exercises in the evening were of high quality and interest. The venerable first vice-president, Rev. Richard E. Birks presided in the evening, and referred to the meeting as "our jubilee." He gave a resumé of world history from the time of the Reformation, when ancestors of Deerfield people dwelt in the part of England with which he was familiar down to the present day. The singing of old time music by the choir under the leadership of Charles H. Ashley and a solo by Mrs. Matilda Hyde added much to the pleasure of the audience.

Herbert C. Parsons of Boston, as the orator of the evening, gave a vivid account of the achievements of the association and its crowning success, as displayed by the invaluable collection of relics now on exhibition in Memorial Hall. He took for his subject "Fifty Years of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association." He paid a glowing tribute to the first president of the association, Hon. George Sheldon, to whose personal enthusiasm, self-sacrifice and indefatigable perseverance the success of the organization is largely due.

The charmingly written paper by Mrs. Mary W. Fuller on "Caroline Negus Hildreth—a woman Deerfield should remember," related the life story of a woman of rare char-

acter and accomplishment. Caroline Negus of Petersham was an artist who became the wife of the historian Richard Hildreth, who lived in Deerfield at one time and whose father was an old time principal of Deerfield academy. Crayon portraits by Mrs. Hildreth were placed on the platform in view of the audience.

The unpublished paper read by Miss Minnie E. Hawks, entitled "Old Boston Gardens," was written in 1887 by Mrs. Agnes G. Higginson, mother of Mrs. Agnes G. Fuller. It contained graphic word pictures of lovely gardens in the Boston of the olden time. The paper was prefaced by a delightful sketch of Mrs. Higginson by her son Edward Higginson, in which he spoke of his mother's intense love of her old Deerfield home with its flowers and vines.

At the close of the exercises there was a general feeling that this anniversary meeting marked the successful ending of fifty years of earnest and continuous effort on the part of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

REPORT OF CURATOR.

Greater freedom from war restraints has increased the number of travelers in our country the past year, and consequently a larger number of persons have visited Memorial hall, 6,931 having enjoyed the collection; this is over 2000 more than last year. The visitors have registered from 43 States of the Union, Canada, England, from Scotland, France, Italy, Sweden, Russia, Turkey-in-Asia, Persia, China, Burma, Japan, India, South Africa and the Hawaiian Islands.

One of the most promising features of the year is the unusually large number of young people who have spent hours in the museum. Schools or classes have come from East Colrain, West Whately, New Salem and Millington, Amherst, Mrs. Roberts' private school, Greenfield, East Deerfield, Nothampton high, Deerfield academy, Brattleboro high, Amherst summer school, Hadley Hall school, Holyoke, and Wilbraham academy. In fact, nearly all grades, from

the first to the ninth, have been represented, while large numbers have come from Smith and Mt. Holyoke colleges.

Various organizations have visited us, such as the Connecticut Valley Brown Alumnae Club, the Home Economics Club of Erving, the Tobacco Growers' Association of Glastonbury, Ct., the Northfield conference, the Mass. Library Association with the Western Mass. Library Club, while a "community party" consisting of old and young, rode down from Buckland. Parents have brought their children, and a married sister came with her seven years-old brother who, on leaving, exclaimed with genuine enthusiasm, "I didn't know there were so many beautiful things in this world!"

We have received 355 contributions during the year, consisting of 244 miscellaneous articles, 86 books and pamphlets and 25 newspapers. The most notable gifts have been three collections. One, from Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Stebbins, is a case containing 63 historic and rare cup plates. These have been placed on exhibition in the main hall. Another is a valuable miscellaneous assortment of heirlooms from Mrs. Allen G. Fellows and sons of Shelburne, and the third is a collection made by Mrs. Mary E. Stevens of Bridgton, Me., while in the Orient. Although this gift does not illustrate early New England life, the especial object of this association, nevertheless, it exhibits some of the customs and much of the handicraft of primitive people. This collection fills case A of the main hall.

The association has been able to procure for the library some of the missing numbers of the Historical Genealogical Register for 1860, 1868, 1869, making our series more complete.

Historical societies are turning toward New England as the source of knowledge on early American history and this year we have had a call for our "Proceedings" from the Bermudas on the East, and from California on the West.

The curator's time has been spent largely on the third edition of the catalogue to the general collection. The second edition, published in 1908, was exhausted last August. The past eleven years a large number of contributions have been received, the fireproof wing has been erected and furnished,

many articles have been transferred to glass cases, and the demand for catalogues has steadily increased. All these reasons made a third edition imperative. I am glad to report that this edition is now ready for the printer.

The assistant, Miss Mellen, devoted considerable time in the winter and early spring to cataloguing the additional manuscripts that have been placed the past few years in the various boxes of the manuscript case. The museum continues to testify to her efficiency and watchful care.

During the autumn a gentleman residing in the eastern part of our State visited Deerfield. He became so deeply interested that on returning home he wrote that the historical work done by this association should be encouraged and helped forward by the people of Massachusetts, and to this end he wished to become a life member of the society. We hope that many will follow his example in this fiftieth anniversary year.

Respectfully submitted,
J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Deerfield, Feb. 24, 1920.

NECROLOGY.

WILLIAM SCOTT KEITH.

BY CHARLES H. KEITH.

William Scott Keith was born in Greenfield January 11, 1844, joined this Association October, 1915, and died in Waukegan, Illinois, February 14, 1919.

Mr. Keith was the elder son of William Keith and Sophia (Thomson) Keith. His mother died January 2, 1847. His father was one of the old fashioned landlords of the stage coach days and enjoyed a large acquaintance among the people of this county. After the death of his wife Mr. William Keith married Jane Ware and moved to Deerfield. Their home was on the land now occupied by Mr. Manning.

Here the children attended Deerfield Academy. I have often heard Mr. Keith speak of reciting to Miss C. Alice Baker who was one of the teachers.

After leaving Deerfield he attended the Worcester Military Academy. The late D. P. Abercrombie was one of his classmates.

In 1861 he entered the employ of the Franklin County Bank. Mr. John H. Sanderson was then acting as teller. At that time the Spencerian hand was counted the finest style of penmanship. George W. Ballou was a most beautiful penman and these young men were so much interested in his style that you can see through the old records and ledgers how closely they imitated his writing. Page after page looks like engraving and the two young men must have been very thorough and painstaking to make such splendid records. It is almost impossible to see where one left off and the other began.

One story of these days is that when William Scott Keith grew anxious to know what he would receive for pay, and asked his father, he was told not to worry as Mr. Cushman would attend to that. At the end of the year he was called into the president's office and told that as this was the first money he had earned he must ponder well the use to be made of it. Therefore he would suggest that he take the year's pay, \$25.00, and buy a set of Dickens' works and write on the fly leaf "With best wishes from the Directors."

In September, 1862, he entered the 52nd Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He was in his eighteenth year and was spoken of in James K. Hosmer's "Color Guard" as "First Sergeant Bertram." Judge Thompson states in his History that the 52nd Massachusetts suffered more losses than any other Massachusetts regiment due to the climate of the lower Mississippi as much as to the severe fighting about Port Hudson. Fever claimed many and the Sergeant came back broken in health.

Upon his recovery he went to Chicago and began his business life. He started as bookkeeper in a bank. From there he went into the lumber business. He was active in the Chicago Club, being treasurer. At that time there were

many young men in the city, from New England. Naturally they were fond of talking of home. Marshall Field and Pullman were starting in Chicago. They were brought together at the Club and formed life long friendships.

Mr. Keith left Chicago for Waukegan, preferring the country life to the city. Here he lived for many years enjoying the country, and found rest and change surrounded with trees, flowers, and his pets.

In 1913 he bought the Champney place in Deerfield and planned to make it his home surrounded by old boyhood memories.

He was a strong, sincere, sympathetic man, an interested neighbor, and a strong churchman. His dearest plan was to come and live among the people of Deerfield. They enjoyed a warm place in his heart. In his last letter he spoke of his gaining strength and that it would not be long before he could stand the journey.

MRS. JAMES A. RUMRILL.

BY MRS. OSCAR B. IRELAND OF SPRINGFIELD.

Anna Chapin, daughter of Chester W. and Dorcas Chapin: Born in Springfield, Mass. July 12, 1837; married in Springfield, Mass. May 18, 1861; died in Boston, Mass. Oct. 5, 1919.

Mrs. Rumrill came of old New England stock, her father and mother being sixth in descent from Deacon Samuel Chapin of Boston. This ancestor, probably from Dartmouth, England, son of John Chapin, is first heard of with many little children, and his wife Cicely, in Roxbury, where, with her, he joined the church of John Eliot, the Indian Apostle.

In 1642, he made, with his family, his dangerous journey, through the deep forests of Massachusetts to settle in Springfield. Here he led a useful and highly honored life, being made one of the magistrates, and in the absence of a settled

minister being appointed to "carry on the work of the Sabbath—sometimes by reading notes, and sometimes by his own meditations."

In 1666 he bought of John Pynchon many hundred acres of land, lying between the Chicopee, or as spelled then the Chickhuppy river, and Willimansett brook, in the northern part of Springfield, afterwards Cabotsville, now called Chicopee Street. On this land, in the old Brown House, built by Abel Chapin about Revolutionary times, was born Dorcas Chapin, the mother of Mrs. Rumrill, and in this same house she celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding.

Here, until recent years, Mrs. Rumrill entertained many friends with great hospitality, one of her most charming invitations being for a sleighride, followed by an old fashioned supper and dance in this home of her ancestors. Mr. Chester W. Chapin of New York, brother of Mrs. Rumrill, now owns the estate. Deacon Samuel Chapin lived until 1675, dying a month after the attack and burning of Springfield, which he defended with great judgment and courage.

There now stands in Merrick Park, a statue of Deacon Samuel Chapin, "The Puritan," by Augustus St. Gaudens, presented to the city of Springfield on Thanksgiving day, 1887, by Chester W. Chapin, as the representative of his father, the Hon. Chester W. Chapin, who died before his order for the statue, given some two years before, was completed.

Chester W. Chapin, the father of Mrs. Rumrill, was born Dec. 16, 1798, in Ludlow, Mass., and died June 10, 1883, in Springfield, Mass. For those who remember the fine, stalwart figure and commanding presence of this remarkable man, it is strange to read that as a lad he was too delicate to be allowed the college education that he coveted.

As a boy, he drove the oxen which hauled merchandise from the Connecticut river to the various stores; as a young man he drove the stage coach between Brattleboro and Hartford, to become, as an older man, the owner of the stage lines centering in Springfield, the steamboats on the Connecticut river running between Springfield and Hartford, the President of the Boston and Albany railroad,

and the wealthiest man in western Massachusetts as well as one of the most respected.

The following true stories show his kindness, his ability, and his judgment.

In the family of the writer, it was the custom every summer to look along the wayside for the yellow blossoms of the elecampane, and to rub the plant on the horses, to drive away the persecuting flies. This was done according to the advice of Mr. Chapin, who said that by so doing, in his old stage days, he kept his horses free from worry, and in good condition.

When the Cunard Line, owing to lack of freight at Boston, felt obliged to withdraw from that city, Mr. Chapin promised Sir Samuel Cunard, that if he would renew his service, he would load a vessel.

Being unable to obtain this load in the east, he went west, where he secured grain enough for a full cargo, so saving the Cunard Line for Boston, and establishing transportation between the distant west and that city.

On Mrs. Rumrill's wedding night, her father laid in her hand his marriage gift of B. & A., and N. Y., N. H., & H. R. R. certificates—saying—"Anna, as long as honest men run these roads this stock will be good."

Mr. Chapin held many public offices of trust, and was keenly alive to the welfare of Springfield, ready to give generously to her charities, doing much to beautify the city, and to further her interests.

From such ancestry came Mrs. Rumrill, descended from men whose sterling qualities she largely inherited, qualities that strengthened with the lengthening years.

Mrs. Rumrill was deeply interested in Deerfield, an interest aroused by the connection with Japhet Chapin and his daughter Hannah, and sustained by Miss C. Alice Baker.

When Japhet, son of Deacon Samuel Chapin, died, the Rev. Mr. Williams of Deerfield, wrote a long letter to his children, begging them to follow the example set them by this man of great piety.

Hannah Chapin, born 1680, married John Sheldon of Deerfield, and went there to live, December 3, 1703; about

three months after her marriage the town was attacked by Indians, and she, with others, including the Rev. John Williams, was carried captives to Canada. It is said that her husband's father followed, redeemed her, and after about two years brought her home to Deerfield.

In the early days of Springfield, when Dr. Matthew B. Baker, his wife, and little daughter Alice, lived in that town, at the southeast corner of State and Maple streets, Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Chester Chapin were friends; their friendship was carried forward by their daughters, with common love, respect, and admiration.

Through her interest in Deerfield, and through the influence of Miss Baker, Mrs. Rumrill joined the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, giving liberally toward the furtherance of its objects. That which was educational and historical made a strong appeal to Mrs. Rumrill, and it became her pleasure to help the Deerfield Academy, and to contribute generously to the restoration of the John Williams home, especially as it was also in memory of Miss Alice Baker that she gave to the village, whose well being lay so near the heart of this loyal friend of a life time.

Mrs. Rumrill was a woman of strength of character, and of great self control, one, who having decided what she believed to be right, seldom swerved. Whether her days were brightened by the gladness of prosperity, or darkened by the shadows of adversity, she kept the even tenor of her way, neither exalted nor brought low, faithful to the varying demands of her daily life.

With her passing, there passed from us the strengthening contact with a life made great through goodness—there remains the memory of the gracious ways of one who held even the balance of head and heart. And, at the end, she was as one who, seeing the approaching angels of affliction, coming to accompany her for the short remainder of the journey of life, goes forth to meet them, without complaint or fear. So, entered into rest, on the fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nineteen Anna Chapin Rumrill.

“Her works do follow her.”

ARTHUR G. MERRILL.

BY GEORGE F. MERRILL.

Arthur G. Merrill was born May 31st, 1872, in the town of Shelburne, the son of George G. and Emma Field Merrill. He was a graduate of Arms Academy, and Williams College in 1894. During his course of study, he specialized in modern languages, for which he had a great liking and aptitude, spending his summer vacations abroad in study. During the years immediately following his graduation from college, he taught in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, in New Jersey, and other preparatory schools.

In 1902 he became connected with the Francis W. Parker School in Chicago, as a teacher of modern languages. And there he died, suddenly, of meningitis, November 1st, 1919, while still in the zenith of his activity.

Following is an extract from the tribute given him at the memorial exercises of the School, by Raymond W. Osborne, an associate in administration:—

“Mr. Merrill has been associated with the school almost from its foundation. No Parker graduate has passed out of the school without knowing him, either as a loving teacher or as a friendly influence in his school experience.

“In his work as a teacher he gave himself cheerfully, unselfishly, without stint. With a program unusually heavy, he could always find time to give help to a pupil needing it. He loved his work and was always seeking new material for his classes. His summers were as busy as the school year. He spent them in travel on the Continent, and lately in Cuba and Porto Rico, fitting himself for the larger activities in the profession. A thorough-going scholar himself, he demanded the same care and exactness of the pupils in their work with him.

“Ten years ago he founded the first of a series of supplementary texts for the teaching of modern language, which has made his name well known in the educational world.

'Aus Nah und Fern' was published with the idea of supplying new live material on current events, travel and life in other countries, which would make the study of German more real and interesting to the pupils. This work was well established when the war made it necessary to give it up. Not discouraged, Mr. Merrill took up the study of Spanish, and two years ago he brought out a similar publication in that language, 'El Panorama,' to be followed a year later by another in the French language, 'Le Monde Français.' To this work he devoted every moment outside of his teaching, and his office light burned late, night after night, in tireless endeavor.

"In the publication of the school year books we worked closely together, and to the drudgery of copy preparation he gave care, time and attention which, for cheerful, unselfish devotion, could not be equalled. He was busy and happy in his work, conscious that his achievements were worth while, looking forward to many years of useful activity.

"His example of scholarship, of generosity, of cheerfulness, will live in our memory throughout the years to come."

Mr. Merrill showed deep interest in his family genealogy, spending a great deal of time and travel on compiling facts about it; and it was through this interest that he came to Deerfield to see George Sheldon, the historian. At that time he became interested in the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association and became a member of it.

It may be of interest to the members of the Association to know that he was a descendant, on his father's side, of Martin Severance, the first settler in the town of Shelburne, who went there from Deerfield.

He is survived by a widow, Louise Merrill, of Chicago; his mother, Emma Field Merrill of Shelburne Falls, four brothers, George F. of Greenfield, Philip and Roy of Shelburne Falls, Edward of Boston, and Mrs. Herbert Ware, a sister, of Shelburne Falls.

THOMAS FRANKLIN WATERS.

BY J. M. ARMS SHELDON.

Every human being is many-sided, but the man with clear, penetrating vision discovers that in most men, sooner or later, one side dominates all the others.

Thomas Franklin Waters, in a large and dominant sense, was a persistent searcher after historical truth, and as such this association pays him a grateful tribute.

It was an autumn day in 1902 when Mr. Sheldon, Miss Ellen Chase, a life member of this society, and myself found our way to the old historic town of Ipswich, to see the ancient Whipple house, and the man who had brought this house back from death to life. We saw both. Sympathy in a common object, with deep-seated and controlled enthusiasm, brought the two men together instantly, and the potent influence of the old-time dwelling cemented the union.

The Whipple house was built as early as 1650, and perhaps before this date; it was, therefore, one of the oldest houses in the country. It had fallen into a state of dire dilapidation, when a practical idealist saw its possibilities, and determined that these possibilities should be realized. With infinite care Mr. Waters preserved or restored all the old features of the house, devoting himself unremittingly to accuracy in detail. Those who have made a pilgrimage to the quaint town on the beautiful bay know what a rare and precious heirloom the Whipple house is, and what a monument it is to Mr. Waters' ceaseless effort.

A natural sequence of our visit to Ipswich was Mr. Waters' visit, the following year, to the historic valley of the Connecticut. Robust in health he walked nearly the whole distance, thereby observing the objects he passed and giving himself time to think about them. He came all aglow with the historic instinct, and therefore craving knowledge. Mr. Sheldon was a generation older than Mr. Waters, but when the two were together, no one would ever have dreamed it.

The younger man was eager for the information and wisdom gained by the longer life, while the older man, knowing naught of years, was as young as his companion. The two fairly reveled in the people and events of two hundred years ago.

The scene of the Bloody Brook massacre was visited, following the route of Captain Lothrop and the "Flower of Essex." This was especially interesting to Mr. Waters, because the old town of Salem in Essex county was his birthplace, and also because six brave men of Ipswich fell with Lothrop, and lay buried in the soil of Deerfield. Justly and reverently he stood by the common grave and paid a silent tribute to the heroism of the martyred dead.

Another ride was taken to the field of Captain Turner's exploits and the Falls that bear his name. Long walks to hallowed spots were enjoyed. Hours were spent in Memorial Hall, studying the remains of the aborigines and the memorials of the white settlers, "which," as Mr. Waters said, "with broad and tolerant spirit, are grouped side by side."

Some of the results of this visit were published in the *Massachusetts Magazine*, of which Mr. Waters was an editor, and also in a paper entitled "Historical Ideals," read before this society at its annual meeting in 1906, when its author became a member of this Association.

At the field meeting, held in Deerfield in 1911, to dedicate a bronze tablet to John Sheldon, Mr. Waters again gave a carefully prepared paper, in which he considered the three methods of writing history, the romantic, the realistic, and the romantic-realistic which combines the best in the other two methods.

All these years Mr. Waters, as founder and president of the Ipswich Historical Society, was producing valuable papers, which were published in the proceedings of that society, some of which we have in our Memorial library. He was, in this way, accumulating material for his truly great work, the "History of Ipswich," which was completed, fortunately, about two years ago. This "History" proves that the author, first of all, delved laboriously for facts,

and, secondly, that he had the power of handling these facts so that the finished record was a living and breathing thing—a notable demonstration of the third method of writing history.

The quality of Mr. Waters' work caused his election as member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, an honor he richly deserved.

Mr. Waters had no sympathy whatever with the prevailing custom of giving the name of true history to what is really fiction. If a popular and long cherished tale, after investigation, was proved false, he published the error, and dropped the story forever, as in the case of the so-called "First Church of Salem." He demanded rigid examination of original sources,—State archives, town records, diaries, letters and the like,—before passing final judgment on an historical question.

There are some among my hearers who will recall the sunset hour of that perfect winter day, Dec. 26, 1916, when Thomas Franklin Waters stood by the open grave of his friend, the man of ninety-eight years. Surely, all who saw him there might have prophesied that he himself would reach the century mark, giving us many years of splendid research work. Yet this was not to be. In less than three years, on Nov. 23, 1919, suddenly, and we may hope unconsciously to himself, his labors here ceased.

New England is the poorer for his going, because New England, and all America as well, needs, more than ever before, consecrated students of our country's past, who value, above all things else, the absolute and sacred truth.

CAROLINE NEGUS HILDRETH.

A WOMAN DEERFIELD SHOULD REMEMBER.

BY MARY W. FULLER.

Probably every New England village has at times within its borders, and dominating its better life some woman of unusual brilliance of mind, genial personality, charm of manner and great gift of expression. It is of such a woman now long forgotten that I write.

Caroline Negus was born on the far off hills of Petersham in 1814, the youngest of the fourteen children of Joel Negus.

Negus is a rather uncommon name and seems to be of Welsh origin. Exactly when the Negus family first crossed the ocean we do not know, but in 1742 one William Negus living in Marlboro, Mass., decided to move on to newer lands and with his wife and five children, probably in an ox cart, toiled over the long, hilly, little-developed trail which led along the high crest of Worcester county. He came at length to the lofty plateau where Petersham now stands—"Petersham Hill," the words of an old song come to my mind:—

"Oh Ho, and oh ho, you may call as you will,
The moon is arising on Petersham Hill;
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham town."

That Petersham is in England and very probably some English immigrant found a resemblance to the Petersham left behind in the noble slopes of our New England Petersham. Surely it is a marvellous spot. From this wide spread plateau you look over intervening seas of billowy tree tops to distant Monadnock at the north, to bold Wachusett in the east, and to the stately range of the Berkshire hills with Greylock standing guard in their midst far away in the west.

Petersham in the Autumn is an enchanted, glowing island

cut off from the rest of the world by seas of brilliant color. Within its limits many varieties of hill and dale, rolling hillsides, deep woods and sheltered valleys exist. It was in a little open glade at the foot of one of these sunny slopes that William Negus settled. "One of the first settlers of y^e town," as the broken slate slab in the old church yard tells us. In a secluded depression of the hills, south of the present village, he built his house, and massive stone walls each side of the long lane leading to it; curving them graciously up to the very door. The old cellar hole with the huge, stone, chimney-foundation still remains half concealed by a tall impenetrable grove of lilac bushes.

Here five more children were born to William Negus, and here Joseph his son and Joel his grandson, father of Caroline, were born. Much beloved was this old home; pathetic old letters tell of each generation's fondness for it.

From here Joseph went to the Revolutionary war, coming back in safety, and we hope before the death of his father, the first settler in 1777. Military spirit seems not to have been lacking, for one of Joseph's daughters named each of a long row of apple trees along the stone walls for a Revolutionary general; not only that, but she married a general and her daughter and grand-daughter also married generals, the last being the wife of George B. McClellan.

Those old apple trees still stand, generals indeed, huge in trunk, massive and gnarled, hardly recognizable as apple trees, yet now and then bearing delicious strange flavored fruit, good sized and firm. Many are the traditions of the wild spirits and lively dispositions of this family of twelve brothers and sisters.

Joel, Caroline's father seems to have been the one to stay in the old home, although later he built himself a house on the crest of the hill to the East, a charming old place still occupied by his descendants.

Caroline could scarcely remember her father, for he died when she was but two years old. He seems to have been a remarkable man; of a type which has now almost wholly disappeared. In the brief forty-nine years of his life, he held every possible public position; schoolmaster, selectman,

justice of the peace and surveyor, besides carrying on his farm and painting carriages and signs.

His unusual abilities and interests are attested by two quaint home-made manuscript books, one an abridgement of Surveying and Trigonometry, very exquisitely written and mathematically illustrated; the other, a compendium of information on all sorts of diverse subjects: illustrations of forms of speech, specimens of fine literature, geographical descriptions, some of which are curiosities. Under "The divisions of the Habitable world" we find New England and New Scotland of apparent equal importance.

Many abstracts from Ancient History, many maxims, are quoted; one seems particularly pleasing—

" The world's a wood in which all go astray—
Tho' by a different path they take their way."

In those days of few books, infrequent papers and scarcely any magazines every scrap of knowledge was treasured.

Amid the great variety of such bits of information are two items of significance. Significant because Joel Negus' descendants were destined to be known in Art.

The first, a description of the "Propper materials for drawing and the manner of using them." Second, "Rules for drawing the Human Figure at length." Whether Joel himself ever attempted anything beyond sign painting we do not know; the two sons who lived to grow up were both artists, the younger, Nathan Negus, would surely have won fame but for his early death.

Twenty or more old letters closely written and finely expressed show the unusual affection of these two brothers and their devotion to Art. Joseph, a year or two older than Nathan continually reiterates his faith in Nathan's ability, urges him to great activity and predicts a successful career. Nathan went while quite young, sixteen or seventeen I think, to Boston to study painting and soon after he joined Joseph in the South, where they journeyed about, Joseph painting signs and so forth and Nathan painting portraits. It would be interesting to trace some of these old portraits, for only a few of Nathan's pictures are left, those showing great

promise and rare talent. From one of Nathan's letters the following naïve, almost epigrammatical bit seems worth preserving.

"Your praise which you give me for my letter in a great measure tends to flattery. You cannot make me vain, Joseph. I have had repeated assaults of this kind; not for my wisdom, but for my paintings; which were I to consider it all *true*, would make me as vain and as proud as Don Quixote, but I will not suffer them to puff me up as *I know just enough to know, that I do not know so much as they would make me think I know*. This is an odd way of conveying my idea, but I hope you will understand me."

The story of Nathan's life, of his great love for his home and his art, his noble sacrifice to a treacherous friend, his long pitiful illness in the South, the failure of the woman he loved to stand by him, and his death at the age of twenty-four are too long to be told here but make up a tragedy of real life. Shipwrecked in the Gulf of Mexico, floating helpless and rudderless for twenty-eight days, he finally reached his home in Petersham three days before his death.

His little sister Caroline could not have known Nathan much, but to her he was probably a hero and a strong influence on her life. Whether he ever helped her childish efforts to draw, or whether the rules in her father's little book were of use to her we do not know, but the gift was there and it developed steadily. While quite young she was sent to Boston to study with Chester Harding, an artist who originated in the Connecticut Valley and who won fame in this country and also in London as a portrait painter.

In a short time Caroline Negus began to be known by the beautiful crayon heads that she did, being especially successful with children—that she spent a good deal of time in Deerfield in this part of her life seems very certain. Two of her sisters had come to Deerfield to live—Luthera was the wife of Eli Wright of Wapping, and Fanny of Aaron Fuller at The Bars.

Deerfield and Petersham were not as far apart in those old days as it might seem. One of the earliest stage routes, perhaps not so very much later than the Bay Path led

from Boston and Worcester through Barre and Petersham, Athol and to Cheapside and on up the river to Brattleboro; a connecting stage from Cheapside went south to Deerfield and Conway. Or to drive over the hills from Deerfield to Petersham was counted a small matter, and the old letters have frequent references to meetings halfway at Locke's Pond. Caroline probably went to school here at one time, besides long and frequent visits. She seems to have greatly loved Deerfield; in her later letters she refers to the happy days in the old gambrelled roof house at The Bars; and it was there that she was married in June, 1844, to Richard Hildreth.

Richard Hildreth was born in Deerfield in 1807 in the old Willard House (now the Wynne House). His father, Hosea Hildreth, was one of the first "preceptors" of the old academy. Caroline and Richard probably met first in Exeter, where his father settled when he left Deerfield. Caroline went to Exeter doing crayon heads. Richard was already a writer of considerable note, later an historian.

They lived for a while in Boston where she soon had a reputation for her miniatures and crayons. Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of her sitters; his portrait is still cherished by his children. John Greenleaf Whittier also sat for her, and to her he dedicated his poem beginning,

"Maiden with the fair brown tresses."

She is said to have had very beautiful hair, almost auburn in shade as many of her family had. Indeed a warmth and glow of color seems to have been a family characteristic both of their physical and mental attributes. Great vivacity of expression, sanguine and humorous in speech, very affectionate and clannish one to another, yet subject to whims and unevennesses of disposition. One of her sitters, now an old lady, remembers how Mrs. Hildreth sang to her as a child, to keep her quiet while she drew the charming picture of her that still adorns her walls. A wonderful likeness it must have been, for one needs no second glance to recognize the beautiful eyes of the dear old lady in the sweet childish face of the lovely crayon.

In many of the older Boston homes such lovely crayon

heads, set in quaint, oval gilt frames are treasured; the work of Caroline Hildreth. They are the portraits of grandmothers, grandfathers, granduncles or aunts to the present generation, but they are cherished not only because of family feeling, but for their real beauty and charm. The delicate subtlety of childhood has seldom been better expressed. Deerfield has long loved the fine portrait of Dr. Willard, which has hung in the Brick church ever since its almost miraculous rescue from a burning house about twenty years ago; it hung between windows on an outside wall luckily, and before it was hopelessly ruined it was snatched scorching from the wall. It has been very beautifully retouched and repaired by Miss Annie Putnam and Mrs. Madeline Wynne.

Mr. Asahel Root possesses a charming head by Mrs. Hildreth, and quite recently the P. V. M. Association has received a head of Eli Wright, Mrs. Hildreth's brother-in-law, the gift of his granddaughter, Miss Anna Sears. A large portfolio of Mrs. Hildreth's drawings was given into my care by Miss Sears at the same time, to be treasured by the descendants of her beloved nephew, George Fuller.

George Fuller, born in 1822, was but eight years younger than Caroline Negus, and one can fancy the growing love of Art in the boy heralded and encouraged by this enthusiastic young aunt. At one time he too did many fine crayon heads. Art, and music also, found expression in her Deerfield nephews and nieces.

Sumner Wright of Wapping was for a long time organist of the Brick church and sang and played the guitar. Two of his brothers had a daguerreotype studio and many of the old daguerreotypes we value for their age and beauty are their work. The Wrights, Eli and Phoebe Negus' family, lived in a little rose-covered cottage in Wapping shut in by a picket fence, a pretty little place, the home of four very gifted, lively young people about the same age as their many young cousins at "The Bars." Aunt Caroline was a great favorite with them all and here she loved to come with her two little boys. Later on when her husband was sent as Consul to Trieste, she wrote endless

letters of glowing description of all the treasures of Art and marvels of beauty of the rich land of Italy to her beloved sister Phoebe.

A more affectionate, effervescent nature never showed itself than in these letters, bubbling over with hopes and plans for every one. She lived in Italy for several years, very happy among its pictures and statues.

In 1865 Mr. Hildreth died in Florence. Mrs. Hildreth and her son Arthur lived on there although planning to return and to live in Deerfield.

She lost one of her boys as a child, a terrible grief to her, the other became a musician and a teacher, odd and eccentric but very gifted.

After Mr. Hildreth's death she longed to be with her sister Phoebe, who now had only her lovely daughter Luly, or Lily, as Mrs. Hildreth called her, left. In one letter she plans to come home and live in the rose-covered cottage and to make a circular room, a Thanksgiving room she calls it, where each of those whom they have loved shall have a corner with a bust of them and long panels between for portraits, places for flowers in the windows, birds hanging over the flowerlike vases, and hanging lamps and antique chests in which to keep their biographies—every one to contribute something and Lily and Arthur to fill the place with music.

This romantic, extravagant vein was but the effervescence of very deep feeling and real devotion to those she loved. Miss Eliza Allen Starr, a later Deerfield artist and at one time a pupil of Caroline Negus, wrote thus of her: "It is to her noble appreciation of her husband's undertaking in writing a *History of the United States*, that we owe its existence today. The brush of the miniaturist was laid aside for the more remunerative crayon, and by her genius and her unflagging industry she relieved her husband of all anxiety concerning his worldly interests while composing his great work, which, as she predicted, 'would make his name and fame dear to his country'! . . . It is seldom that literature or art, certainly when combined, leave a record of domestic life as beautiful in its heroism and its constancy as that of Richard and Caroline Hildreth."

Before her plan of coming back to live in Deerfield could be carried out she was seized with cholera in Naples and died and was buried there.

Although Deerfield was neither the birth place, the home or the last resting place of Caroline Negus Hildreth, so much of her affections gathered here, and so much of her work is treasured here that it seems appropriate that her memory should here be cherished.

Let us hope that even in this new era, now dawning, an era of strange, sky promise; of swift flight, of seemingly incessant motion with little care for what went before or what comes after—let us hope that Deerfield (especially the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association) will still strive to be, as it has been for so many past years, a link between past and present; still forging links to noble deeds of the future by the repetition of noble deeds of the past.

MRS. STEPHEN HIGGINSON.

BY EDWARD HIGGINSON OF FALL RIVER.

My mother bought the old Doctor Stephen Williams house at the South End of Deerfield Street in 1853, and thereafter until about 1880 it was the chief and best loved home of herself and her children. At that time the house was said to be about fifty years old, but its history is not known to the writer. It was very commodious, and stood upon an ample lot of three acres. My mother's love for nature immediately induced her to plant the place with young trees, shrubs and vines, and finally the broad, square front of the house was entirely covered with the thick foliage of a wild grape vine. So thick and sheltering was it, in fact, that during the hottest summer months the windows, sash and all, remained completely absent from my mother's room. It was the next thing to living outdoors.

I cannot give an idea of how she enjoyed the beauties of the old village in that fertile valley, with its winding

river and verdant meadows. She never tired of the views,—the old street beneath its vaulted arch of elms, the morning light on the rolling hills of Wisdom, the rosy sunset glow on East Mountain. On her own premises she was always devoted to the culture of flowers, and had a double capacity for the enjoyment of their beauty from the fact that she was able to transfer much of it to canvas; she never tired of sketching the picturesque old buildings of Deerfield, the “Little Brown House on the Albany Road” being one of her favorite studies. As the years went on the tie which bound her to the place was strengthened by the marriage of her daughter to a native son of the soil, of whom she was extremely fond and proud, and on whose ancestral farm the daughter became the busy housewife, and the mother of five children.

To the old house in the street my mother’s eight sons came from time to time, those who were old enough returning from the Great War of the Rebellion, to rest awhile in that calm spot. One came, stricken with malarial fever, borne by neighbors on a stretcher across lots from the station, and was finally nursed back to health and strength. Although the old home was finally parted with and Mrs. Higginson spent the remaining years of her life by the Massachusetts seaside, I am sure that her ardent affection and that of her children for Old Deerfield was never lost or lessened.

OLD BOSTON GARDENS.

BY AGNES G. HIGGINSON.

Of all the lovely things one's childhood gives,
The sunny skies, the playmates dear,
The cheery walks, the precious home,
One's memory treasures in its heart of hearts
The sweet old gardens, with their trim-kept beds;
With borders of old box, and gravelled paths;
Old fashioned pinks, and larkspur blue,
And velvet marigolds, so spicy, crushed;
And by the lichened wall the honeysuckle sweet
The purple lilacs—"laylocks," to the child outside,
"And might he have just one?"

Many of the charms of dear old Boston have been set forth by those who knew it eighty years ago [1807], but no one has quite done justice to its trees and gardens. One could not walk far through its streets in any direction without meeting with these delightful oases so welcome amid the bricks and mortar of the town. In my own memory many such charming pictures are stored away; for, in those days, only the favored few could rush into the country as soon as a bit of verdure or a green leaf was to be seen. So that all we could find in the town was precious to the young enthusiast. Wordsworth had not moved us to the love of Nature, nor Ruskin opened our eyes to its nobler aspects, but there are always a few whose birthright it is to love it without waiting for external influences or education. The first garden to which I had access (a child of five) was scarcely more than a bit of greenery, shut in by the brick walls of the surrounding houses, on the spot where the Music Hall now stands. We were living in Bumstead Place, the last house of which was occupied by a very old Mr. Bumstead, who wore knee-breeches, and large silver buckles on his shoes. His front yard was paved with small cobble stones, and beyond it was the garden which at that time had so far run to waste that we children, my sister and myself, and two Bumstead grandchildren of the same age, had

permission to play in it, and gather the "ladies delights" which had run wild in the long grass, and pick the few currants that were left upon a neglected bush or two, although there was a sort of Ogre watching us in the shape of a short swarthy Otaheitan servant, of whom we stood somewhat in awe, though we managed to stand our ground, and were probably very saucy sometimes. We had very good times in our play hours, with our ant funerals and such original amusements, now and then getting a glimpse of the old gentleman in the parlor on the mantel piece of which were two wonderful Chinese figures of Mandarins, with loose heads,—so mysterious!

In the course of time and change, my father moved into Pearl Street. I was then seven years old. It was a wide quiet street of handsome houses and gardens. In the Boston Atheneum, which occupied our house, after we had left it, for a time, is now to be seen a plate of crockery ware on which is printed a picture of the house one half of which was ours. Here we had, besides our fine large rooms, not exactly a garden, but a spacious piece of grass, and such a long row next the boundary fences of pure damask rose-bushes; harbingered every spring by the smaller unpretentious cinnamon roses. And there was a very large double flowering cherry tree with its exquisite, drooping clusters of white blossoms, and a double peach also. And a trellis with white grapes such as I have never since tasted! I remember nothing but sunshine on that grass and on those flowers. Was there ever, I wonder, a cloud or a rainy day?

Most of the houses in Pearl Street stood in gardens, large or small. The largest was the Pratt garden at the corner of Milk and Pearl Streets, but surrounded by so high a board fence that we could see little of its treasures from the outside. Opposite to our house was a large pasture where Lieutenant-Governor Phillips used to keep his cow. In this house my sister Elizabeth was born and when she was baptized in the old Brattle Street church by Dr. Paley, sitting up on the arm of my father, she was pronounced the handsomest baby ever christened there. But all this pleasant time came to an end when the death of my father

[William Cochran] took place on the 19th of July, 1821. Always devoted to the enjoyment of his little girls, he had taken them to the Common to see the fireworks on the 4th, and in consequence of a cold taken he was seized with a malignant fever, which was communicated to eleven members of the family, including servants, and to his younger brother John Bruce C., who was also his business partner, and who also died.

Dr. Jackson, as soon as my mother could move, ordered us out of town, and we went to board in a farmhouse in Brookline, where we had our first experience of country life, which I have no doubt we enjoyed with the unfeeling buoyancy of children. In the autumn we moved back to Boston, and for a year occupied a house in a brick block in Mt. Vernon Street, built by the elder Stephen Higginson, Dr. Park's school close by, and next door my school-mates who became the dearest friends of my after life. In one of the old-fashioned square mansions opposite lived also a dear playmate, and here I found attraction in our play hours in a bit of greenery, with a little evergreen plantation in one corner. Here was no flower cultivation, but a blessed dandelion or clover blossom sometimes showed itself in the grass.

The next year, after a summer in a pretty cottage near "Baptist pond" in Newton which was the country again and with wide and delightful views, we came into the new house at the upper corner of Chestnut Street, our last residence in Boston. This was in 1823. Here I had delightful companionship, the intellectual stimulus of the Peabody family opposite and great enjoyment of life, but alas! no gardens! All we had to console us was a precious view from our upper windows of the Blue Hills with their graceful outline and aerial tints. And from the balcony a glimpse down Walnut Street of the Common and the Frog Pond. So that I had only the gardens which I had to pass in my walks for comfort and refreshment. And what could yield more of that than a walk from the Common, down Winter and Summer Streets? Mr. Cobb's garden in Winter, Mr. Salisbury's, with its wealth of apple and pear trees back

of his gable-roofed wooden house, and next to it Mr. Gardiner's, also wooden, to arrive at which we had to go through a long side yard, paved with the small cobble stones so commonly used and sometimes in fanciful mosaic patterns. On the opposite side was the more stately mansion of "Billy" Gray, the old Salem merchant, and at the corner of Arch Street, standing far back from the street in a yard thickly shaded with large trees the wooden house of Mr. Bussey, both of these with large gardens. It must be confessed that they were carefully guarded from the gaze and possible depredations of the rising generation, but we could often find spaces between the boards, or knot holes through which we could feast our eyes on the delights within, and in all of them there would be hollyhocks and blossoming vines that would not be hindered from looking over at their devoted admirers. Ever so little of such an indulgence was enough to help us to fancy exquisite lilies and roses which, perhaps, had no place in the realities of the inside. There were gardens also in Common Street (Tremont), Washington Gardens, where none but boys used to go, and Mr. Joseph Head's at the corner of Boylston Street. In Bowdoin Square a very beautiful one was the Boott garden on which is now the Revere House, and many ancient and honorable trees which have long ago disappeared.

Ah well, we have eaten our cake and cannot have it too; but let us own that though a certain charm has gone from the dear old Boston town, and the city has desecrated all its "pent up Uticas" it has, with prophetic heart given to its children forever, a garden free to all, and always beautiful with choicest flowers, and turned its inalienable Common from the cow-pasture of those old days to a paradise of shaded walks and resting places. There should be monuments to the men who authorized these benefactions. To me the Public Garden is always an "In Memoriam" of that beloved young doctor, who, fresh from his studies in Paris, and enjoyment of its fine parks, came home only to pass away from all the bright promise of his youth, but not before he had (if I remember right) given the initiative to the plan which he did not live to see carried into execution.

In Salem and Beverly I find many traces of the old gardens, kept with reverent care, which remind me of those of the old Boston of my childhood, which may account for, if not excuse, the garrulousness of my age.

A. G. H.

Beverly, 1887.

FIFTY YEARS OF THE POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY HERBERT C. PARSONS OF BOSTON.

FOREWORD.

Taking up the task of reviewing a half century of the life of an active and successful society for the study of local history and the preservation of memorials, two paths open before us. One offers the intimate view, the recalling of familiar figures, the record of personal achievements. It is vastly attractive for us to whom the names and personalities of a long line of contributors are almost family possessions. The other leads us away from the close view to a detached survey and demands an estimate of the group achievement with only the loftier figures, the leaders, visible. Certainly that nothing said in review can add lustre to the names of the many who have served in this field, and an obligation to answer the question as to the value of what they together have done, compel the course that lends perspective at whatever denial of personal attachment. From the summit of fifty years it is for us to look back broadly upon what has been wrought and to appraise its worth.

The temptation to be closely personal cannot be wholly denied. Not only would we talk intimately of George Sheldon and of Miss Baker,—the outstanding figures of the Association's history,—but we would reassemble in this familiar place a host of those who have performed the lesser but yet valuable services of contributors, teachers, expounders, along the way, call them together in memory

and pay them, one by one, the tribute too lightly spoken when they were busy here. The well-kept records, faithful gathering up of each gift and its preservation in printed volumes must be left to supply the need that these contributors be remembered. They were historians in spirit and in fact and for them shall be done what they did for others in making permanent their records.

Throughout the long period of Mr. Sheldon's direction of the work there was a succession of constant helpers, responsive to every call, lieutenants at his command. Such in the early days were Rev. Edgar Buckingham, the minister of the old Deerfield church; Rev. P. Voorhees Finch, one of the incorporators; Rev. John F. Moors, D.D., the beloved Unitarian "Bishop of the Connecticut valley," and one of the best contributors to the literature of the Association; Jonathan Johnson, persistent collector of relics of the colonial days; and a number of town antiquaries, whose patient searching later bore fruit in a group of invaluable town histories. Later there was for many years the stalwart support of Judge Francis M. Thompson, in whom it is fair to believe Mr. Sheldon awoke an interest in local history which bore fruit in numerous papers in the society proceedings and in that model work, *The History of the Town of Greenfield*. As if the pastorship of Deerfield's ancient church carried with it an implied obligation to serve the historical purpose, its ministers have all along been deeply concerned, none more fruitfully so than the Rev. Richard E. Birks. Here, too, must be entered the name of Jennie Arms Sheldon, the personal companion of Mr. Sheldon's later years and the supporter of the Association's work, to whom the Association owes a very great debt of appreciation and gratitude.

The volumes of the *Proceedings* contain the product of another long line of contributors, some of whose names recur more or less frequently, and others, who in a single chapter greatly enriched the fund of knowledge which the Association has accumulated and made permanent. The list of these is quite too long to be entered here but to them,

collectively and individually, the obligation is very real and very deep.

Another group is made up of those who have supplied to the fabric the color of their wit and of their literary genius, sometimes in prose, sometimes in verse. To mention them is to recall that quaint genius, George Bartlett; the charming writer of real literature, Mrs. Yale; the story-writers, Mrs. Champney and Mary P. Wells Smith; and with them the native tellers of native stories, Deacon Field of the early years, Jarvis Bardwell and George D. Crittenden.

The Franklin County bar has given of its talent in a sustained succession,—the re-discoverer of the Mohawk Trail, Chief Justice Aiken; the Judges Fessenden and Conant; earlier, Austin DeWolf and Freeman Griswold.

There have been those who seemed to gather up the purest metal from the mine of local history and to stamp it into current coin,—interpreters of its meaning for present thought and future guidance. Fine examples of their work are the contributions to the Association's volumes by Rev. Gaius Glenn Atkins.

The life of the Association has been here and there touched by men and women whose names are known in other fields of perhaps greater distinction, whose interest was tribute to the worth of this work and who left from their visit some precious possession from their genius. Such were Prof. William Everett, son of the orator of the early Bloody Brook celebration, and himself the author of the masterful historical poem at the later celebration at the same scene of massacre; George B. Loring, the orator on that same later occasion; George William Curtis, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Bishop Huntington, Professor Grosvenor, Albert Bushnell Hart, Senator Hoar, Charles Dudley Warner, and Kate Upson Clark.

Justice would fail to be done if acknowledgment were not made to those who have been givers, in some cases of money, in other cases, of their time, to the support and fulfillment of the work of the Association. They, likewise, are too numerous for individual mention and the acknowl-

edgment must be made of them in general terms. Beyond them lies the public of the towns in this historic field whose interest and response to the call of the chieftain has been the mark of their fine spirit and the assurance of the Association's value to the community whose priceless memories it has existed to preserve.

What gives occasion for review of a half century's existence of such an organization as the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association? To ask it is to ask what has given warrant for the existence of such a society, what impulse moved its founders, what relationship it has to the lives of the people it has reached, what of substance it contributes to the world's knowledge, what impress it has assured upon the future of its own or a broader community. However it may seem to the person with a fondness for research which is quite incomprehensible to those who do not share it, there is no apparent value, as values are measured in the world, to the mere delving in dry and dusty records. Fondness for that occupation, which indeed amounts to a passion in some men, is tolerated as harmless so long as there is no requirement that the meaningless product of the search shall be inflicted upon humanity with its livelier interests.

When, however, there are discovered in this product of a patiently-worked mine traces of wealth in lives long ago lived and proofs of kinship to those stages of development in which the whole world has interest, there begins to be appreciation of the plodding search and an appropriation of the discovery to a better understanding of what the past has brought to the present and leaves to the future. For a region which in American history stood in one of its periods as the very frontier of civilization the Association had for its impelling reason the sifting of ancient records, to extract therefrom their grains of meaning, to refine the gold and to store it as an accumulating fund. As there could be no justification for this effort unless there were deep meaning and broad relationship hidden in the annals of the people of this region's past, so there can be no valuation of its work without understanding the place that the

outpost towns of the seventeenth century had in the world's westward movement.

A woman died in the wilderness. Have not other women so died and in a thousand wildernesses? Aye, but she was slain by a savage! Are not the annals of frontiers filled with instances of savage slaughter,—and even fail to record them for their very commonness? A commonplace! If men will put their lives in peril, if leaving abodes of safety they will plant their households in the wilds, if they will cross the paths of the untamed, then of course, of course! the sacrifice here and there of a life, the sacrifice of many lives,—an incident, cruel, revolting, but unavoidable, expected, invited.

And when did this blow fall? Yesterday, that we may read of it this morning and forget it with the day? No,—more than two centuries ago; and we are concerned with it now, we of her blood and we of no kinship. We are told anew, and yet again, the story of her death. We must have every feature. We let ourselves be led to the secluded spot where she fell. We shall see her there,—as if the story were new,—a woman weakened by recent childbirth, falling in the icy water of the stream she tries to cross, regaining her foothold, struggling up the stony bank, at the last point of exhaustion, and then, almost mercifully, although there is no mercy in the heart of the savage, freed from pain and prolonged struggle by the single blow of the tomahawk.

Was there some chance that the tragic end of this one woman's life should be forgotten? The chance is stayed! One hundred and sixty years had not obliterated the memory. The exact scene is known. It is still the rough bank of a mountain stream. Men and women still visit it. In the midst of their lives of peace and security, by their secure firesides, they still talk of it. On the village street, they linger to recall its every feature, as though it had place in the news of the day or were the fate of their neighbor.

And there they enter into agreement that they will protect this event of a remote past from the risk of another generation forgetting it. There shall be no peril of oblivion

for this frail victim of a frontier attack. They will mark the spot where she fell. They will hold it sacred in perpetuity. They will plant there an indestructible stone, deep cut with the record of the woman's death. The name of Eunice Williams shall be imprinted on the memory of men beyond the chance that it shall ever be obliterated.

Presently, we shall see these villagers gathered in serious mind to band themselves together to make secure the memory of every like incident of the days when the region of their homes was in the stress of struggle for a civilized foothold. They will gather every fragment of record, they will preserve every tradition, they will seek out the scene of every significant incident, they will rewrite the story, they will house the last, and the least, remaining relic, they will devote themselves to the service of memorial, they will call upon the people to give thought in the midst of their busy, modern lives, to the affairs, the happenings, the thoughts and acts of a period long past.

All this, and with what warrant? Ample, perhaps, for those of the same blood, in the impulse of filial devotion. But with what claim upon others than they, upon the attention and sympathy and support of men with no such bond as this? Shall they be asked to search so far for examples of heroism? They shall be rewarded indeed, but they will ask to what end did men expose themselves, what gained the world by their sacrifice, where fits their encounter into the scheme of the world's advance?

The men who, from their street-corner agreement that the scene of the tragic death of Eunice Williams should be permanently marked, advanced to a compact that like memorials should be raised wherever significant events in the pioneer days of the region occurred fully sensed the historical import of the period they would help to immortalize. The impulse of devotion to ancestry was moving them but with it was joined full comprehension that the events and the men concerned in them had a significance more than local and personal.

This had been the American frontier in the period of the long-drawn struggle between Britain and France for the

possession of the continent, and upon it had fallen the burden of defence, the sacrifices of a war between monarchs, the service that was more than the sheltering of their own homes,—the service of America's future. Here was rich field for the men who were joining for task of exploration and preservation of whatever was related to the lives of the defenders of the outpost line of civilization in the seventeenth century. They knew the implications of their memorial undertaking.

Interest in Eunice Williams, victim of the captive march to Canada, was interest in the blow that fell upon Deerfield in February, 1704. It must run in personal directions to interest in John Williams, chief figure in the captive band, to interest in the child Eunice, who was to typify the pathos of a life transformed under the pressure of captivity, and thence to interest in the fates of the other prisoners. It must find romance and charm, tragedy and beauty, in the sequels of the winter's night onslaught. It must concern itself with the heroic efforts to bring back the captives. And then it must turn to the historical import of it all.

The events which make the history of the Connecticut valley in the period of the early settlements were events in American history. The destruction of Deerfield and Northfield were items in the war which the mistaken policy of the colonial government towards the Indians had precipitated with Philip, the son of the friendly Massasoit. The ill-fated expedition of Captain Beers, the massacre at Bloody Brook, find their record, not in local annals, but in the story of the struggle of civilization for a place in a new continent. The sack of Deerfield was no detached incident of the frontier; it was linked with the alignment of the nations of Europe in the war of the Spanish Succession. No historian of America, however brief his treatise, omits it from his story. He may dismiss it, as does one, in a line on the part played by the "backwoodsmen" of the New England frontiers; he may give it a page, as does another, in tribute to the courage and the endurance of these defenders of their exposed homes. Or he may, as does Parkman, expand it into thrilling narrative. But he must not

ignore it. Its place is secure. Likewise, the forts of the Connecticut valley were not shelters for venturesome settlers; they were the front line of an onward movement of mankind.

What awaited the men who fifty years ago joined their efforts in the Association to memorialize the heroes of this region was the expansion of a word into a volume, a chapter into a library, the contribution of a fuller knowledge of men and occurrences that are a part of the world's story. Here was an unworked field, whose riches were little realized, out of which was to come, if only it be faithfully searched, a wealth of knowledge. The response came in the formation of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.

Who were these new historians? Farmers, parish ministers, country tradesmen, teachers at village school, chiefly farmers,—not one among them whom the title of historian would then have fitted, good New England townsmen,—their highest skill as annalists the plodding faithfulness of the town clerk; their training as narrators gained in the story-telling by the fireside or at the village store; their oratory, the product of the town-meeting; their gift in argument developed out of the country lyceum. If presently, we shall see in the work they have undertaken the elements of patient searching, of strongly knit story, of honest deduction, of straight-forward statement in sturdy phrase, we shall discover the reflection of the wholesome life and vigorous character of the New England country town.

In the "town house" at Deerfield on May 26, 1870, the Association held its first meeting. It had been incorporated by the legislature of that year "for the purpose of collecting and preserving such memorials, books, records, papers and curiosities as may tend to illustrate and perpetuate the history of the early settlers of this region and of the race which vanished before them." The constitution that day adopted added to the corporate statement of purpose the significant phrase "and the erection of a memorial hall in which such collections can be securely deposited." Measured by the accomplishments of the Association in the half century of its work, the statement of its design is quite

too narrow. Earnest and enthusiastic as were its founders, they dreamed of less than has been attained.

The second step, and a significant one, was the holding in the first year of its existence a field meeting on the Gill shore of the Connecticut at Turners Falls, the historic spot designated in the notice as "the old battle-ground of 1676." It was the fore-runner of the series of the historic festivals, by the means of which history has been brought to the scenes of the events it celebrates.

Annual meeting and field meeting have followed, year by year, with steady accumulation of the products of the research into the past and keen evaluation of their meaning. The volumes of the *Proceedings* are the repository of the contributions that the meetings have elicited. That they form a rich addition to the written record of the events of local history and to the interpretation of them as parts of the story these towns have had their share in making up, is obvious to the casual reader; but they have their greatest worth in the testimony they bear to the fact that the Association has awakened in the people a sense of the historic background of the common life and made permanent an appreciation of its worth.

It is quite another collection than these printed volumes that fulfils the hope of the founders of the Association and makes real to the wider public the life of the colonist and the signal events in their history. The dream of a memorial building, which should bear visible tribute to the memory of those whose lives were sacrificed in the massacre of the winter night of 1704, was realized when, in 1878, the purchase was made of the Deerfield Academy building. For two years before the Association had owned a part of the home-lot of Rev. John Williams and there were plans for building there a hall for the housing of the historic relics. Timely offering of the old academy building for sale made possible an exchange which gave the Association the ampler building and turned the Williams lot to better account in connection with the new site of the academy. The building was made fit for its new use and in another year became the store-house of the Association's priceless collection.

To it have flowed in the forty years of its use the gifts of the people who had been stirred by the appeal of the Association and to it from the four corners of the earth have come the thousands of visitors. Amplified by the addition of a fireproof annex the Memorial Hall has come to the renown of holding America's most complete exposition of the features of colonial life.

Beyond the lore of the *Proceedings* and beyond the precious contents of the museum, lie evidences of the Association's work. When it came into existence, it found not a single respectable town history in its field. Hoyt's *Indian Wars*, John Williams' *Redeemed Captive*, Willard's *History of Greenfield* were the sum of the printed volumes of local history. Mr. Sheldon's co-labor with Rev. J. H. Temple presently brought the *History of Northfield*. Then in the course of the years have followed the Sheldon masterpiece, the *History of Deerfield*, Thompson's *Greenfield*, Crafts' *Whately* and other like volumes, the direct result of the inspiration of this Association. These are indeed but the amplification of the studies of town history that have been made for the field meetings. Not a town in this field has failed of treatment in longer or shorter form of its past.

Again, when the Association was formed there was hardly more than a single marker of historic spot,—the monument at Bloody Brook. Today the history of the old frontier may be read on the permanent memorials which have been placed not so generally by the Association itself as by citizens of the towns in response to its appeal.

These are the tangible and visible results of the enterprise that was begun fifty years ago. They richly testify to the worth of the undertaking. They more than fulfil the design and the hopes of the founders of the Association. But the best fruition is not in the printed word nor in the memorials of stone and bronze. It is in the instruction these have given and the spirit they have aroused. History has been served in the correction of error and in the establishment of truth. Life here has been given a background and broader meaning. The place of the struggles of the ancient towns in the history of the world has been made

definite and secure. Romance has been revealed out of commonplaces and heroic figures have been saved from oblivion.

Had it done no more, the Association would have justified its existence in supplying to one woman the field for her labor and her talent. C. Alice Baker was not among the founders but at the second annual meeting, the first after its formal organization, she read her story of Eunice Williams,—the captive child. Faithful search, keen sense of proportion, perfect balancing of historic fact and human interest, yielded to the weaving of romance out of the materials of exact truth and gave to the possession of those who listened to her tale a pathetic but a fascinating figure. This was the beginning of the series of Miss Baker's contributions to the wealth of the common knowledge of the signal characters in the drama of the frontier. In successive years she added the fruits of her researches in a fascinating narrative, reaching its climax in tracing the lives of the captives through the Canadian records and making them as real as they were thrilling under her enchanting treatment. For twenty out of the fifty years, Miss Baker's contributions were the master achievements of the Association's work, and they remain the richest gift it has made to the literature of its distinctive period.

The Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association—George Sheldon: the terms are interchangeable. The society was the instrument for the carrying out of the purpose that took possession of the man in the middle years of life and was thenceforth his ardent devotion. Wise administrator of its physical interests, genius in the search for vital facts in the records he patiently searched, inspirer of a long line of workers who responded to his leadership, what makes possible a review of fifty years of achievement is the fact of his designing and carrying out an organized effort to preserve and vitalize the history of his ancestral home country.

Secure for all time are the fruits of that impulse which led George Sheldon and his little group of associates to mark the scene of Eunice Williams' tragic death. The

simple memorial stone there set up has been the model for the marker of every significant and sacred spot along the old frontier. Into permanent record has been written all that was preserved of memory of the people who laid in this beautiful region of valley and hill the foundations of civilization. Within secure walls have been gathered the priceless memorabilia of the rugged and noble life of colonial days. Deep in the heart of the people who have succeeded to the heritage of what was here wrought under stress and strain a reverence that is henceforth undying. Themselves the builders of memorials to the men and women of old, the founders of the Pocumtuck Association have built unto themselves a memorial of honor and gratitude, leaving enriched and deepened the life of their own and all coming time,—built it modestly, faithfully, honestly and indestructibly.

The historical impulse once awakened may not be allowed to die. Lightly valued in current estimate, historic value lies in the lives and deeds of every succeeding generation. The record is not closed,—it never closes. History is matured judgment quite as much as faithful preservation in its relation to the life of every period. Animated by the example of those whose names are honored and whose service is valued at this moment of a half-century's review, the instrumentality they created and fostered has its possibilities of worth in a continuing work to the end that no significant item of social and political advance shall be forgotten and that no publicly fruitful life shall miss its recognition. The threads of narrative, of romance, of humanity, thus far drawn with painstaking care, may not be broken without violation of the debt that is owed to the founders and builders of this Association.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

1870—1920

[The date following the name is that of first election; the succeeding numerals the term of service. * Deceased.]

Presidents,

*GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1870: 47.
JOHN SHELDON, Greenfield, 1917: 4.

Vice Presidents,

JOHN A. AIKEN, Greenfield, 1909: 4.
*C. ALICE BAKER, Cambridge, 1901: 3.
RICHARD E. BIRKS, Deerfield, 1916: 5.
*ROBERT R. BISHOP, Newton, 1891.
*EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, Deerfield, 1881.
*JOSIAH D. CANNING, Gill, 1870.
*SAMUEL CARTER, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1883: 2.
*HENRY CHILDS, Buffalo, N. Y., 1881: 2.
*JAMES M. CRAFTS, Whately, 1870: 4.
*AUSTIN DEWOLF, Greenfield, 1877.
*JOSEPH P. FELTON, Greenfield, 1885.
FRANKLIN G. FESSENDEN, Greenfield, 1918: 3.
*P. VOORHEES FINCH, Greenfield, 1880: 2.
*JAMES S. GRINNELL, Greenfield, 1887.
*EBEN A. HALL, Greenfield, 1893: 3.
*ALLEN HAZEN, Deerfield, 1887: 3.
*SILAS G. HUBBARD, Hatfield, 1890.
*SAMUEL O. LAMB, Greenfield, 1873: 15.
*ROGER H. LEAVITT, Charlemont, 1871: 4.
*JAMES SMITH REED, Marion, O., 1885: 4.
*HARRIET C. RICE, Leverett, 1874: 2.
JOHN SHELDON, Greenfield, 1897: 4.
*JOHN M. SMITH, Sunderland, 1879: 4.
*FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Greenfield, 1886: 26.
*JOHN P. WATSON, Leverett, 1877: 3.
*JOSEPH WHITE, Williamstown, 1882.

Recording Secretary,

- RICHARD E. BIRKS, Deerfield, 1908: 8.
 WILLIAM L. HARRIS, Deerfield, 1916: 5.
 *NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Deerfield, 1870: 30.
 MARGARET MILLER, Deerfield, 1900: 8.

Corresponding Secretary,

- *EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, Deerfield, 1883: 11.
 *ROBERT CRAWFORD, Deerfield, 1870: 13.
 N. THERESA MELLEN, Deerfield, 1919: 2.
 HERBERT C. PARSONS, Greenfield, 1895: 6.
 *MARY ELIZABETH STEBBINS, Deerfield, 1901: 18.
 *CATHERINE BROOKS YALE, Deerfield, 1894.

Treasurer,

- *NATHANIEL HITCHCOCK, Deerfield, 1870: 30.
 JOHN SHELDON, Greenfield, 1900: 21.

Life Councillors,

- *FREDERICK LOTHROP AMES, Boston, 1892.
 *GEORGE ALBERT ARMS, Greenfield, 1882.
 *CHARLOTTE ALICE BAKER, Cambridge, 1876.
 *HENRY CHILDS, Buffalo, N. Y., 1870.
 *MARY HEMENWAY, Boston, 1885.
 *JONATHAN JOHNSON, Greenfield, 1878.
 ELIZABETH MARVIN KAUFFMANN, Berlin, Germany, 1903.
 *MARY ANN SAWYER, St. Albans, Vt., 1883.
 *ELLEN LOUISA SHELDON, Greenfield, 1905.
 *GEORGE SHELDON, Deerfield, 1883.
 JENNIE MARIA ARMS SHELDON, Deerfield, 1901.
 *LYDIA CUTLER STEBBINS, Deerfield, 1872.

Councillors,

- | | |
|--|---|
| Abercrombie, William H., Brookline, 1908. | *Avery, Walter T., New York, 1879: 4. |
| Aiken, John A., Greenfield, 1893: 14. | *Baker, C. Alice, Cambridge, 1871: 12. |
| *Allen, Julia A., Deerfield, 1877: 2. | *Catherine C., Cambridge, 1879. |
| *Arms, Aaron, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1872: 2. | *Ball, Frances W., Deerfield, 1901: 6. |
| *Avice S., Greenfield, 1899. | *Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne, 1873: 3. |
| *Frances W., Greenfield, 1880. | Barrett, George P., Portland, Me., 1897. |
| *George A., Greenfield, 1877: 6. | *Bartlett, George B., Concord, 1886. |
| Jennie M., Greenfield, 1896. | Barton, Henry B., Gill, 1909: 9. |
| *Obed S., Deerfield, 1873: 2. | *Billings, Henry W., Conway, 1893. |
| *Otis T., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882: 2. | Birks, Richard E., Deerfield, 1903: 5. |
| Winthrop T., Deerfield, 1889. | *Bishop, Robert R., Newton, 1894: 2. |

- Boyden, Helen C., Deerfield, 1914: 7.
 *Brooks, Silas N., Chicago, 1871.
 *Brown, Lorenzo, Vernon, Vt., 1873: 2.
 *Bryant, Chauncy, Greenfield, 1881: 2.
 *Buckingham, Edgar, Deerfield, 1870: 10.
 *Canning, Josiah D., Gill, 1871: 4.
 *Carter, Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880: 4.
 *Champney, James W., Deerfield, 1880: 6.
 Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1894: 3.
 *Childs, Dexter, Deerfield, 1873: 3.
 *Henry, Buffalo, N. Y., 1883: 2.
 *Robert, Deerfield, 1870: 26.
 *Samuel, Deerfield, 1901: 2.
 Coleman, Emma L., Boston, 1883: 3.
 *Corss, Charles L., Lock Haven, Pa., 1888: 2.
 *Cowing, Julia A., Deerfield, 1874: 2.
 *Crafts, Chester G., Whately, 1880: 5.
 *James M., Whately, 1876: 3.
 *Crawford, Robert, Deerfield, 1882: 14.
 *Crittenden, George D., Buckland, 1871: 6.
 *Cutler, Nahum S., Greenfield, 1893: 4.
 *Dewolf, Austin, Greenfield, 1873: 4.
 *Everett, Edward J., Deerfield, 1901: 3.
 *Farren, Bernard N., Montague, 1885: 2.
 *Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield, 1896.
 Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield, 1896: 7.
 *Field, Phinehas, Charlemont, 1870: 4.
 *Putnam, Greenfield, 1883: 3.
 *Reuben W., Shelburne, 1887: 3.
 *Finch, P. Voorhees, Greenfield, 1870: 14.
 *Fisk, D. Orlando, Shelburne, 1870: 3.
 Fuller, Agnes G., Deerfield, 1906: 10.
 *G. Spencer, Deerfield, 1902: 10.
 Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield, 1900: 4.
 *Grinnell, James S., Greenfield, 1892: 3.
 *Griswold, Freeman C., Greenfield, 1889: 2.
 *Hager, Charles, Deerfield, 1875: 2.
 *Hall, Eben A., Greenfield, 1873: 8.
 *Hammond, George W., Boston, 1889: 3.
 Harris, William L., Deerfield, 1904: 12.
 Hawks, Edward A., Deerfield, 1901: 20.
 *Frederick, Greenfield, 1871: 6.
 *Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1872.
 Winfield S., So. Hadley, 1881: 3.
 *Hazen, Allen, Deerfield, 1885: 2.
 Hazelton, Charles W., Montague, 1913: 8.
 Henry, L. Emerine, Deerfield, 1917: 4.
 Hildreth, John L., Cambridge, 1895: 2.
 *Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1879: 2.
 *Hollister, Joseph H., Greenfield, 1876: 3.
 *Holton, Ezra L., Northfield, 1873: 2.
 *Horr, George W., Athol, 1895: 4.
 *Hosmer, George H., Bridgewater, 1880: 2.
 James K., St. Louis, Mo., 1879: 7.
 Hoyt, John W., Cincinnati, O., 1892: 3.
 *Hubbard, Silas G., Hatfield, 1882: 2.
 *Huntington, Eunice K., Cleveland, O., 1880: 4.
 *Hyde, William W., Ware, 1883: 2.
 *Johnson, Jonathan, Greenfield, 1870: 8.
 *Jones, Charles, Deerfield, 1877: 25.
 *Kimball, Delano C., Leverett, 1887: 2.
 *Kingsley, Elbridge, Hatfield, 1896.
 *Lamb, Samuel O., Greenfield, 1874: 13.
 *Leavitt, John H., Waterloo, Iowa, 1904.
 *Roger H., Charlemont, 1873: 2.
 *Lincoln, Luther J. B., Hingham, 1879: 6.
 *Lowell, Charles R., Greenfield, 1902.
 *Marshall, James F. B., Weston, 1892.

- Miller, Margaret, Deerfield, 1916: 5.
 *Moors, John F., Greenfield, 1880.
 *Munn, Asa B., Chicago, 1890.
 *Philo, Deerfield, 1882: 3.
 Newcomb, Eugene A., Greenfield,
 1894: 26.
 Nims, Frances B., Greenfield, 1907.
 *Parsons, Albert C., Northfield,
 1872: 4.
 Herbert C., Greenfield, 1891: 16.
 *Phillips, Henry M., Springfield,
 1883: 5.
 *Simeon, Greenfield, 1880: 4.
 *Smith R., Springfield, 1874.
 Plimpton, George A., New York,
 1908: 2.
 Henry R., Boston, 1893: 2.
 *Porter, Ransom N., Deerfield,
 1873: 3.
 *Pratt, Frank J., Greenfield, 1881: 4.
 *Martha G., Deerfield, 1876: 6.
 Putnam, Annie C., Boston, 1903: 11.
 *Caroline W., Grand Rapids,
 Mich., 1907: 2.
 *Reed, James S., Marion, O., 1882: 2.
 *Rice, David, Leverett, 1877: 2.
 *Harriet C., Leverett, 1872: 2.
 *Levi W., Greenfield, 1870: 3.
 *Sarah C., Greenfield, 1882.
 Root, Asahel W., Deerfield, 1906: 15.
 *Rumrill, Anna C., Springfield,
 1893: 2.
 *Russell, John E., Leicester, 1898: 2.
 *Ryerson, Julia N., New York, 1882.
 *Sawyer, Mary A., St. Albans, Vt.,
 1879.
 *Sheldon, Ellen L., Greenfield,
 1890: 5.
 George A., Greenfield, 1905: 16.
 John, Greenfield, 1881: 4.
 *William, Deerfield, 1876: 4.
 *Smead, Elihu, Newtonville, 1884.
 *Smith, James, Whately, 1881.
 *John M., Sunderland, 1874: 9.
 *Zeri, Deerfield, 1874: 11.
 Smith, Mary P. Wells, Greenfield,
 1910: 11.
 *Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1880: 4.
 Solley, George W., Deerfield, 1900: 3.
 *Stebbins, Albert, Deerfield, 1879: 10.
 *Lydia C., Deerfield, 1872.
 *Moses, Deerfield, 1870: 3.
 Willis M., Gothenburg, Neb.,
 1912.
 Stratton, Mary T., Northfield, 1876.
 *Taft, Henry W., Pittsfield, 1877: 8.
 Taylor, George E., Shelburne,
 1910: 4.
 *Thompson, Francis M., Greenfield,
 1877: 5.
 Francis N., Greenfield, 1918: 3.
 *Thornton, R. S., Montague, 1897.
 *Tilton, Chauncy B., Deerfield,
 1875: 6.
 *Warner, Whitney L., Sunderland,
 1887: 2.
 *Watson, Charles H., Boston, 1902.
 *John P., Leverett, 1876.
 *Wells, Elisha, Deerfield, 1881: 6.
 *Henry, Shelburne, 1883: 2.
 *Laura B., Deerfield, 1901: 3.
 *Wentworth, Mary P., Deerfield,
 1896: 5.
 *White, Joseph, Williamstown, 1885.
 *Whiting, Julia D., Deerfield,
 1905: 11.
 Margaret C., Deerfield, 1917: 4.
 *Williams, Almon C., Deerfield, 1899.
 *Arthur, Brookline, 1885: 2.
 *Charles E., Deerfield, 1879: 9.
 *Electa L., Deerfield, 1888: 2.
 *Philomela A., Deerfield, 1906: 8.
 Wing, Albert L., Greenfield,
 1906: 15.
 *Wright, William W., Geneva, N. Y.,
 1883: 2.
 *Wynne, Madeline Y., Deerfield,
 1901: 4.
 *Yale, Catherine B., Deerfield,
 1890: 9.

Corresponding Members,

- *Charles Francis Adams, LL. D., Hubert H. Bancroft, A. M., Cali-
 Lincoln. fornia.
 *Charles C. Baldwin, LL. D., James P. Baxter, Litt. D., Portland,
 Cleveland, O. Me.

- *Edward H. Clement, Litt. D., Cambridge.
- Wilberforce Eames, A. M., New York.
- Charles W. Eliot, LL. D., Cambridge.
- H. St. George Gray, Castle Museum, Taunton, Eng.
- *Hon. Samuel A. Green, LL. D. Boston.
- Edwin A. Grosvenor, LL. D., Amherst.
- *Edward Everett Hale, D. D., Boston.
- *Hon. Benjamin H. Hale, Troy, N. Y.
- G. Stanley Hall, LL. D., Worcester.
- President George Harris, Amherst.
- Albert Bushnell Hart, LL. D. Cambridge.
- *Thomas Wentworth Higginson, LL. D., Cambridge.
- *Dr. Edward Hitchcock, Amherst.
- Hon. Stephen A. Hubbard, Hartford, Conn.
- Hon. Edward Y. Jones, Binghamton, N. Y.
- Frank Loney, Castle Museum, Norwich, Eng.
- Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, LL. D., Nahant.
- *Hon. John D. Long, LL. D., Hingham.
- Edwin D. Mead, Esq., Boston.
- *Frederick W. Putnam, S. D., Cambridge.
- *Daniel Seagrave, Esq., Worcester.
- *Hon. Henry W. Taylor, Canandaigua, N. Y.
- *Caleb B. Tillinghast, Litt. D., Boston.
- Henry F. Waters, A. M., Salem.
- *Justin Winsor, LL. D., Cambridge.
- Frank Woolnough, Ipswich Museum, Ipswich, Eng.

Life Members,

- *Allen, Catherine E., Deerfield, 1874.
- *Arms, George A., Greenfield, 1870.
- Jennie Maria, Greenfield, 1889.
- *Otis B., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882.
- *Seneca, Troy, N. Y., 1871.
- Ashley, Jonathan P., Deerfield, 1920.
- *Avery, Walter T., New York, 1871.
- *Baker, C. Alice, Cambridge, 1870.
- *Catherine C., Cambridge, 1872.
- Barrett, George P., Portland, Me., 1893.
- Birks, Ellen St. Claire, Bernardston, 1919.
- Blaisdell, Mary H. S., Chicopee, 1911.
- *Bartlett, George B., Concord, 1871.
- *Bishop, Robert R., Newton, 1890.
- Brown, Percy W., Concord, 1920.
- *Catlin, George, Chicago, 1899.
- *Champney, J. Wells, Deerfield, 1879.
- Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1890.
- Childs, Alfred H., Deerfield, 1877.
- *Robert, Deerfield, 1870.
- *Rodolphus, Dover, Ill., 1873.
- *Comstock, Cornelia C., New Canaan, Ct., 1886.
- *Corss, Charles, Lock Haven, Pa., 1887.
- Cressy, Noah, Amherst, 1876.
- *Delano, Elizabeth R., New Bedford, 1882.
- *Doggett, George N., Chicago, 1872.
- *Farren, Bernard N., Montague, 1884.
- Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield, 1895.
- Field, Mrs. Robert M., Yonkers, N. Y., 1911.
- *Fithian, Eliza B., St. Louis, Mo., 1884.
- Fuller, Agnes G., Deerfield, 1905.
- Arthur N., Deerfield, 1912.
- Mary W., Deerfield, 1915.
- Furbush, Caroline C., Greenfield, 1895.
- *Hawks, Susan Belle, Deerfield, 1880.
- *Frederick, Greenfield, 1879.
- Susan B., Deerfield, 1919.
- *William H., Greenfield, 1879.
- Henry, Lucy E., Deerfield, 1906.
- *Hitchcock, Henry, Galesburg, Ill., 1872.

- *Hitchcock, Nathaniel, Deerfield, 1870.
- *Horr, George W., Athol, 1893.
- Hosmer, James K., Yellow Springs, Ohio, 1871.
- *Hoyt, Catherine W., Deerfield, 1876.
- *Henry, Boston, 1870.
- John W., Cincinnati, O., 1887.
- *Hyde, William, Ware, 1884.
- *Keith, W. Scott, Chicago, 1915.
- *Kimball, Delano C., Leverett, 1877.
- *Lamb, Samuel O., Greenfield, 1880.
- *Leavitt, John H., Waterloo, Iowa, 1903.
- *Lincoln, Luther J. B., Deerfield, 1879.
- *Mary A., Deerfield, 1879.
- *Marshall, James F. B., Weston, 1888.
- *Morton, Levi P., New York, 1903.
- Nims, Frederick C., Painesville, O., 1909.
- *Phillips, Henry M., Springfield, 1882.
- *Smith R., Springfield, 1871.
- Plimpton, George A., New York, 1908.
- *Pratt, Franklin J., Greenfield, 1880.
- *Martha G., Deerfield, 1872.
- *Reed, James S., Marion, O., 1872.
- *Richardson, John J., Greenfield, 1879.
- *Russell, John E., Leicester, 1897.
- *Sawyer, Mary Ann, St. Albans, Vt., 1879.
- *Sheldon, Charles L., Auburn, N. Y., 1912.
- *Sheldon, Ellen L., Greenfield, 1880.
- *George, Deerfield, 1870.
- George A., Greenfield, 1900.
- Hazel E., Greenfield, 1920.
- J. Edith, Greenfield, 1900.
- John, Greenfield, 1880.
- *Susan S., Deerfield, 1870.
- *Smith, Cornelia A., Philadelphia, Pa., 1892.
- *James, Whately, 1879.
- *Snow, Newell, Greenfield, 1879.
- Stebbins, Abbie E., Andover, O., 1920.
- *Evander G., Deerfield, 1870.
- *Stone, Mary Lowell, Cambridge, 1888.
- *Taft, Henry W., Pittsfield, 1873.
- *Thompson, Francis M., Greenfield, 1882.
- Francis N., Greenfield, 1916.
- *Thornton, Rufus S., Montague, 1896.
- Tucker, Arthur H., Milton, 1919.
- *Watson, Charles H., Boston, 1900.
- *Wells, Henry, Shelburne, 1880.
- Wetherald, James T., Boston, 1911.
- *White, Joseph, Williamstown, 1880.
- Salome E., Brooklyn, N. Y., 1886.
- *Whitney, James S., Brookline, 1872.
- *Laurinda C., Brookline, 1872.
- *Williams, Almon C., Deerfield, 1886.
- Sophronia R., Chicago, 1882.
- *Wright, William, W., Geneva, N. Y., 1880.
- *Yale, Catherine B., Deerfield, 1888.

Full Membership,

- *Abercrombie, Elizabeth, Brookline, 1900.
- William H., Brookline, 1900.
- Adams, Elizabeth L., Greenfield, 1906.
- Aiken, John A., Greenfield, 1891.
- *Allen, Catherine E., Deerfield, 1874.
- *Orrin Pierre, Palmer, 1892.
- Alexander, Albert A., Greenfield, 1907.
- *Ames, Frederick L., Boston, 1892.
- *Anderson, Lafayette, Shelburne, 1872.
- *Arms, Aaron, Bellows Falls, Vt., 1870.
- *Avice Stebbins, Greenfield, 1871.
- *Frances Ward, Greenfield, 1871.
- *George Albert, Greenfield, 1870.
- Jennie Maria, Greenfield, 1889.
- *Lillie J., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1872.

- *Arms, Obed S., Deerfield, 1871.
- *Otis B., Bellows Falls, Vt., 1882.
- *Seneca, Troy, N. Y., 1871.
- Winthrop Tyler, Deerfield, 1885.
- Ashley, Jonathan P., Deerfield, 1920.
- *Avery, Walter T., New York, 1871.
- *Baker, Charlotte Alice, Cambridge, 1870.
- *Catherine Catlin, Cambridge, 1872.
- *Ball, Frances W., Deerfield, 1900.
- Barber, H. H., Meadville, Pa., 1905.
- *Hervey, Warwick, 1873.
- *Bardwell, Jarvis B., Shelburne, 1870.
- *Barnard, Lemuel, Canandaigua, N. Y., 1875.
- *Barney, Edward, Deerfield, 1870.
- Barrett, Geo. P., Portland, Me., 1893.
- *Bartlett, Geo. B., Concord, 1871.
- Barton, Henry B., Gill, 1907.
- *Bemis, Robert E., Chicopee, 1891.
- *Billings, Henry W., Conway, 1892.
- Birks, Ellen St. Claire, Bernardston, 1919.
- Richard E., Deerfield, 1903.
- *Bishop, Robert R., Newton, 1890.
- Boltwood, Edmund, Ottawa, Kan., 1913.
- *Boyden, Frank D., Deerfield, 1885.
- Frank L., Deerfield, 1911.
- Helen C., Deerfield, 1911.
- *Brooks, Silas N., Bernardston, 1870.
- *Brown, Lorenzo, Vernon, Vt., 1872.
- Mrs. N. H., Dorchester, 1888.
- Percy W., Concord, 1920.
- *Bryant, Chauncy, Greenfield, 1872.
- *Buckingham, Edgar, Deerfield, 1870.
- Buddington, Henry A., Greenfield, 1872.
- Burrell, Mary E., Freeport, Ill., 1915.
- *Canning, Josiah D., Gill, 1870.
- *Carter, Samuel, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1878.
- *Catlin, Charles, Chicago, Ill., 1912.
- *George, Chicago, Ill., 1899.
- *Champney, James W., Deerfield, 1879.
- Chase, Ellen, Brookline, 1890.
- Childs, Alfred H., Deerfield, 1877.
- Annie F., Deerfield, 1906.
- *Dexter, Deerfield, 1870.
- Childs, Harriet E., Deerfield, 1917.
- *Henry, Buffalo, N. Y., 1870.
- M. Anna V., Deerfield, 1900.
- *Robert, Deerfield, 1870.
- *Rodolphus, Dover, Ill., 1873.
- *Samuel, Deerfield, 1900.
- Clapp, Charles W., Greenfield, 1906.
- Coleman, Emma L., Boston, 1881.
- *Comstock, Cornelia C., New Canaan, Ct., 1886.
- *Corss, Charles, Lock Haven, Pa., 1887.
- *Cowing, Julia A., Deerfield, 1871.
- *Crafts, Chester G., Whately, 1872.
- *James M., Whately, 1870.
- *Seth B., Whately, 1872.
- *Crawford, Robert, Deerfield, 1870.
- Cressy, Noah, Amherst, 1876.
- *Crittenden, George D., Buckland, 1870.
- *Cutler, Nahum S., Greenfield, 1892.
- Delano, Edith Barnard, Deerfield, 1919.
- *Elizabeth R., New Bedford, 1892.
- Denio, Herbert W., Westfield, 1905.
- *Dewolf, Austin, Greenfield, 1870.
- *Doggett, George N., Chicago, Ill., 1872.
- *Dwight, William, Bernardston, 1870.
- *Eastman, Samuel Sheldon, Greenfield, 1870.
- *Everett, Edward J., Deerfield, 1901.
- *Farren, Bernard N., Montague, 1884.
- *Felton, Joseph P., Greenfield, 1870.
- Fessenden, Franklin G., Greenfield, 1895.
- Field, Charles E., Chicago, 1906.
- Herbert D., San Diego, Cal., 1916.
- *Phineas, Charlemont, 1871.
- *Putnam, Greenfield, 1875.
- *Reuben W., Buckland, 1886.
- *Finch, P. Voorhees, Greenfield, 1870.
- *Fisk, D. Orlando, Shelburne, 1870.
- *Fiske, Mrs. George I., Boston, 1888.
- *George S., Boston, 1888.
- *Fithian, Eliza Barnard, St. Louis, Mo., 1883.
- Forbes, Frank P., Greenfield, 1905.

- Freeman, Hattie E., Boston, 1891.
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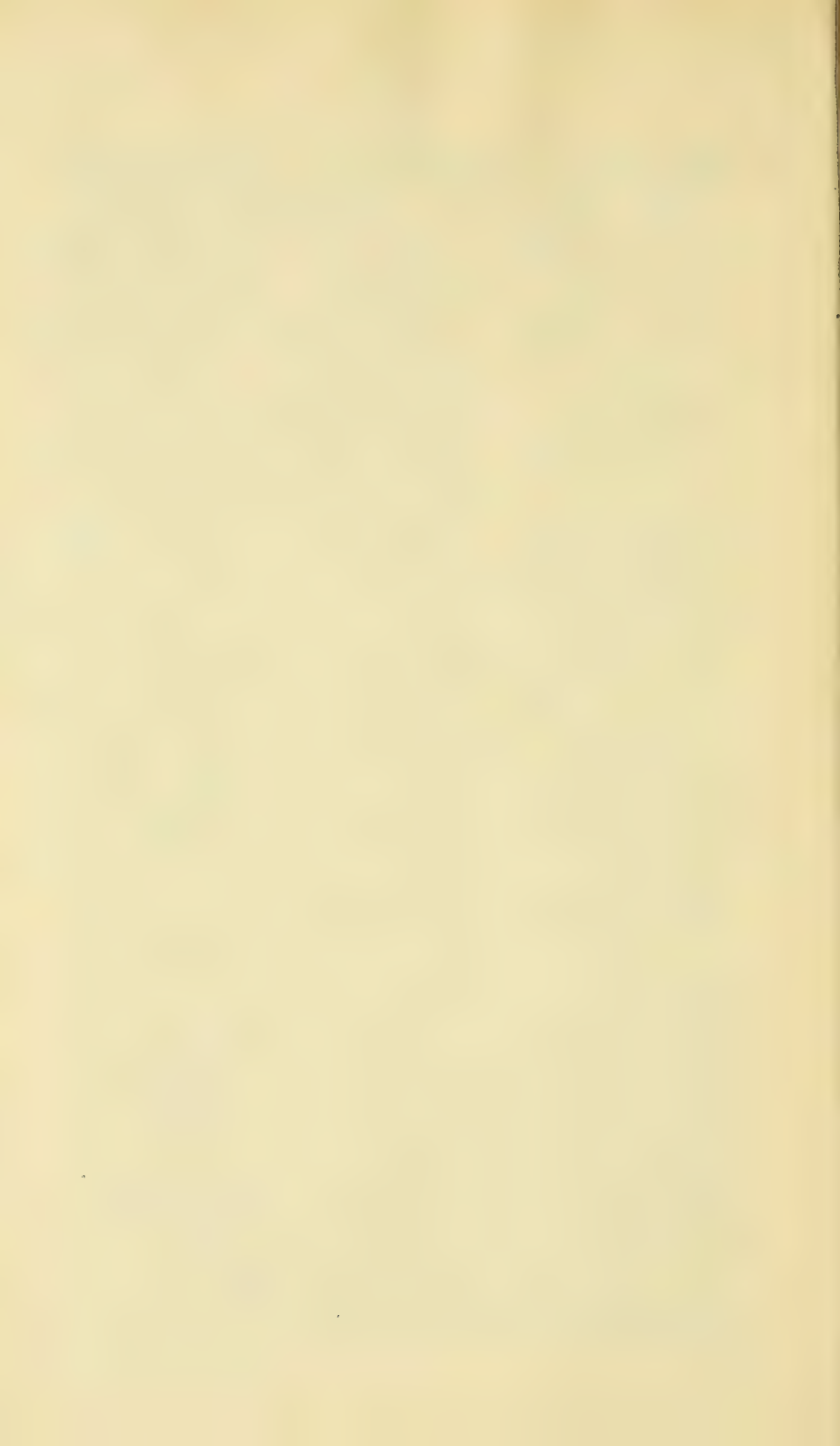
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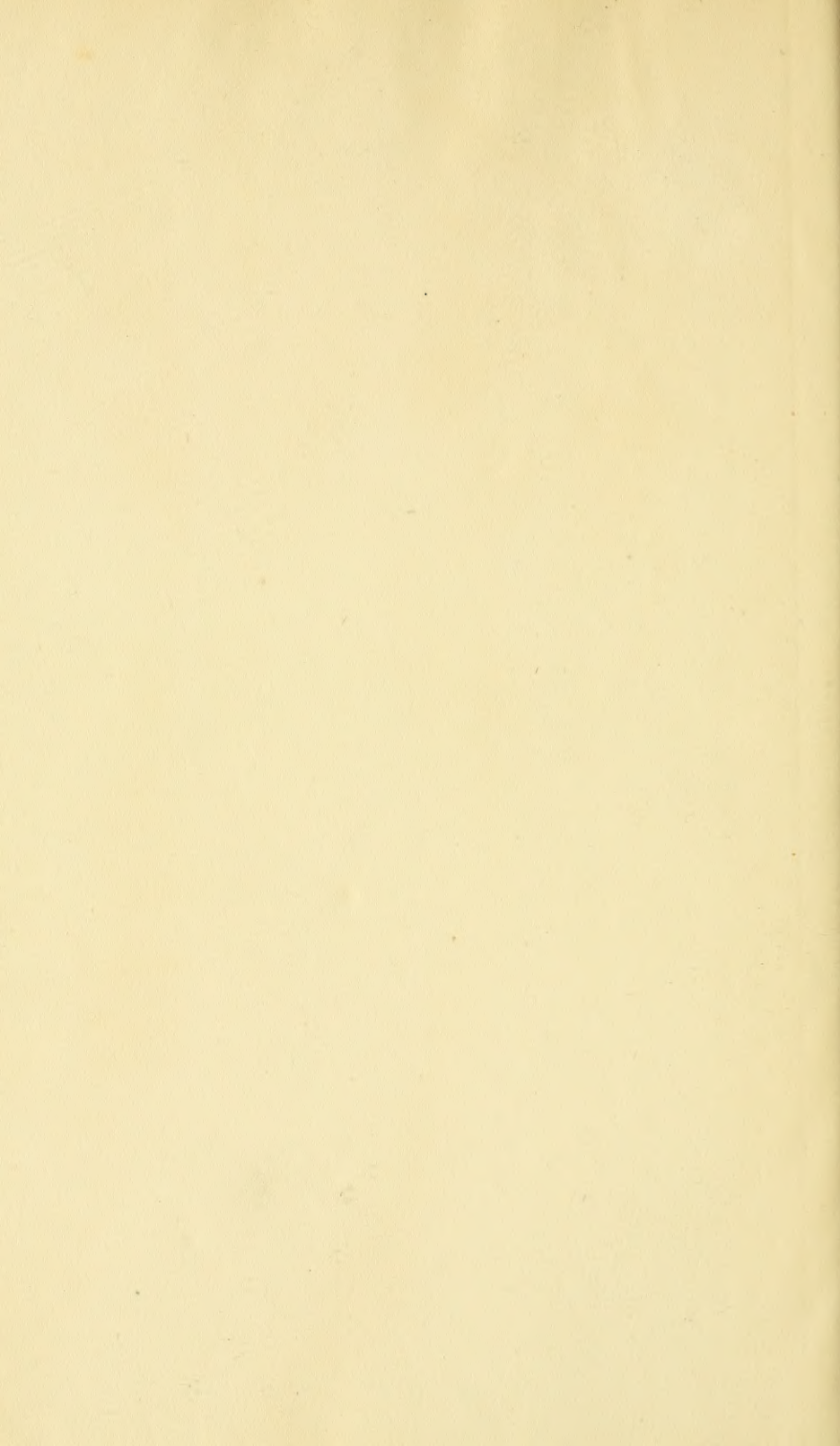
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